THE

# ACADEMY

Ro: Hustler

OF

# ELOQUENCE:

Containing

*A Compleat Engliſh Rhetorique,*

Exemplified;

*Common Places* and *Formula*'s digeſted into an Eaſie and Methodical Way to ſpeak and to write fluently, according to the *Mode* of the preſent Times:

WITH

LETTERS both { *AMOROUS* and *MORAL,*

Upon ſeveral Occaſions.

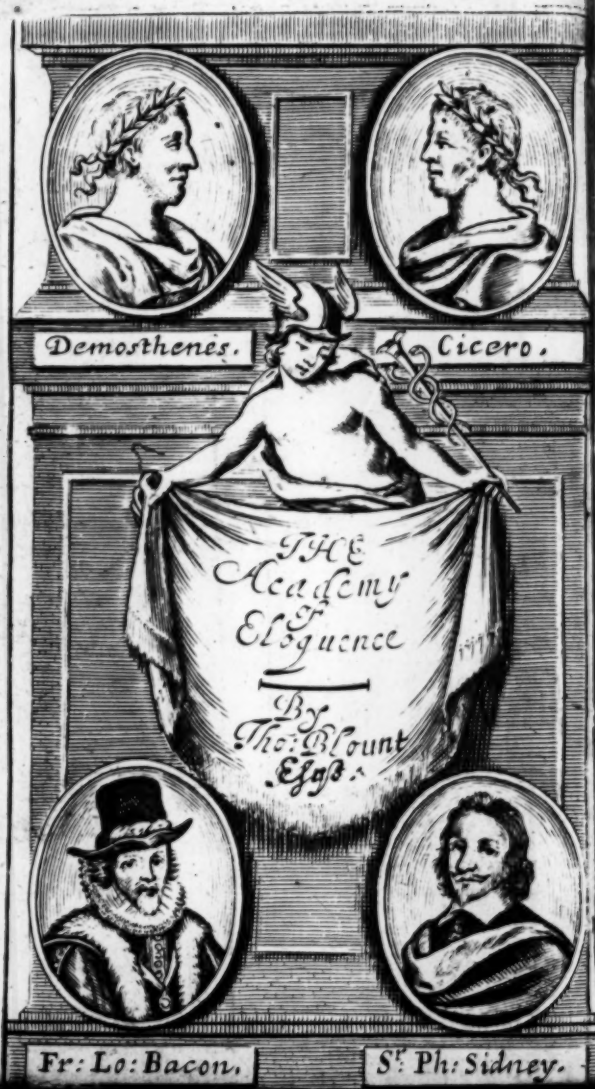
By *T. B.* of the Inner Temple, Eſq;

The Fifth Edition, with Additions.

CICERO.

*Ut Hominis decus eſt ingenium:*
*Sic ingenii lumen eſt Eloquentia.*

*LONDON,*
Printed for *Chr. Wilkinſon,* and *Cha. Harper,* at their Shops over againſt St. *Dunſtans* Church in *Fleetſtreet,* 1683.


Demosthenes.
Cicero.
THE
Academy
of
Eloquence
By
Tho: Blount
Esqr.
Fr: Lo: Bacon.
Sr. Ph: Sidney.

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Iames Hustler
of Acklam in Cleveland in
the North Riding of the County
of York Esqr 1730

X908
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1693

# TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF *ENGLAND.*

WEre *it absolutely necessary for him that should write of* Eloquence *to be perfectly* Eloquent, *I would easily confess my self too rash in this Enterprize; But having seen often those treat knowingly of* Painting, *that never held* Pencil; *and* Cicero *remarking, that* Aratus, *by the common consent of Learned men, wrote excellently of the Heavens and Stars, though he was no celebrated Astronomer; I'm encouraged to say, Why then may not I too discourse of* Eloquence, *without being an Orator?*

Galen *that great Master of Physick, who wrote so learnedly of every part of that Science, was little seen in the Practick; Nor are those, that*

*diſcourſe beſt of the embattailing Armies, and differencing Military Functions, always the beſt Warriors, or the moſt daring. The like may happen in this ſubject, that he, who is able to ſet down the Rules and Laws which ought to be obſerv'd in Speech or Style, may notwithſtanding find himſelf defective in the application, and ſo may be ſaid to give that to others, which he has not himſelf.*

Eloquence *is equally fortunate in taming Paſſions, and in charming Senſes: ſhe imitates Muſick, and makes uſe of the Voice of Orators to enchant the Ears, with the cadence of Periods, and the harmony of Accents; whileſt the Geſtures, apt Motions, Natural Air, and all thoſe Graces which accompany exact Recitation ſteal away the Heart by the Eyes, and work Wonders upon the Will. But* Eloquence *is chiefly grounded upon Wiſdom, and Wiſdom ariſes principally from a due pre-conſideration of all our actions; Hence that excellent ſaying of a modern* French *Author,* Il eſt impoſſible de bien dire, ſans avoir bien penſe, *'Tis impoſſible to ſpeak well without having firſt well conſider'd what to ſpeak. And* Plotinus *ſays,* 'Tis wiſdom to think upon any thing, before he execute it.

*Now, as 'tis certain no Harmony can appear in his thoughts, nor ſoundneſs in his reaſon, whoſe Speech is faltering and prepoſterous: So likewiſe*

*likewiſe no clearneſs nor perfection in that fancy, which delivers it ſelf by a confus'd abortion. Great is the diſparagement which flows from the defailance of the Tongue: it not only diſhonors the perſon of the Speaker, but even ſullies the Opinion of his Reaſon and Judgment with a Diſrepute, and oft-times renders the very Truth ſuſpected.*

*If then it ſo befall our verbal Expreſſions, which are tranſient and leſs liable to cenſure, and where one handſom expreſſion may excuſe a number of Solœciſms: how ſhall that perſon be eſteem'd prudent, whoſe Pen lays him wide open in a fungous and ſordid ſtile; how ſhall we expect ingenuity from him, whoſe leiſure and* Genius, *aſſiſted with the examen of his eyes, yield us no ſpirit in his writings?* He that has worth in him, and cannot expreſs it; is a Cabinet keeping a rich Jewel, and the Key loſt, *ſays a Modern Author; Whereas a good Style, with choice Matter and embroidery of well choſen Words, is like a beautiful Woman with a vertuous Soul, who attracts the eyes, and charms the hearts of all beholders.*

*This excellent faculty of Speech has been in high eſteem even from the very infancy, and will be to the end of the World; For in ſacred Story* Pro. 16. 21. 24. *we read,* The wiſe in heart will be called prudent, & the ſweetneſs of

the lips increaſeth underſtanding: Pleaſant words, are as an honey-comb; ſweet to the ſoul, and health to the bones. *Hence 'twas, an antient Author maintained, that* Pericles *(the Orator) was no leſs Tyrant in* Athens *than* Piſiſtratus, *without acknowledging other difference than that* this *exercis'd his Empire armed,* the other *without arms, by the ſole terror of his ſpeech; which* Ariſtophanes *compar'd to a Thunder-bolt, as* Homer *did that of* Ulyſſes *to a Torrent that beats down all with its violence. And 'twas ſaid of old, that the* Tongue *of* Cyneas *(the fam'd Scholar of* Demoſthenes *) conquer'd more Cities, than the Sword of* Pyrrhus, *the valiant King of* Epire.

*To have ſaid thus much, though much more might be added in behalf of this charming Faculty, and of the diſadvantage commonly attending thoſe who are unskil'd in it, may ſerve as an inducement to the youth of both Sexes (for whoſe benefit this little Work is chiefly intended, and to their acceptance conſecrated) to make the peruſal of it their* paſſe temps *for vacant hours; this with little ſtudy will not onely facilitate your diſcourſe into the moding Language of theſe times, but adapt your pens too with a quaint and fluent* ſtyle, *than which no qualities (with confidence I ſpeak it) can render you more accompliſh'd.*

*Here*

*Here you ſhall be furniſh'd with all neceſſary materials and helps in order to the acquiring ſo great a Treaſure, ſuch helps as have been adviſed and often wiſh'd for, but never before publiſh'd.*

I. *The firſt Part contains a more exact* Engliſh Rhetorique, *than has been hitherto extant, comprehending all the moſt uſual Figures, exemplifi'd out of the* Arcadia, *and other our chiefeſt Authors.*

II. *In the ſecond, you have* Formulæ majores, *or* Common-places, *upon the moſt uſual ſubjects for* ſtyle *and* ſpeech: *The uſe and advantage whereof is aſſerted by my Lord* Bacon, *who (in his* Advancement of Learning *) ſays thus:* I hold the diligence and pains in collecting *Common-places*, to be of great uſe and certainty in ſtudying, as, that which aids the Memory, ſubminiſters Plenty to the invention, and contracts the ſight of Judgment to a ſtrength.

III. *In the third place you ſhall find* Formulæ minores, *(as* my Lord *calls them) leſſer Forms, which he then reckon'd among the defects in our Language, and ſays* they are as it were, the Portals and Poſtern-doors of Stile and Speech, and of no ſmall uſe.

IV. *Laſtly, you have a Collection of Letters and Addreſſes written to, for, and by ſeveral perſons upon emergent occaſions; with ſome particular*

*ticular* Inſtructions *and* Rules *premiſed for the better attaining to a Pen-perfection.*

*The* Formula's *are but* Analects, *which like the Humble Bee I gather'd in Spring-time out of the choiſeſt Flowers of our Engliſh Gardens; nor have I in the Rhetorick or Letters tranſplanted much from my own barren Seminary; I may ſay to ſome noble Correſpondents, what the Poet did of old in a like Caſe,* Sic vos non vobis——— *But, you will eaſily diſtinguiſh* Tinſil *from better* metal: *what is mine will appear to be ſo, by the* Bluntiſms *that frequently occur; the reſt are of better allay. So that if the defects of my own Eſſays be but pardoned, the reſt, I am confident, will abide the touch, and paſs for* Sterling.

Tho. Blount.

Ro: Hunter 1694 

# AN
# Engliſh Rhetorique
## EXEMPLIFIED.

FIgures are Ornaments of Speech ſo uſeful, that without them no Oration could be made but what would be ſo plain and languid, as to miſs of the great end of Rhetorick, which is, to *perſuade powerfully*. They are divided into (1.) *Tropes*, which give to words a ſignification different from that which firſt and naturally they had; and (2.) *Schemes*, whereby Words or Sentences are ſo aptly rang'd as to ſound pleaſingly and move the Affections ſtrongly. I ſhall begin with

*A METAPHOR* or *Tranſlation* which is the friendly and neighbourly borrowing a word, to expreſs a thing, with more light and better note, though not ſo direct'ly and properly as the natural name of the thing meant, would ſignifie. As to ſay, *Drops* of Dew are *Pearls*; *Flowers* in Meadows are *Stars*, and the *murmuring* of waters, *Muſick*; that *little Birds* are *Angels* of the Forreſts; *Whales* are *living Rocks*, or *Ships* with Souls; that the *Sea* is a *mouing Earth*, and *fountain water*, *liquid Cryſtal*. And in expreſſing *Deſirous*, a kind of *Deſire*, is *thirſt*, and not much different from *thirſt* is *hunger*; Therefore for *Swords deſirous of blood*, Sir *Philip Sidney* ſays, *hungry of blood*. Where you may note three degrees of a *Metaphor*, in the underſtanding; Firſt, the fitneſs to Blood-ſhed in a Weapon uſurps the name of

*Deſirous*, which is proper to a living Creature, and then that it proceeds to *thirſt*, and ſo to *hunger*.

The rule of a *Metaphor* is, that it be not too bold nor too far fetch'd; And though all *Metaphors* go beyond the true ſignification of things, yet are they requiſite to expreſs the roving fancies of mens minds, which are not content to fix themſelves upon one thing intended, but muſt wander to the confines; Like the eye that cannot chooſe but view the whole knot, when it purpoſely beholds but one flower in the Garden; Or like an *Archer*, that knowing his *Bow* will overcaſt, or carry ſhort, takes aim on this ſide, or beyond the mark. Beſides, a *Metaphor* is pleaſant, becauſe it enriches our knowledg with two things at once, the *Truth*, and a *Similitude*; As this, *Heads diſinherited of their natural Seigniories*, whereby we underſtand both *beheading*, and the *government* of the head over the body, as the Heir has over the Lordſhip, which he inherits; Of which in another place, *To divorce the fair marriage of the head and body*; where, beſides the cutting off the head, we underſtand the conjunction of the head and body to reſemble a *marriage*. The like in concealing love, uttered in theſe words, *To keep love cloſe Priſoner. There came along the ſtreet a whole Fleet of Coaches*, for *a great number*. *Longinus* ſays *Metaphors* and exchanges of words, are of excellent uſe, and much conducing to height in Eloquence.

An *Allegory* is the continual proſecuting a *Metaphor* (which before I defi'd to be, a Tranſlation of a word) and that proportionably through the whole ſentence, or through many ſentences; As *Philoclea was ſo invironed with ſweet Rivers of vertue, that ſhe could neither be battered nor undermined*: Where *Philoclea* is expreſſed by the ſimi-

litud

litude of a *Caſtle*; her natural defence, by the natural fortification of Rivers about a Caſtle; and the *Metaphor* continues in the attempting her by force or craft, expreſſed by *battering or undermining*. Another, *But when ſhe had once his Enſign in her mind, then followed whole ſquadrons of longings, that ſo it might be with a main battel of miſlikings and repining againſt their Creation*; where you have *Enſigns*, *Squadrons*, *main Battels*; Metaphors ſtill derived from the ſame thing. i. *War*.

As I ſaid before, a *Metaphor* might be too bold, or too far fetch'd; ſo I now remember it may be too baſe, and too bald a Tranſlation: As *the tempeſt of judgment had broken the main maſts of the will*. *A goodly Audience of ſheep*, *Soldiers of friendſhip*, or ſuch like. *Too baſe*, as in that ſpeech, *Fritter of fraud, and ſeething pot of iniquity*. And they that ſay *A red herring is a ſhooing horn to a pot of Ale*. But if you ſpeak of a diſdaintul matter, you may uſe the groſſer terms.

Therefore for general delight, take your expreſſions from ingenious Arts and Profeſſions, to pleaſe the learned in ſeveral kinds; As from the *Meteors*, *Plants*, *Beaſts* in natural *Philoſophy*; And from the *Starr*, *Spheres* and their motions in *Aſtronomy*; from the better part of Husbandry; from politick government of Cities, from *Navigation*, from the military profeſſion, from *Phyſick*; but not out of the depth of thoſe myſteries; And (unleſs your purpoſe be to diſparage) let the word be alwayes taken from a thing of equal or greater dignity, As ſpeaking of *Vertue*, *The ſky of your vertue overcaſt with ſorrow*, where it was thought unfit to ſtoop to any *Metaphor*, lower than the *Heaven*.

An *Emblcme*, an *Allegory*, a *Simile*, a *Fable*, a *Poetical*

*Poetical Fiction* differs thus. An *Embleme* is but one part of the *Similitude* in the Body, and the other part under application in the words; An *Allegory* is the ſimilitude of the application expreſt indifferently, and joyned in one ſentence with words, ſome proper to one part, ſome to another; A *Simile* hath two ſentences of ſeveral proper terms compared. A *Fable* is a *Simile* acted by Fictions in Beaſts; a *Poets tale*, for the moſt part by gods and men. In the former example, Paint a Caſtle, compaſt with Rivers, and let the *Motto* be, NEC OBSIDIONE NEC CUNICULIS, *Neither by ſiege nor undermining*, that is an *Embleme*. Lay it as it is in Sir *Philips Philoclea*; *Vertue, invironed, Rivers, battering, undermining*, the terms of the other part; Put all theſe terms in one ſentence, and it is an *Allegory*. But let it be thus, *There was a Lamb in a Caſtle, and an Elephant and a Fox beſieged her; The Elephant would have aſſaulted her, but he could not ſwim over the River; the Fox would make an earth to get under her, but he feared the River would ſink in upon him, and drown him*; then it is a *Fable*. Let *Spencer* tell you ſuch a tale of a *Fairy Queen*, or *Ovid* of *Danæ*, and 'tis a *Poetical Fiction*: But utter it thus in one ſentence. *As a Caſtle compaſſed about with Rivers, cannot be battered or undermined*. And thus in another, *So* Philoclea *defended round about with vertuous reſolution, could neither be forced nor ſurprized by deceit*; Then it is a *Similitude* in its own nature, which is the ground of all Emblems, Allegories, Fables, and Fictions.

METONYMIA, is the exchange of a name when one word comes in lieu of another, not for a Similitude, but for other natural affinity and coherence; As, when the matter is uſed for that which conſiſts thereof; *I want ſilver*, for *money*. When the efficient

efficient or author is uſed for the thing made; As, *my Blade is right Sebaſtian*, for, *of Sebaſtians making*. The thing containing, for the thing or perſon contained; As, *the City met the General*, for *the Citizens*. The adjunct, property, or quality, for the ſubject of it, As, *deſerts are preferred*, for *men deſerving*. *Take heed young idleneſs*, for, *idle youth*. *Give room to the Quoif*, for, *the Serjeant*; with the like.

SYNECDOCHE is an exchange of the name of the part for the whole, or of the name of the whole for the part. There are two kinds of total comprehenſion; An entire body, or a general name; As, *my name is toſſed and cenſured by many tongues*; for, *many men*; where the part of an entire body goes for the whole. Contrariwiſe *he carries a Goldſmiths ſhop on his finger*, for *Rings*. *He fell into the water, and ſwallowed the* Thames, for *the water*. So the greater name for the ſpecial, *Put up your weapon*, for *your Dagger*. And the ſpecial, for the particular; As, *the Admiral is gone to Sea*, for *Admiral Monk*. The particular for the ſpecial; As, *I would willingly make you a Sir* Philip Sidney; for, *an Eloquent, Learned, Valiant Gentleman*; or for many; As, *the Hollander they ſay comes againſt us*, for *the Hollanders*, and ſuch like; which (becauſe they are eaſie) I have exemplified familiarly. Both theſe Figures ſerve well, when you have mentioned ſomething before, that may require variety in repetition.

CATACHRESIS, in Engliſh, *Abuſe*, is now grown in faſhion, as moſt Abuſes are; it is ſomewhat more deſperate than a *Metaphor*; And is the expreſſion of one matter by the name of another, which is incompatible with, and ſometimes clean contrary to it; As, *I gave order to ſome ſervants of mine (whom I thought as apt for ſuch charities as my ſelf) to lead him out into a Forreſt, and there kill*

*kill him*; where *Charity* is uſed for *Cruelty*. But this may alſo be by the Figure IRONIA. The abuſe of a word drawn from things far differing; As, *A voice beautiful to his ears. Accuſing in himſelf no great trouble in mind by his behaviour or action. Do you grudge me part of your ſorrow, being Siſter in nature, I would I were not ſo far off a Kin in fortune.* This is a uſual Figure with the fine converſants of our time, when they ſtrain for extraordinary expreſſions. As, *I am in danger of preferment. I am not guilty of thoſe praiſes. I have hardly eſcaped good fortune. He threatens me a good turn.* All by the contrary. And as he ſaid that miſliked a Picture with a crooked Noſe. *The elbow of his Noſe is diſproportionable.*

The ear is not only pleaſed with ſtore and variety of words, but takes great delight in the repetition of the ſame words; which, becauſe they may be at the beginning, middle, end, and in ſundry correſpondencies of each of theſe places one to another; it happens, that it has purchaſed ſeveral names of Figures; As *Repetition* of the ſame word, or ſound immediately without interpoſition of any other, is called EPIZEUXIS, *O let not, let not, from you be poured upon me deſtruction. Tormented, tormented! torment of my Soul*, Philoclea *tormented.* This Figure is not to be uſed but in Paſſion.

ANADIPLOSIS is a Repetition in the end of a former ſentence, and beginning of the next. As, *you fear leſt you ſhould offend; offend? O how know you that you ſhould offend? Becauſe ſhe doth deny deny? now in earneſt I could laugh, &c. Why loved I? alas, alas, why loved I? to die wretched, and to be the example of the heavens hate; and hate ſpare not; for your worſt blow is given — from whom they have commonly ſuch reſpect, and reſpect ſoon opens the door to perſuaſion,*

*perſwaſion, &c.* This Figure is often and handſomly uſed by Sir *William Davenant* in his Preface to *Gondibert.* And as no man ſtrikes in thought upon any thing, but for ſome *vehemency* or diſtruſt, ſo in ſpeech there is no Repetition without importance.

CLIMAX is a kind of ANADIPLOSIS, by degrees making the laſt word a ſtep to a further meaning. If it be turned to an Argument, it is a SORITES; *A young man of great beauty, beautiful with great honour, honoured with great valour.— You could not enjoy your goods without government, no government without a Magiſtrate, no Magiſtrate without obedience, and no obedience, where every one, upon his private paſſion, interprets the Rulers actions.*

Now to make it a SORITES, or climbing Argument, joyn the firſt and laſt with an ERGO. As ERGO, *you cannot enjoy your own goods, where every man upon his own private paſſion doth, &c.* This, in a penned ſpeech, is too Academical, but in Diſcourſe more paſſable and plauſible, *ſeeing to like, liking to love, loving to, &c. Deceived me, after deceit abuſed me, after abuſe, forſaken me. What doth better become wiſdom, than to diſcern what is worthy loving? What more agreeable to goodneſs, than to love it, ſo diſcerned, and what to greatneſs of heart, than to be conſtant in it once loved?* Where the laſt word, or ſome one word in the laſt ſentence begets the next clauſe. This Figure hath its time, when you are well entred into diſcourſe, have procured attention, mean to riſe and amplifie.

ANAPHORA is when many clauſes have the like beginning; *You, whom vertue hath made the Princeſs of Felicity, be not the miniſter of ruine. You, whom my choice hath made the Godleſs of my ſafety. You, whom Nature hath made the Load-ſtar of comfort,*

*fort, be not the rock of ſhipwrack.* This Figure beats upon one thing, to cauſe the quicker apprehenſion of it in the audience, and to awake a ſleepy or dull paſſion.

EPISTROPHE is contrary to the former, when many clauſes end with the ſame words, *Where the richneſs invited the eyes, the faſhion entertained the eyes, and the device taught the eyes —— And all the Night did nothing but weep* Philoclea, *ſigh* Philoclea, *and cry out* Philoclea, *&c. Either arm their lives, or take away their lives.* This is rather a Figure of Narration or Inſtruction, than of motion.

SYMPLOCE or COMPLEXIO, is when ſeveral ſentences have the ſame beginning, and the ſame ending. *The moſt Covetous man longs not to get riches out of the ground which can bear nothing; Why? Becauſe it is impoſſible. The moſt ambitious perſon vexes not his wits to climb to Heaven. Why? Becauſe it is impoſſible.* This is the wantonneſt of *Repetitions*, and is not to be uſed in ſerious matters.

EPANALEPSIS is the ſame in one ſentence which SYMPLOCE or COMPLEXIO is in ſeveral; As, *His ſuperiour in means, in place his ſuperior. Severe to his Servants, to his Children ſevere.* Or the ſame ſound reiterated firſt or laſt in a ſentence. *In ſorrow was I born and muſt die in ſorrow. Unkindneſs moved me; and what can ſo trouble my courſes, or wrack my thoughts as unkindneſs;* This is a mild and ſweet Figure, and of much uſe, though ſingle and by it ſelf, not uſual in the *Arcadia*, unleſs thus. *Overthrow of my deſires, recompence of my overthrow.*

EPANADOS is, when the middle and end, or midſt or beginning are the ſame; As, *If there were no true pleaſure in ſleep and idleneſs, then no*

*doubt*

*doubt the Heathen Philoſophers would have placed ſome part of the felicity of their Heathen Gods in ſleep and idleneſs.* —— *Your diligence to ſpeak well muſt be great, but you ſhall be abundantly recompenced for the greatneſs of your diligence in the ſucceſs of your perſwaſion.*—— *If I ſhould ever wiſh the perfection of your eloquence, it is for your inſtruction, and for your benefit that I would wiſh you eloquent.* This kind of *Repetition*, and the former EPANALEPSIS, are the moſt eaſily admitted into diſcourſe, and are freeſt from the opinion of affectation; becauſe words recited at the beginning of any ſentence, or at both ends of the ſame, are more remarkable.

ANTIMETABOLE, or COMMUTATIO, is a ſentence inverſt, or turn'd back; As, *If any for love of honour, or honour of love*, &c. *That as you are the child of a mother: ſo you may be mother of a child*, &c. *They miſliked what themſelves did; and yet ſtill did what themſelves miſliked*, &c. *If before he languiſhed, becauſe he could not obtain his deſiring; he now lamented, becauſe he could not deſire the obtaining*—*Either not ſtriving, becauſe he was contented; or contented becauſe he would not ſtrive* ——*Juſt to exerciſe his might, mighty to exerciſe his Juſtice.* Learned Sir *Philip* ſlipt often into this Figure, yet he ſometimes conceal'd the particularity of his *affection* to it, by not turning the words wholly back, as they lay; *To account it not a purſe for treaſure, but as a treaſure it ſelf worthy to be purs'd up*, &c. *Men venture lives to conquer, ſhe conquers lives without venturing*, &c. *Shew'd ſuch fury in his force, ſuch ſtay in his fury?* which is rather EPANODOS; Sometimes the ſame ſenſe inverſt in contrary words; As, Parthenia *deſired above all things to have* Argalus; Argalus *feared nothing but to miſs* Parthenia. Where he returns *fear to miſs* inſtead of *deſire*.

*Neither*

*Neither could you have thought ſo well of me, if extremity of love had not made your judgment partial, nor could you have loved me ſo intirely, if you had not been apt to make ſo great undeſerved judgment of me.* Where he returns, for, *extremity of love, loving intirely*; and for, *partial judgment, great undeſerved judgment.*

Though this be a ſharp and witty Figure, and ſhews out of the ſame words, a pretty diſtinction of meaning very convenient for School-men, yet to uſe this or any other unreaſonably or unſeaſonably, is ridiculous. Let Diſcretion therefore be the greateſt, and moſt general Figure of Figures.

PARANOMASIA is a preſent touch of the ſame letter, ſyllable, or word, with a different meaning. And as for the running upon the letter more than very little, is more than too much; Sir *Philip Sidney* in *Aſtrophell* and *Stella*, calls it the Dictionary method, and verſes, ſo made, *Rimes running in ratling rows*, which is an example of it. There is an old Swiniſh Poem made of it in Latine, call'd PUGNA PORCORUM,

Hector, Hanno, Hanibal dead,
Pompey, Pyrrhus ſpil'd,
Cyrus, Scipio, Cæſar ſlain,
And Alexander kill'd.

*Agnomination* of ſome ſyllables is ſometimes found in the *Arcadia*; As, *Alas what can* ſaying *make them believe, whom* ſeeing *cannot perſwade.* And, *while he was ſo followed by the valianteſt, he made a way for the vileſt. She went away repining, but not repenting. Our alms deeds are turn'd into all miſ-deeds, our praying into playing; our faſting into feaſting.* That kind of breaking words into another meaning, is much

uſed

uſed in Drollery, and youthful Diſcourſe; As, *You will have but a bare gain out of the Bargain*; *A man not only fit for the Gown but for the Gun*; *for the Pen, but for the Pike*; *for the book, but for the blade.* The garniſh of this Figure has been in much requeſt in leſs ſerious matters, but the more learned have avoided this kind of flouriſh, leſt their writings ſhould ſavour more of the general humour, than of private judgment.

PROLEPTOTON or TRADUCTIO, is a repetition of words of the ſame lineage, that differ only in termination; as *exceedingly, exceeding. His faulty uſing of our faults.* Sometimes the ſame word in ſeveral caſes: as, *for fear, conceal'd his fear.* Sometimes the ſame word in ſeveral voices; a, *forſaken by all friends, and forſaken by all comfort.* Sometimes the ſame Adjective in ſeveral Compariſons; as, *much may be ſaid in my defence, much more for love, and moſt of all for that divine creature, who has joyned me and love together.* This is a good Figure, and may be uſed with, or without Paſſion, yet ſo, as the uſe of it come from choice, not barrenneſs.

To *Amplifie* and *Illuſtrate*, are two of the principal Ornaments of Eloquence, and gain mens minds to the chiefeſt Advantages, *Admiration* and *Belief*; For how can you commend any *thing* more acceptably to our Attention, than by telling us it is extraordinary, and by demonſtrating it to be evident? We love to look upon a Comet above all Stars, for theſe two excellencies, its *Greatneſs* and its *Brightneſs*; ſuch in ſpeech is *Amplification* and *Illuſtration.* We amplifie five wayes, by *Compariſon, Diviſion, Accumulation, Intimation*, and *Progreſſion.*

*Compariſon* is either of things contrary, or equal

or

or things different: Equal, as, *Themiſtocles and Coriolanus (both great States-men, both of great deſerts to their Countrey, both baniſhed, both dead at one time:* Themiſtocles *his Counſel could not prevail againſt the Ingratitude of the Athenians;* nor Coriolanus *his diſcretion overcome the unkindneſs of the Romans; the one was too excellent, the other too noble for the envious eyes of their Countrymen to endure, ſuch is the force of Vertue, above all quarrels of Nations, or diviſions of Allegiances; that their Exiles were honourably entertained,* Coriolanus *by the* Volſci, Themiſtocles *by the* Perſians, *both by their enemies, and both leading great Armies againſt thoſe Countreys, which ſo ingratefully expelled them) were ſo inwardly reſtrained with a conſcience of ſacking their Native ſoyl, that they rather choſe violence to their own lives, than to thoſe of their fellow Citizens, and took it for a ſufficient revenge to make it evident they might be reverged.*

But this is not ſo forcible an *Amplification* of things equal indeed (wherein, as you ſee, all the ſeveral points of a conſorted equality are to be ſearched out) as when things ſeeming unequal are compared, and that in *Similitudes* as well as in *Examples*; for inſtance, where a Woman is compared to a ſhip, out of *Plautus, both aſk much tackling, and ſometimes rigging.* And you ſhall profit moſt of all, by inventing matter of agreement in things moſt unlike: *London and the Tennis Court are like: for in both all the gains go to the hazard. Policy is like the Sea, it ſerves for intercourſe of profit, for defence againſt Invaſions; there are both ebbings and flowings, calms and tempeſts; the obſervation whereof may make a man firſt wiſe, then rich. But as the water ſerves for many outward uſes, ſo can it not pleaſe, if it be inwardly ſwallowed: if you ſail upon it, it will carry you whereſoere you will deſire; but if you drink it, it doth not ſatis-*

*fie,*

*ſie, but increaſe deſires.* Again for Example; Eriphylie *and* Tarpeia ( *both women in whom Nature ſhould govern love, and love warrant fidelity* ) *were both eaſily induced to be falſe, with trifling temptations; they both betrayed, not one friend to another, nor the dearneſs of love for the height of preferment, but their moſt aſſured lovers to their moſt deadly enemies, for toys, jewels, and bracelets.* Eriphyle, *her husband* Amphiaraus (*the ſtay of her life*) *to* Adraſtus *his profeſſed Enemy.* Tarpeia, *the* Capitol (*the defence of her Country*) *to the* Sabines, *that beſieged it; yet neither can remain as invitation, much leſs as encouragement to Treaſon; For* Eriphyle *was ſlain by his ſon, whom nature ſhould have bound to her defence.* Tarpeia *by the* Sabines, *whom her deſerts ſhould have obliged to her ſafeguard.* In comparing two, when you would raiſe the perſon or thing you intend to make excellent, you muſt take the meaneſt parts of a greater Example, and match them with the beſt of your purpoſe, and by ſuch partiality you ſhall amplifie and extol the ſubject you treat of; as *Iſocrates* did in his Compariſon of *Cyrus* and *Thargarus.* Otherwiſe for impartial Compariſons, which notwithſtanding do amplifie, read the Matches, or Parallels of the moſt famous Grecian and Roman Examples in *Plutarch.*

*Compariſons* of things different.

In the former *Compariſon*, is a compoſition of the points at firſt, becauſe I preſuppoſe the Hiſtories on both ſides to be familiar to you by reading, but if you were to marſhal Hiſtories, whereof both or either were not ſufficiently known, then had you need begin with ſingle Relations: As if a man would compare *Vaſcus Gama* with Sir *Francis Drake*, he might ſay, *Sir* Francis Drake *indeed travelled round about the World in two years, ſaw divers Nations, endured*

*dured many perils at Sea, & returned laden with great Treaſure; And* Vaſcus Gama *firſt ſearched the Coaſt of* Quilоa, Mozambique, *and* Calicute, *and opened the paſſage to the Eaſt-Indies. But as it was eaſie for* Drake *to proceed further in diſcoveries, when he had entrance made by* Columbus. *So was it moſt dangerous and difficult for* Gama *to adventure a courſe, without example and direction.* Drake *ſcoured the Coaſts with a ſufficient company of ſhips, made pillage of others, & thereof furniſhed himſelf for his enterprize;* Gama *went but weak at firſt, loſt moſt of his ſmall Fleet, and met nothing at Sea but Tempeſts and Famine.* Drake *invaded upon opportunities, hazarded but his own fortune and retired to Sea upon all advantages.* Gama *had in charge an expedition of his Sovereigns Command, was conſtrained to victual himſelf among barbarous Nations, and not only buy proviſion in their continent with the price of his blood, but durſt not depart without leaving his King proclaimed and poſſeſſed in their Territories, divers places of ſtrength fortified, & eſtabliſhed to his uſe: So that if* Gama *had been to purſue the example of* Drake, *as* Drake *had the light of* Columbus *and* Magellans *Travels.* Vaſcus Gama's *ſpirit was as like to have conquered the whole world, as* Drakes *fortune was to compaſs it.*

And where the parts of Collation are moſt obſcure, there your narration muſt be the longer; As, *Cicero* in comparing *Marcellus* & *Verres*, makes a long recital of the acts of *Marcellus* to acquaint the hearers with them before compariſon. In ſome caſes, after good confidence of proof, your examples may come in more thick and plentiful; As, *if to protract a battel upon advice, be cowardize, then* Phocion, *then* Metellus, *then* Fabius, *and all the valianteſt Captains of all ages were Cowards. If to diſplant the rebellious natives of* Hungary, *& to root them out of that Kingdom be*

*be cruelty, then the Colonies tranſlated by the* Romans *into* Sicily, *into* France, *into the ſeveral Coaſts of* Italy, *and divers other places, teſtifie great cruelty.*

But compariſon of things different is moſt commendable, where there ſeems to be great affinity in the matters confer'd, as in the King of *Spains* aſſiſting the *Iriſh*, and the Queen of *Englands* aiding the *Netherlands*. *The Spaniards gave aſſiſtance to a people untrue in their treaties, unciuil in their manners, to thoſe who have traiterouſly rebelled without provocation, and ſtood out contrary to their own ſubmiſſion, brake their own peace, and waſted their own Countrey. The Queen did but lend ſome few voluntaries to the protection of a Nation, peaceable in their lives; free by their priviledges, a people denying no claim of any true Prince, except perpetual ſervitude of their bodies, and importable exactions of their goods.*

Another example of things different compared. *Is not the marriage of Heads of Houſes and Colledges as lawful as the marriage of the Doctors of the Arches, or the Clerks of the Chancery? both were indicted by the ſame law, and yet I take it not indifferent, that both ſhould by the abrogation of the ſame law be equally repeal'd. The one hath his living caſual by his temporal pains; the other his maintainance certain by Eccleſiaſtical proviſions. The one may purchaſe by the improving his revenues, and ſo may lawfully raiſe a Patrimony to maintain his poſterity; the other can by no thrift upon the common goods gather a living for a Wife and children, without imbezelling from the poor, deducting from hoſpitality, defeating the intents of the giver, or defrauding his ſucceſſion. Laſtly, the one hath all the uſe of his office, the other is owner of nothing, but to his own behoof and diſpoſition.* In theſe two ſorts of *Amplifications* you may inſert all figures, as the paſſion of the matter ſhall ſerve.

*Compariſon*

*Compariſon* of contraries is the third and moſt flouriſhing way of *Compariſon*. *Contraries* are ſometimes arranged together by parts one to one, thus. *Compare the ones impatience with the others mildneſs, the ones inſolence with the others ſubmiſſion, the ones humility with the others indignation, and tell me whether he that conquered, ſeem'd not rather confounded, than he that yielded any way diſcouraged.* Compare not mind with mind, leſt it ſeem fantaſtical, and beyond the trial of our ſenſes; But *ſet the ones triumph againſt the others captivity, loſs againſt victory, feaſts againſt wounds, a Crown againſt fetters, misfortune againſt felicity: and the majeſty of courage will be found in the overthrow.* More examples of this you have in the Figure *Contentio*, which is one of the inſtruments to aggravate, by way of *Compariſon*. Yet one example more. *He that prefers wealthy ignorance before charitable ſtudy prefers contempt before honour, darkneſs before light, death before life, and earth before heaven.*

This is one way of arranging Contrarieties.

There is another way of ordering them with interchangeable correſpondence in ſentences; that, though each touch not other, yet it affronts the other. As, *Shall a Soldier (for a blow with his hand given in War to a Captain) be diſgraced? and ſhall a Lawyer (for the Baſtinado given in a Court of Juſtice to his Companion) be advanced? ſhall we that profeſs Laws, maintain outrage? And ſhall they that break all Laws, yet in this obſerve civility?* Where you may ſee every word in the latter ſentence aggravated by oppoſition to every word in the former. Another, *Did the moſt innocent vouchſafe as part of his glory to pray for his enemies? And ſhall we the moſt ſinful, eſteem it a blot to our Reputation, to be unrevenged on his Brethren?* Of this you ſhall have more examples here-

hereafter. But unleſs it be for the declamatory exerciſe, you are to avoid too great ſwelling without ſubſtance.

The ſecond way of *Amplification* is by *Diviſion*, which (as a modern Author ſays) is to anatomize it into ſeveral parts, and to examine it according to ſeveral circumſtances; Not unlike the ſhew that Pedlars make of their Packs, when they diſplay them, contrary to the German magnificence, that ſerves in all the good meat in one diſh. But whereas the ſame Author ſays, that this Art of *Amplifying* will betray it ſelf in method and order; I think it rather adorns it ſelf. For in ſtead of ſaying, *He put the whole Town to the Sword*; let me reckon all ages and conditions, and ſay, *He neither ſaved the young men, as pitying the unripe flower of their youth; nor aged men, as reſpecting their gravity; nor children, as pardoning their weakneſs; nor Women, as having compaſſion on their ſex; Soldier, Clergyman, Citizen; armed or unarmed, reſiſting or ſubmitting, all within the Town were deſtroyed by the fury of that bloody Executioner.* Note that the diviſions here, are taken from age, profeſſion, ſex, habit, or behavior. It may likewiſe be from all circumſtances, *All dance, the Heavens, Elements, mens mind, Commonwealths, and ſo by part all dance.*

Another example varied, *He apparels himſelf with great diſcretion*; Thus amplifie in circumſtances. *For ſtuffs, his cloaths were more rich than glittering: As to the faſhion, rather uſual to his quality, than fantaſtical to his invention: For colour, more grave and uniform, than wild and light. For fitneſs, made as well for eaſe of Exerciſe, as to ſet forth to the eye thoſe parts in him which had any excellency.* So, to ſay, he would take an occaſion of diſcourſe with a young witty Lady, & would raiſe it firſt from her be-

*haviour*, if ſhe ſaid nothing, he would partly quarrel with her *ſilence*; if ſhe *ſmiled*, he would gather out of it ſome interpretation of praiſe of her favour, and of his own joy and good fortune: if ſhe *frowned*, he would both move to her mirth, and deny ſhe could be angry in earneſt; if ſhe were ſad, he would conform his ſpeech and action in that ſoberneſs to her humor; as might beguile her paſſion, by way of falſe confederacy; if ſhe walked or played, the ſecret praiſe of her face, her eyes, her hair, her voice, her hands, her body, her gate, was the application of moſt conceits, what ever gave the ground of them; yet with ſuch diſſembling art, as if forgiveneſs or love alluded in them, not cunning, or want of variety.

So you may divide by the forms of ſpeech in general; as, *he was never to ſeek how to propoſe or invent, raiſe or maintain, reconcile and diſtinguiſh any Arguments; Hiſtories, Similitudes, Proverbs; Jeſts attended him in great plenty, when he needed to employ them: he would deliver ſtrong Reaſons carelеſly, and choice words ſmoothly and unaffectedly; he uſed a ſporting wiſdom, an eloquent prating. But with Gallants and Ladies of better reſpect, and leſs curioſity; his duty, their kindneſs, their common acquaintance, the occaſion of his coming, the remembrance of his laſt conference, the place, the time, the laſt news of forein parts, the Court, the Countrey, the City, fed his Invention, and ſatisfied their ears.* All this is but *diviſion* of the perſons, with whom you converſed, their manners, carriage, the faſhions and ornaments, the matter and ſubject of diſcourſe. This in ſome ſort uſed, is more properly called *Dilatation*, than *Amplification*; and being often practiſed, will enable you to diſcourſe almoſt of any thing, wherein you are not preciſely tyed to the exact manner of *diviſion*, which Logicians uſe. But you have liberty of ſeeking all things comprized within

within the ſenſe of your general Theam, differ they eſſentially, or in any notable property. You may alſo if you pleaſe, run over the intire part of *Amplification*; As, *The ſhip was blown up*; for the *ſhip*, you may ſay the *Maſt*, *Sails*, *Tackling*, *Keel*, *Prow*, *Stern*; *for blowing up*, you way ſay *rent*, *torn*, *ſmothered*, *ſcattered* in the air, *ſunk* under the water, all the circumſtances of *blowing up*. So in ſaying a *fair tree*, you may divide the tree into the *root*, *body*, *branch and fruit*; and *fairneſs* into *talneſs*, *ſtraigtneſs*, *verdure*, *ſweetneſs*, and ſuch things as are fair in a tree. In deſcribing a *gallant man*, you may talk of his mind, perſon, his attempting, proſecuting and finiſhing an enterprize. And note, that this *Amplification* has in it both credibility and inſtruction; for it makes inſtances of that, which being generally ſpoken, would ſeem but a flouriſh, and gives more ſpecial note of that kind, which univerſally could not be conceiv'd, without confuſion and dulneſs. This kind of *Amplification* is more taken up by *Cicero* than *Demoſthenes*, for *Demoſthenes* never uſes it, but as it falls in his way.

The third way of *Amplification*, is *Accumulation*, which is a heaping up many terms of praiſe or accuſation, imparting but the ſame matter, without deſcending into any part, and has his due ſeaſon after ſome argument of proof. Otherwiſe is is like a Schoolman, foming out *Synonyma's*, or words of one meaning, and will ſooner beget a cenſure of ſuperfluity of words, than ſufficiency of matter. But, let us give ſome example to amplifie a *Sedition*; *Tumults*, *mutinies*, *uproars*, *deſperate conſpiracies*, *wicked confederacies*, *furious commotions*, *traiterous rebellions*, *aſſociations in villany*, *defections from allegiance*, *bloody garboyls*, *inteſtine Maſſacres of Citizens*. But this example is ſomewhat too ſwelling. Now to deſcribe a beautiful woman, you may ſay, *She hath a moſt win-*

*ning countenance, a moſt pleaſant eye, a moſt amiable preſence, a chearful aſpect, ſhe is a moſt delicate Object*, &c. The taſte of former times has term'd it ſweet, to bring in three clauſes together of the ſame ſenſe; As, *Your beauty* (ſweet Lady) *hath conquered my reaſon, ſubdued my will, maſter'd my judgment.* How this will hold among our curious Refiners I know not, he that looks on the wearing of it, will find it bare, how full of ſtuff ſoever it appears. Firſt, it paſſeth for parts of *diviſion*, when indeed it is but a variation of an Engliſh. Yet notwithſtanding the practice will furniſh you with ſtore of phraſes, without which you ſhall never have choice, the Mother of perfection. *Cicero* in his Oration uſes it much: ſome others follow it to four clauſes; but he ſeldom exceeds three. It has this certain effect, it will ſufficiently ſecure your vein not to be dry and exhauſted. But to return to our firſt ſort of *Accumulation*, and reduce it with this, under one precept. I take the uſe of this to be in anger, deteſtation, commiſeration, and ſuch paſſions, as you, ſeeming throughly poſſeſt with, would willingly ſtir up in others.

The fourth way of *Amplification*, is by *Intimation*, and leaves the collection of greatneſs to our underſtanding, by expreſſing ſome mark of it. It exceeds ſpeech in ſilence, and makes our meaning more inteiligible by a touch, than by direct treating; as he that ſhould ſay, *You muſt live very many years in his company, whom you ſhould account for your friend*, ſays well; but he that ſays, *You had need eat a buſhel of ſalt with him*, ſaith more, and gives you to reckon more than many years in his company, whom you ſhould account for your friend. It ſavours ſometimes of *Hyperbole*; As, *that man that is grown groſs, is grown from a body to a corporation*; Again, for a little

man

man an Horſe-back, *he was taken for a hat riding on the pommel of a ſaddle.* Of this ſort examples are familiar; *So boneſt a wrangler, that his Noſe being betwixt, was the only cauſe why his two eyes went not to Law.* So the hugeneſs of a Gyant is expreſt, by ſaying, *his ſkull held half a buſhel of wheat.* This may be done with *Ironia*, or denial; *he was no notorious Malefactor, but he had been twice on the Pillory, and once burnt in the hand for trifling overſights.* So by ambiguity of the word, *he draws his Sword oftner than his Purſe.* This faſhion of *Amplification*, I term *Intimation*, becauſe it does not directly aggravate; but by conſequence or proportion, intimate more to your mind, than ears.

PROGRESSIO is the laſt kind of *Amplification*, which by ſteps of compariſon ſcorns every degree, till it come to the ſupream; and ſometimes to advance the matter higher, it deſcends lower. It is an ornament in ſpeech to begin at the loweſt, that you may aſpire to the higheſt *Amplification*; for example, in reprehending the prodigality of Monuments; *I begin with the exceſſes of* Alphonſus *on his fathers funeral; thence to* Alexanders *profuſion upon one of his friends Tombs: then to* Urbanus, *towards his ſervant: thence to* Cæſar, *on his horſes burial; after that, to the* Moloſſians *on their dogs; and thence to the* Egyptians, *that charged themſelves with the ſumptuous burial of a Crocodile.* So ſeeming in ſome ſort, to admit the firſt leſs than the ſecond, and by growing weaker and weaker, in the exceſs of every one, as I proceed, the laſt will ſeem moſt ridiculous if not odious. So *Cicero* againſt *Verres*, meaning to amplifie his bribery and extortions. *It is rigorous exaction* (ſaith he) *not to abſolve the innocent without money; great cruelty to commit him, till he ranſom himſelf; but not to ſuffer the parties to have*

*acceſs unto him without reward, is wretched covetouſneſs. To ſell the egreſs and regreſs of them that bring him victuals, nay, to take money that he ſhall have an eaſie death: To put a price upon the ſtrokes that ſhall execute him; So much, that he ſhall be beheaded at one blow; ſo much, at two. This is beyond all degrees of moſt barbarous and intolerable extortion.* So in another example; *He was careleſs in doing well, a looſneſs of youth; he was inclined to do ill, a weakneſs of fleſh: his mind conſented to offend, a ſhrewd temptation; he committed the act, an unhappy fault; he accuſtomed himſelf to abuſe, a ſad employment: yet he did not this alone, but infected others with his perſwaſion, and ſeduced them by his example. And not that only, but detained thoſe he had drawn in with freſh inventions, and diſgraced the modeſty of them who reſiſted his corruptions with ſcorns and derifions, which could argue no leſs in him, than a moſt reprobate damnable reſolution.*

The Rule of this is, when you would praiſe or diſcommend any thing, to conſider how many leſs things there are of that kind, to which notwithſtanding you would give ſome ſhew of importance: As he that would render *Sleep* obnoxious, may ſay, *Idleneſs* (which is leſs) by *Draco's Laws was Felony.* Or, to give that Biſhop his right, who built two whole Colledges as his own charge, and endowed them with Lands. *Look downwards how rare it is for a Prelate in theſe days, not to grant long Leaſes, diminiſh the revenues of his Fee? How laudable it is to repair the ruines of his own decay'd Palaces and Granges? How magnificent an act it is thought for a noble Perſon to build an Hoſpital. How royal for two or three Princes to erect one Colledg. And can there be ſuch an unthankfulneſs, as to bear but an ordinary remembrance of him, that enrich'd his Biſhoprick, built*

two

*two the moſt famous Nurſeries of Learning in the Land, was liberal to all wants in his life, and left worthy bequeſts to all degrees at his death.* In like ſort, by an example of abuſing the name of God. *To make table talk of a mean mans name were injurious; to run upon a Noble mans Title, were great ſcandal; to play with a Princes name, were Treaſon; and what ſhall it be to make a vanity of that name, which is moſt terrible even to Tyrants and Devils, and moſt reverend even to Monarchs and Angels?* There be two contrary aſcents to the top of this form, either by extenuating the means, as in a former example: or by aggravating them, as in this laſt of ſwearing. And may not a matter be well amplified in this manner, by exchanging the compariſon of every particular circumſtance, that the whole may ſeem the greater? As in this example. *It is lamentable that a young man ſhould be offended with the advice of his experienc'd friend, tending to his profit. Firſt, It is a hard caſe that counſel ſhould be neglected, but harder that it ſhould offend. It is a ſad thing to ſee any diſpleaſed with good admonitions; but more ſad, to ſee a youth ſo affected. Who would not grieve to have his adviſe ill taken? but who would not grieve more, to ſee his experience controlled? Unhappy is that youth who liſtens not to the good exhortations of the Skilful? But more that diſdains the inſtruction of his diſcreet friend. He is miſerable and unfortunate, that quarrels with the ſound precepts of his dear friends; but more miſerable and unfortunate, that miſlikes directions given for his own good and advantage.*

This is a moſt eaſie, clear, & unuſual kind of *Amplification*, for it gives more delight and force to every circumſtance. The *circumſtances* are theſe. The perſon who & to whom, the matter, the intent, the time, the place, the manner, the conſequence, and many more:

Out of every one of which, any thing may be made more notable, and egregious by way of compariſon. And that it may the better be remembred by you, let inquiry be made in every controverſie for the *circumſtances*, and compare them with other leſs matters: and you ſhall hardly fail of diſcourſe, or be left on ground for want of good invention. There is a richer ſhew in this kind of amplifying by every circumſtance, than in any other. Firſt, you muſt begin every circumſtance with a new figure. Sometimes with *Affirmation*, ſometimes with *Interrogation*, ſometimes with *Admiſſion*, ſometimes with *Ironia*. Secondly, when you upon every circumſtance, urge the whole ſenſe, you are for every circumſtance almoſt to vary the words: As before, for *Lamentable*; *unhappy*, *unfortunate*, *heavy*, *ſad*, *grievous*: So for *Counſel*; *Admonitions*, *Advice Exhortations*, *Inſtructions*, *Precepts*, *Directions*. Again, I ſay, remember this kind of *Progreſſion* by circumſtances, and urging and aggravating all the points of a Sentence: For you ſhall find it as often uſed as any Figure in Rhetorique, by all good Speakers and Writers.

There are *Figures* that help *Amplification*, and make ſhew of ſetting forth a matter fairer than it is. The firſt is HYPERBOLE, whereof I will give you ſome ſuch examples, as my own reading long ſince obſerved in the *Arcadia*. Sometimes it expreſſes a thing in the higheſt degree of poſſibility beyond the truth, that in deſcending thence, you may find the truth. Sometimes in flat impoſſibilities that you may rather conceive the unſpeakableneſs, than the untruth of the relation. Poſſibly, as for *hypocritical Hoſt*; *he gave us pleaſing entertainment, as the falſeſt heart could give him, whom he means worſt unto. That every eye ſaw, or heart could imagine.* For

*diligent*

*diligent inquiry; making their eyes, their ears, and their tongues ſerve for nothing elſe, but* that *inquiry.* This is the utmoſt poſſible. But in the very frontiers of impoſſibility, thus *though a thouſand deaths followed it, and every death were followed with a hundred diſhonours. The World ſooner wanted occaſions, than he valour to go through them. Words and blows came ſo thick together, as the one ſeem'd a lightning to the others thunder.* Sometimes there is no certain quantity of a thing ſet, but plainly and ingenlouſly told invariably. As, *beyond the bounds of conceipt, much more of utterance.* And, *this Figure is more for the credit of your wit, than of your ſpeech.*

CORRECTIO, having uſed a word of ſufficient force, yet pretending a greater ſtrength of meaning, refuſes it, and ſupplies the place with one of more extenſion, As, *I perſwade you not to let ſlip occaſion, whilſt it may not only be taken, but offers, nay ſues to be taken.* Where the firſt riſing of the matter is, upon, *Not only, but,* then upon the correcting, *Nay*: Again, *you muſt be content, nay, you muſt be deſirous to take pains, if you will write well; It is the only quality, which in all actions will gain you praiſe, praiſe (ſaid I) nay honour.* This Figure is to be uſed, when you would make the matter more credible in it ſelf, than by the manner of delivery; It is ſometimes uſed upon paſſion, without intent to amplifie: As, *you ſtars, if you do not ſuccour me: No, no, you will not help me. O* Parthenia, *no more* Parthenia, *who art thou?* There are two contrary ways to this form, and both lead to *Amplification*, but in a diſſembling ſort: The firſt is by *Ironia*, which expreſſes a thing by the contrary, by ſhew of exhortation, where indeed it dehorts. As, *yet a while, ſleep a while, fold thine arms a while: ſo ſhall neceſſity overtake thee, like a traveller, and poverty ſet on*

*thee like an armed man* ——— *It is but ſmall charge of idle money that the Egyptians beſtowed in erecting a Pyramis of brick, when the expence of Onions and Garlick for Workmens dyet, came to about* 238000 l. *of our money* ——— Milo *had but ſlender ſtrength, that carried an Ox a furlong on his back, then killed him with his fiſt, and ate him to his break-faſt.* ——— Tiſornus *had a reaſonable good arm, that could hold two Bulls by the tails, the one in the one hand, the other in the other, and never be ſtirred out of his place by their violence.* Here *ſmall, ſlender and reaſonable,* amplifie as much as if you had ſaid *great, exceeding,* or *incredible.*

*PARALEPSIS* (the ſecond counterfeit of *Amplification*) is, when you ſay you let paſs that which notwithſtanding you touch at full; As, *I make no account of any hinderance in other the direct ſtudies of my courſe; I value not my pains in collecting theſe obſervations; I will forget that I denied the earneſt intreaty of many kind and learned Gentlemen, that ſued to me for helps; I am loath to tell you they are notes of his, whom your Maſters of the Univerſity have thought as great a Reader, and a greater Obſerver than themſelves; I deſire not, that you ſhould make any greater eſtimation of them, than of a teſtimony of my love to you, and a pledge of my reſolution to encourage thoſe lovely ſparks of good invention, which if you ſmother and quench in your ſelf, you commit a kind of intellectual murther.* The like is uſed often in *Progreſſion.* But another, *I urge not to you the hope of your friends, though that ſhould animate you to anſwer their expectation; I lay not before you the neceſſity of the place, which you are to furniſh, wherein to be defective and inſufficient were ſome ſhame; I omit the envious concurrencies, and ſome prepared compariſons in your Country, which have ſome feeling with young men of*

foreſight

*fore-ſight; I only ſay, how ſhall our promiſes give judgment againſt us? how ſhall we diſcharge our own Engagements to your Father, if this time hath not taken his full effect of profit in our labours and endeavours?* Two Figures properly belong to this kind of *Amplification.* which are call'd *ACCUMULATION* and *DIVISION.*

The firſt is a round diſpatching of much matter, not plainly and ſimply the ſame in ſenſe, yet tending to the ſame end; As, *Loves companions are unquietneſs, longings, fond comforts, faint diſcomforts, hopes, jealouſies, rages, careleſneſs, yieldings,* &c. *Spite, rage, diſdain, ſhame, revenge came upon hatred.* Theſe examples are out of *Arcadia.* You may frame one thus. *All men exclaim upon theſe exactions, Nobles, Gentry, Commonalty, Poor, Rich, Scholars, Merchants, Peaſants, Young, Old, High, Low, and all cry out upon the hard impoſitions of thoſe burthens.*

The ſecond *Figure* differs not much from the firſt, but that the firſt is a ſudden entrance into a confuſed heap of matter. This is a wild and diſſolute repetition of all that went before: As, *you have heard of his pride, ambition, covetnage, robberies, mutinies in the City, in the Camp, in the Countrey. What kinſman of his unabuſed, what friend undeceived, what Companion uncorrupted, can ſpeak for him? Where can he live without ſhame? Where can he die with honour?* Theſe two Figures not only make your cauſe ſeem better, but skilfully and properly uſed, do amaze an adverſary of mean ability.

There are other Figures that come in fitly after *Amplification,* or any great heat juſtly inflamed, *Interrogation* and *Exclamation.*

*INTERROGATION* is but a warm propoſition, yet it oftentimes doth better than a bare *Affirmation,* which were but too eaſie and lifeleſs a ſpeech; As,

The

*The credit of behaviour, is to cover imperfection, and ſet forth your good parts better.* Thus expreſſed, *Is it not the chiefeſt credit of behaviour, to ſet forth your good parts fairly and clearly, and to cover imperfection? Men are ignorant, and therefore by good expreſſions without ranting or affectation, you ſhall gain a more general opinion, than by ſufficiency ſmothered in too modeſt a ſilence.* By Interrogation thus, *Are not moſt men ignorant? ſhall you not then by quaint expreſſions, without ranting or affectation pleaſe more, and get a more general good opinion, than by great ſufficiency concealed by your own ſhamefac'dneſs?*

To diſſemble excellencies is good policy in him, whom his courſe muſt at length neceſſarily draw into light and proof, and then all that he delivers will be admirable, becauſe expectation foreſtall'd nothing of his worth; which may likewiſe be turned into an *Interrogation*, and is very fit for a ſpeech, addreſſed to many illiterate hearers; is much uſed in *Pirocles* Oration to the ſeditious multitude, and then it may be well frequented and iterated. *Did the Sun ever bring fruitful Harveſt, but was more hot than pleaſant? Have you any of your children, that are not ſometimes burdenſome? Have you any fathers that are not ſometimes froward? ſhall we therefore curſe the Sun? hate our Children? and diſobey our Fathers?* An example of many *Interrogations. Have you not ſeen a ſtately kind of courteſie, and a proud kind of humility? Have you not ſeen a wiſe man withdraw himſelf from mean company; with better grace, and more kindneſs, than ſome ſilly Gentleman that has beſtowed himſelf on fools, thrown himſelf down into the midſt of his miſeries? Doth not a commendations, a hat, a good word, a good morrow, purchaſe more hearts, than a months familiar prattling, with a flock of rude people? Do you converſe with your*

*ſuperiors,*

*ſuperiors, to learn of them to be able to judge them, and benefit your ſelf? And ſhall not your inferiors do the like with you? Is it not a ſafer gain of popularity with Ceremonies, than with diſcovering your Nature?* Many ſuch like *Interrogations* might be added; but let it ſuffice, that 'tis eaſie and gentle to ſharpen the flats of *affirmations* and down-right telling of Tales.

EXCLAMATION is not lawful, but in the extremity of motion; As, *Pirocles*, ſeeing the mild *Philoclea* innocently beheaded, cryed out, *O Tyrant Heaven, and Traitor Earth, blind Providence, how is this done? how is this ſuffered? hath this World a Government?* The like in the beginning of the ſecond Book of the *Arcadia*, in the perſon of *Ginetia* tormented in mind, *O Sun! O Heavens! O Deſerts! O Vertue! O imperfect proportion!* And in another Author thus. *O endleſs endeavour! O vain glorious Ignorance! Doſt thou deſire to be known? Where? in* Europe? *how canſt thou be famous, when* Aſia *and* Africa *that have thrice as many people, hear not of thy Actions? Art not thou then thrice as obſcure as thou art renowned? Doſt thou look that all the World ſhould take notice of thee, when for five thouſand years three parts of the World took no notice of the fourth? But* Europe *is the houſe of Fame, becauſe it is the Nurſery of Arts and Books, wherein Reports are preſerved. O weak imagination! O ſelf pleaſing fancy! Canſt thou expect in theſe parts from 40 degrees to 90 North-ward, ſuch praiſes and honours for thy Name, when every Map on every Wall ſhews thee as much ſpace from 40 to 90 South-ward inhabited with nothing but ſilence and forgetfulneſs!*

ACCLAMATION is a ſententious clauſe of a Diſcourſe, or a Report; ſuch as *Daniel* in his Poems concludes with often. It is a general inſtruction

for

for every man commonly for his pains in reading a Hiſtory, or other mens Books for ſome private uſe of it to himſelf. Like a Caſh keeper, who drawing great ſums of other mens money, challenges ſomewhat in the pound for his own Fee. It ſerves for *Amplification*, when after a great Crime or Deſert exclaim'd upon, or extoll'd, it gives a moral Note worth credit and obſervation. As after the true Relation of *Scipio Africanus*'s courſe, who having been chief Governor of the greateſt Armies in the World; having all his life-time Kings Suiters for his favour, and Nations kept in awe of his Name; yet in 56 years neither bought nor ſold goods or lands, built any Houſe or Caſtle of his own, left not above 46 *l.* in gold, and 61 *l.* in ſilver behind him at his death. It may be folded up in this *Acclamation*: *So little need has he to ſtoop to private cares, that thrives upon publick victories; and ſo ſmall leiſure has he to be deſirous of Riches, that hath been ſo long poſſeſt and ſatisfied with honour, which is the immortal end of mortal actions.* Such Notes are thoſe ſcraps of Policy which ſome now a days gather out of *Polybius* and *Tacitus*, and not unlike are the Morals that hang upon *Æſops Fables*.

This *Acclamation* ſometimes is the cauſe and reaſon of a former *Narration*, as a ſtory of one, who being a Servant to a Family, and of mean quality, won the doting love of a witty Lady in the houſe, whereas ſhe never looked upon the humble ſuits, the cunning inſinuations, the noble deſerts of many Lovers of higher degree, but with free judgment and careleſs cenſure; This cloſe may follow, *So hard entrance hath affection into a heart prepared to ſuſpition, eſpecially in the weakeſt natures, whoſe ſafeguard is miſtruſt: So eaſie is the increaſe of love by inſenſible ſteps, when the ſervice you offer ſeems to*

proceed

*proceed out of the goodneſs of your own diſpoſition, which Women expect to be permanent, and not out of the neceſſity of your ſuit which may force you for the time to a wained difference from the proper humour.* Yet if this be too much uſed, it is like a Note-book gathered out of Hiſtories.

Contrary to *Amplification*, is DIMINUTION, and this deſcends by the ſame ſteps that *Amplification* aſcends, and differs no more than up Hill, and down Dale, which is the ſame way begun out of ſeveral ſentences; yet ſome examples in *Arcadia* will make you obſerve two ways of *diminiſhing* ſingle terms, one by denying the contrary; As if you ſhould ſay, *But reaſonably pleaſant*; *Arcadia's* ſpeech is, *Not unpleaſant, hardly liked, nor miſliked.* But why ſhould I give examples of the moſt uſual phraſes in the Engliſh tongue? As we ſay, *Not the wiſeſt that ever we ſaw, for a man of ſmall wiſdom.* The ſecond way is, by denying the right of the words, but by error of ſome; As, thoſe fantaſtical mind-infected people, which Children and Muſitians call *Lovers.* That misfortune of letting fall his Dagger, which the rude Hectors of our time, call being diſarmed. That opinion of honeſty, which has lately been ſo proudly tranſlated by the Soldier into the word (*honour.*) And ſuch like. But the former faſhion of *Diminution*, ſometimes, in ironious ſort, goes for *Amplification*, as ſpeaking of a great perſonage, *No mean man*; This is an ordinary Figure for all kinds of ſpeeches.

The Figures following ſerve for *Amplification* Συνογκείωσις. is a compoſition of contraries, and by both words intimates the meaning of neither preciſely, but a moderation and mediocrity; As, *bravery* and *raggery* are contrary, yet ſomewhat better than both is meant by *brave raggedneſs.* So

*wanton*

*wanton modeſty; inticing ſoberneſs.* And *with that ſhe prettily ſmiled, which mingled with tears, a man could not tell, whether it were a mourning pleaſure, or delightful ſorrow. With what a witty ignorance ſhe would underſtand*, &c, *Abſented preſence, well-willing ſpight.* The one contrary is affirmed to be in the other directly, by making the one the Subſtantive, the other the Adjective, as above in thoſe examples; or indirectly, as in theſe words following. *Seeking honour by diſhonour; and building ſafety upon ruin; O fooliſh Woman, and moſt miſerable fooliſh Woman, becauſe wit makes thee fooliſh. Captivity might ſeem to have authority over Tyranny.* This is a gentile way to move admiration in the hearers, and make them think it a ſtrange harmony, which muſt be expreſt in ſuch diſcord. Therefore this example ſhall conclude. *There was a perfect agreement in ſo perfect a diſagreement; like Muſick made of cunning diſcords.* This is an eaſie Figure, and uſeful.

CONTENTIO is contrary to the former; That was a compoſition of *Sturmius* diſagreements; This is an oppoſition of them. As, *there was ſtrength againſt nimbleneſs, rage againſt reſolution, pride againſt nobleneſs. He is a ſwaggerer amongſt quiet men, but is quiet amongſt ſwaggerers; earneſt in idle things, idle in matters of earneſtneſs.* Where there is both *Antimetabole* for the turning of the ſentence back, and *Contentio* reſpecting the contrariety of things meant thereby. *Could not look on, nor would not look off. Neither the one hurt her, nor the other help her. Juſt without partiality, humble without contradiction, liberal without profuſion, wiſe without curioſity.* This Figure is fit to imbelliſh a copious ſtile, and ſerves much for *Amplification* by *Compariſon.*

COMPAR is an even gate of ſentences anſwering each other in meaſures interchangeably. Such as

are

are in St. *Auguſtine* often, but oftner in *Gregory* the Divine; and in Biſhop *Andrews* Works in Engliſh. But many do intermingle this Figure with *Agnominatio*, and *Similiter cadens*; it is very uſeful in elocution; but in penning, it muſt be uſed with modeſty and mediocrity. A touch of *Agnomination* of the Letter is tolerable with a *Compar*; As, *If ever I could wiſh my faith untryed, and my counſel untruſted.* And (where there is a *Similitudo cadens*, but a more evident falling alike) in this. *My years are not ſo many, but that one death may conclude them; nor my faults ſo many, but that one death may ſatisfie them.* Without conſonancy of fall, or harping upon a letter or ſyllable, yet a *Compar*, becauſe the words match each other in rank. *Save his gray hairs from rebuke, and his aged mind from deſpair; where gray hairs, aged mind rebuke and deſpair* anſwer each other. Again, *rather ſeek to obtain that conſtantly by courteſie, which you cannot aſſuredly enjoy by violence.* Verb to Verb, Adverb to Adverb, and Subſtantive to Subſtantive. *Lovelineſs can neither warrant you from ſuſpicions in others, nor defend you from melancholly in your ſelf.*

In ſome places there is a ſhorter *Compar*; where word to word, or ſubſtantive to ſubſtantive, are joyned, and yet without conjunction, which is ASYNDETON. *Her face with beauty, her head with wiſdom, her eyes with majeſty, her countenance with gracefulneſs, her lips with lovelineſs*; where many (*Ands*) are ſpared. In ſome places only the Conjunction is put in the laſt with a *Compar* of three; As, *her wit endeared by youth, her affection by birth, and her ſadneſs by her beauty. A fair Woman ſhall not only command without entreaty, but perſwade without ſpeaking.* This is an excellent *Figure*, in no place untimely, if not too often uſed; it fits well the even pauſes and interruptions of an eloquent tongue, ſeems to be rich

and

and copious, and to contain many parts (whereof each with a tedious man would be a ſentence) and make an impreſſion upon the hearers ſenſes; it has long been in requeſt, ever ſince the days of *Iſocrates*, whoſe Orations are full of it. This Figure belongs more properly to that part of *Amplification*, called *Diviſion*, than to *Accumulation*.

*SENTENTIA*, if it be well uſed, is a Figure, if ill and too much, a Style, of which none that write humorouſly and factiouſly, can be clear in theſe days; when there are ſo many Schiſms of Eloquence: We ſtudy now adays according to the predominancy of Critical fancies. Whilſt *Moral Philoſophy* was in requeſt, it was rudeneſs, not to be ſententious; whilſt *Mathematicks* were of late in vogue, all ſimilitudes came from *Lines*, *Circles*, and *Angles*; But now that *Mars* is predominant, we muſt *recruit* our wits, and give our words a new *Quarter*. 'Tis very true, a *Sentence* is a Pearl in a Diſcourſe; but it is a good Diſcourſe that conſiſts wholly of Pearls. It is like an eye in the body, nor is it monſtrous to be all eyes. I take *Cyclops* to be as handſom a man, as *Argos*. And if a *Sentence* were as like a hand in the Text, as it is commonly noted with one in the margent, yet I ſhould rather like that work that had no more hands than *Hercules*, than that which had as many as *Briareus*.

Theſe are Sentences, *The rich mans bounty is the poor mans Exchequer. The ſickneſs of age is avarice; The errours of youth, prophaneneſs.* There is ſmall difference between a Propoſition and a Queſtion, if I forget not *Ariſtotle* (1. *Top.*) *Since neither length of acquaintance, mutual ſecreſies, nor height of benefits could oblige a ſavage mind.* There is a Sentence, and in it ZEUGMA, ASYNDETON, and METAPHORA. *Guiltineſs is not always with eaſe oppreſſed,*

Where

Where there is *MERIOSIS, not always with eaſe,* for, *ever and hardly. Who ſtands only upon defence, ſtands upon no defence;* A Sentence with EPANODOS. *Unlawful deſires are puniſhed after the effect of enjoying; but impoſſible deſires are puniſhed in the deſire it ſelf.* A Sentence with DISTINCTIO and CONTENTIO. *Love to a yielding heart is a King, but to a reſiſting, a Tyrant.* COMPAR and CONTENTIO; *It is a fooliſh wittineſs to ſpeak of more than one thinks.* Neither is this Sentence without a *Compar*: it is a double Sentence, as they call it, *To a heart fully reſolved, counſel is tedious, and reprehenſion loathſom.* And, *There is nothing more terrible to a guilty heart, than the eye of a reſpected friend.* There may be alſo Sentences particular to ſome men, as well as general; As,——*Amplialus, in whom abuſed kindneſs became a ſpiteful rage*—*Fearfulneſs, contrary to all other vices, making* Clinias *think the better of another; the worſe he found himſelf.* Euarchus *making his life the example of his laws,* All which may be taken for Rules and Common places, by putting the general name for the ſpecial, as they ſay, drawing it *à* THESI *ad* HYPOTHESIN. Theſe examples may make you believe, a Sentence may be cours'd through the whole Figure-book, and that many Figures may eaſily aſſemble in one clauſe, and any one Figure conſort with another. Yet it were abſurd to ground the form and faſhion of your whole ſtyle upon any one Figure.

ILLUSTRATION conſiſts either in things or words; in the deſcription of things living or dead. And of living things, either reaſonable, as men and their perſonages, and qualities; or unreaſonable, as of Horſes, Ships, Iſlands, Caſtles, and ſuch like. Men are deſcribed moſt excellently in the *Arcadia*, as *Baſilius, Plexertus, Pirocles, Muſidorus, Anaxius,* &c.

&c. But he that will truly Characterize a man in a feigned ſtory, muſt firſt learn handſomly to deſcribe a humour, a paſſion, a vertue, a vice, and therein, keeping decent proportion, add but names, and knit together the accidents and encounters. This perfect expreſſing of all qualities, is learn'd out of *Ariſtotles* tenth Book of *Moral Philoſophy*. But becauſe (as *Machiavel* obſerves) perfect vertue, or perfect vice is not ſeen in our time, which altogether is humorous & ſpirting; therefore the underſtanding of *Ariſtotles* Rhetorique is held to be the beſt means to attain to true Eloquence; excellent on this ſubject alſo are *Theophraſti imagines*; *Heliodorus* and *Longinus* in *Greek*, (the laſt lately well tranſlated into *Engliſh*) *Zanaxarus* his *Arcadia* in *Italian*, *Diana de monte majori* in *Spaniſh*, &c.

But to our purpoſe of Perſonages and affections deſcribed in *Arcadia*. For men, idle retiredneſs in a King *Baſilius*, and a dangerous end of it. Unfortunate Valor in *Plangus*; Courteous Valor in *Amphialus*; Proud Valor in *Anaxius*; Hoſpitality in *Kalandar*; The mirror of true courage and friendſhip in *Pirocles* and *Muſidorus*; Miſerableneſs and ingratitude in *Chremes*; Fear and falſe ſubtilty in *Clynias*; Fear and rudeneſs, with ill-affected civility in *Dametas*; and through this ſtory, mutual love in Marriage in *Argalus* and *Parthenia*; Out of Marriage in *Pirocles* and *Philoclea*, *Muſidorus* and *Pamela*; True conſtant Love unreſpected in *Plangus*, in *Helena*, in the true *Zelmane*; Inconſtancy, envy, ſuſpition and tyranny in a King and his Counſellors; General falſe love in *Pamphilus*; and ſlight carriage and credulity in *Chremes* Daughter, baſe doting on a Wife in *Plangus* Father. But in Women a miſchievous and ſeditious ſtomach in *Cecropia*; Prudent courage in *Pamela*; Mild diſcretion in *Philoclea*;

*Ioclea*; *Pamela*'s Prayer; her Discourse, squeamish cunning; Unworthiness in *Artesia*; Respective and restless dotage in *Gynetia*'s Love. Proud, ill-favoured, sluttish simplicity in *Mopsa*. Now in these persons is there ever a stedfast decency, and uniform difference of manners observed where ever you find them; However each interrupt the others story and actions.

And as for actions of Persons, there are many rarely and perfectly described. As the mutiny and fire in a Ship; causes of an uproar; the Garboyl; an armed Skirmisher: Policy & Preparation. Sometimes managing a Horse is described: Tilting and Shews. Many other lovely and notable Portraicts there are, which I will not set down, to save you so sweet a labour, as the reading that which alone will make you Eloquent and Wise. Sir *Philip Sidney*'s course (besides reading *Aristotle* and *Theophrastus*) was to imagine the thing present, that his Pen might the better describe it.

Under this notion of *Illustration* may come lively Descriptions, and the apt fitting a person represented with speech and action, both which grow into very pleasing acquaintance with the understanding and memory of the Reader.

For special light in every Sentence, there are other sparks of Figures. First, if there be any doubt or ambiguity in the words, it is better left out than distinguished. But if you are to answer former speeches that imply any doubtfulness, you may disperse all Clouds, and remove all Scruples with *Distinction*. As being charged you have brought very light Reasons, you may Answer, *If by light you mean clear, I am glad you see them; If by light you mean of no weight, I am sorry you do not feel them.* So you may express a man of hidden Learning, *Hidden as*

*well*

*well for the obſcure and mean eſtate of his perſon, as hidden for the unuſual and not vulgar conceit of the matter.* But, as ambiguity is not onely in words, but in matter; ſo both ways it is taken away by *Diſtinction.* Sometimes it is in ſingle words, as in theſe former, *light* and *hidden.* Sometimes in coherence of Sentences, by reaſon of the relation of each word to other, by reaſon of the change of the pointing, which is cleared by delivery.

You have many Examples of this in the ſecond Book of *Tully de Oratore*, and *Quintillian*, where there is mention of *Focus ab ambiguo*; as alſo in *Eraſmus* his Apothegms.

DISTINCTION of ambiguity in matters of determination of the truth of general Propoſitions, is to tell wherein they are certain, wherein not; As, Travel in forein Countreys ſettles a young mans humor. If it be taken in this ſort, that it will inforce him to warineſs and ſecreſie, and reſtrain him from pouring forth his counſels, it is very profitable: *For* he ſhall have few friends in whom to put confidence, and few companions with whom he might beſtow his idle time, or communicate his youthful thoughts. But if you intend, that by Travel all vanities ſhould be caſt off, it ſeems not ſo likely and admirable, becauſe he ſhall walk through many ill examples, and great liberty. *Another Propoſition diſtinguiſhed.* They are but frail merits that you ſhall beſtow upon young mens friendſhip. 'Tis true, if you ſatiſhe thoſe deſires which are like to depart with their youth; As, gaming, feaſting, idle ſporting; you are like to be caſt off with theſe toys, and forgotten. But if your deſerts be in noble Exerciſes, learned Conferences, aud civil friendly Offices, the remembrance thereof will increaſe as faſt as their diſcretion.

So much for *Diſtinction*; next follows DEFINITION,

NITION, which is the ſhorteſt and trueſt expoſition of the nature of any thing; hereof you have Examples of all Vertues in *Ariſtotles Morals*, of paſſions in his *Rhetorique*, of many affections and perturbations in *Tuſculan*'s Queſtions, and *Cicero, de Finibus*, as the general *definition* of vertue is this, VIRTUS EST HABITUS RATIONI CONSENTANEUS. *Vertue is a quality ſeated in Reaſon. Fear is an apprehenſion of future harm. Thrift is a moderate and lawful increaſe of Wealth, by careful government of your own eſtate. Complement is a performance of affected Ceremonies in words, looks, and geſtures.* Where *Definition* runs into diviſion of ſeven or eight ways. Of *Definition* you may read *Valerius* his *Logick*. But (to be moſt perfectly inſtructed) read the Sixth Book of *Ariſtotles Top.* Your Definitions need to be more tyed to the Rules of Logicians, than your Diviſions: The matter is ſometimes illuſtrated by *Periphraſis*: As, *ſpur'd his Horſe apace*; *made his ſpur claim haſte of his Horſe. A man not to be contemned*; *nor a man over whom contempt might make any juſt challenge. Snorting loud*; *ſnorting ſo loud, that no man might lay the ſtealing of a nap to his charge.* But of *Paraphraſis* and *Periphraſis* more ſeverally.

Sometimes a *Parenthefis* makes your Diſcourſe more graceful and intelligible: As, *Tell me ingeniouſly (if there be any ingenuity in you) whether*, &c. *That what his wit could conceive (and his wit can conceive as far as the limits of Reaſon ſtretch) was all directed to the ſetting forth of his friend* —— *Till the next morning (better known to be ſo by the Hour-glaſs, than the dayes clearneſs) having run fortune*, &c. And indeed all *Parentheſes* are in extreams, either graces or foiles to a Speech. If they be long, they ſeem interruptions, and therefore at the

the end of them muſt be a retreat to the matter, called ANTANACLASIS. As, *Aſſure thy ſelf moſt wicked Woman (that haſt ſo plaguily a corrupted mind, as that thou canſt not keep thy ſickneſs to thy ſelf, but muſt moſt malicioufly infect others) aſſure thy ſelf, I ſay,* &c. *Shall that heart (which does not only feel them, but hath all motion of his life placed in them.) Shall that heart, I ſay,* &c.

DIVISION is a ſevering the whole into parts, as of time into that paſt, preſent, and to come (which is rather a breathing, than a *Diviſion*) into ſupream or ſubordinate. From their order; beaſts or unreaſonable Creatures, into thoſe of the *Air, Water, Earth*; *Love is either of Beauty, or of Vertue.* From the object. *Study is of Liberal, or Mathematick Science.* And ſo you may divide as many ways as things may differ; as by their beginnings, endings, properties, marks, effects, times, tunes, places, forms, perſons, in whom they are, and howſoever, which properly belongs to Logick; yet ſomething is ſpoken thereof, in our ſecond way of *Amplification.* Out of *Diviſions* ariſe three ſeveral inforcements and manifeſtations of your purpoſe, which (though by Rhetoricians diverſly handled and termed) yet are they in effect grounded upon the Art of *Diſtribution.*

The firſt is *Expedition,* which (touching upon divers parts) deſtroys all but that, on which you mean to reſt; As, *One of theſe courſes muſt be taken, either you muſt diſtinctly obſerve and practiſe theſe Rules, or deny you ever received inſtructions, or alledge want of capacity in your ſelf, or want of uſe of them in your life. That they are not neceſſary, you cannot ſay; for what more neceſſary in your life, than to write well? That you are uncapable, is a ſlander, and a contradiction to your own conſcience, and by experience, that*

hath

*hath ſeen ſuch fair Eſſays of your endeavours. And to ſay you had never any directions, were to give your two eyes the lie, and to make me believe, I did never but dream your good. Therefore muſt your labour conſpire with my inventions, and ſo muſt you unavoidably become skilful.* This is *Enumeration* and *Inference*, whereupon is that which the Logicians call *Induction*, as in reckoning up, *It is neither that, nor this; therefore this.* And as one merrily ſaith, It is the Dogs *Syllogiſm* in a croſs way, *or that, or that. But I ſmell him not this way, nor this way*; therefore he runs on his concluſion the third way without ſmelling.

The ſecond of this ſort is *PROSAPODOSIS*, that overthrows no part of the *Diviſion*, but returns ſome part to each member. In *Arcadia* thus, *Heretofore I accuſed the Sea, condemned the Pyrats, and hated my evil fortune, that deprived me of thee: But now thy ſelf art the Sea, thy ſelf the Pyrat, and thy will the evil fortune* ——— *Time at one inſtant ſeeming ſhort and long to them, ſhort in the pleaſingneſs of ſuch preſence, and long in ſtay of their deſires* ——— *Your ſilence muſt carry with it a conſtruction of contempt, unkindneſs or diſpleaſure: If you take me not for your friend, you offer unkindneſs; if you deem me unworthy an anſwer, it proceeds of contempt; if your paſſion defers a Reply, it argues diſpleaſure.* The firſt of theſe denied all parts, ſave one; this affirms and keeps all ſides up. The laſt is *Dilemma*, which propoſes two ſides, and overthrows both ability and will to Write well: for to ſay I cannot, is Childiſh; and I will not, is Womaniſh.

## *PERIPHRASIS* and *PARAPHRASIS.*

There is in the best Writers oftentimes a vein of stile, wherein vulgar fancies are exceedingly pleased, and know not wherewith. For they admire this most, that there is some excellency in it, and yet they themselves suspect it exceeds their admiration. In some examples I would gladly discover the reason hereof: It cannot be, if either the meaning of the words be obscure, or unfamiliar to a mans understanding, the speech so composed, should be so accepted: And yet 'tis possible there may be some extraordinary fancy in ordinary words; and plain meaning, how then shall we determine? It is as in many usual Dishes at a Table, both eyes and taste give them commendation, not for the substance, but for the dressing and service. What plainer meaning than *sleep among Thieves?* And verily *sleep, life, trust and Thieves,* are common English words; yet it is no common way of speaking, to say, *To trust a sleeping life among Thieves.* In the same sense, *when they had slept a while,* is ordinary; but *when they had a while hearkened to the perswasion of sleep,* is extraordinary. Though all the words of it by themselves are most known and familiar; yet the ordering and fetch of it is strange and admirable to the ignorant; We therefore call it *Periphrasis,* or Circumlocution, and it is much helped by *Metaphors,* as before: *inclined to sleep* is expresst by a *Metaphor* taken from one who *moves and inclines by perswasions.* But let us have one Combat more with our adversary *sleep*; for, *having risen early, having striven with the Suns earliness.* Instead of Mopsa *wept ill-favourdly.* Mopsa *disgraced weeping with her countenance*: Instead of saying, *They that guard-*

*ed*

*ed* Amphialus, *were killed themſelves*; it's ſaid *ſeeking to ſave him; they loſt the fortreſſes, which Nature had planted them in.* In ſtead of *Plangus ſpeech began to be ſuſpected*, it is ſaid *Plangus ſpeech began to be tranſlated into the language of ſuſpition.* Thus purpoſely did Sir *Philip* write, to keep his ſtile from flatneſs. As being to name a *Threſher*, he calls him *one of Ceres Servants*, in ſtead of *his name was known to high and low*; he ſaith, *no Prince could pretend highneſs, nor Beggar lowneſs, to bar him from the ſound thereof.* And this is by going A CONCRETO AD ABSTRACTUM and divers other ways.

If a ſhort ordinary ſenſe be odly expreſt by more words, it is *Periphraſis*; but, if by as many other, it is *Paraphraſis*; As, *manifeſt Oaths, plentiful Perjury.* To make a great ſhew of himſelf. *To make a muſter of himſelf in the Iſland: for*, kill any married man; *make his ſword curſed by any Widow*, which is by *conſequence*; ſeeking by courteſie to undo him, Making *courteſie* the out-ſide of miſchief, by *Similitude* or *Metaphor*; ſo then the courſe is, in ſtead of any ordinary words importing a trivial matter, to take the abſtracts, or ſome conſequence, ſimilitude, note, property or effect, and thereby expreſs it. Theſe two Figures ſerve for *Illuſtration.*

It is ſometimes requiſite for giving life and luſtre to your diſcourſe, to repreſent ſome unexpected ſtrangeneſs, beſide the tenor of your Theme or Story; and, as it were, to act your meaning; which is done either by feigning the preſence, or the diſcourſe of ſome ſuch perſons, as either are not at all; or if they be, yet ſpeak not but by your imagination. The firſt is by *Apoſtrophe* or *Proſopopeia.*

APOSTROPHE is a turning of your ſpeech to ſome new perſon, as to the people or witneſſes, when it was before to the Judges or Defendant: As, *Here-*

*in you Witneſſes are to conſult with your own Conſciences, and to enter into a true examination of your own memory. Did you mark his looks? Did you note his ſpeeches? Did you truly conceive the particular proceedings of the action?* To the people thus, *Now let me intreat any man here preſent, that thinks himſelf not exempted from Misfortunes, and priviledged from all miſchiefs, to imagine himſelf in my caſe, and to undertake for my ſake ſome few thoughts of my diſtreſs.* Sometimes the occaſion is taken from ſome quality or other thing, whereto your ſelf gives ſhew of life; As, *Hope tell me, what haſt thou to hope for? Love be aſhamed to be called Love.* But to animate, and make dead men ſpeak, is PROSOPOPOEIA; As, *If your Anceſtors were now alive, and ſaw you defacing ſo goodly a Monument by them erected, would they not ſay thus*—&c. And as Sir *Philip Sidney* gives ſenſe and ſpeech to the *Needle* and *Silk* in *Pamela*'s hands, as *Learning*, as a *Lilly*, as *Death* it ſelf is feigned to live, and make a ſpeech.

Another way of clearing and reviving your Diſcourſe, is by *deliberating*, by *entring into communication*, by *preventing and anſwering* Objections. In *deliberating* ſometimes you are amazed; As, *Whom ſhall I blame? what ſhall I pretend? ſhall I make Learning hateful to you by my reprehenſions? ſhall I make my ſilence acceſſary to your idleneſs? It is not in my power, it is not in my diſcretion to reform it.* Under this Figure are *Philoclea*'s wiſhes of *Zelmane*.

There is another kind of *Deliberation*, which propoſes many things with intricating or intangling a mans ſelf; As, *nothing can aſſure me of the continuance of your love towards me, if you diſcontinue the ſtudy of ſpeaking well. For ſuppoſe you Marry into ſome worthy Family; ſuppoſe they enrich you with ſome new Friends; may not a vein of thriving rob me*

of

*of your acquaintance? may not I loſe you? nay, may not you loſe your ſelf in a labyrinth of worldly cares?* Sometimes we enter into *Communication*; As, *Were it your caſe, what would you anſwer? Tell me, I appeal to your ſecret thoughts. Your Friend hath eſteemed better of his own Stomach, than of the eternal Love vowed betwixt you, and prefers the trial of his Valor, before the regard of both your Credits, which muſt die, however either or both of you ſurvive the Combat. Would you not judge him unworthy to be your Friend, that began his fidelity with an inviolable Covenant never to be an Enemy?*

*Prevention* of an Objection hath two Figures; the one is *Occupatio*, the other *Subjectio*.

*Occupatio* is thus, *You will ſay to me, that in a factious Country it is the only policy to ſtand neutral; I ſay, not, unleſs many circumſtances help you,* viz. *Theſe, if none of your friends be entred into the Quarrel. If you be aſſured that your Wealth and diſcretion is equal to the beſt. If there be a likelihood to ſcatter the reliance on both ſides, and make a new Park, then it is wiſdom to ſtand aloof a while, that if you pleaſe, you may add the Victory to which ſide you will. But having declared your ſelf, you intend to be upright, you will grow contemptible; you offer reconciliation, your ſtrength will forſake you; you diſpraiſe your adverſary; you will be deemed envious. You commend his wiſdom; you betray your own weakneſs: praiſe then his wealth, his Anceſtors, his beauty, his pleaſures, but praiſe not his foreſight, nor his valor. Are you Judge among your neighbours and inferiours? be preciſely juſt and rightful. Are you aſſiſtant to your friend? be adviſed and throughly partial. You would be counted liberal? teſtifie it ſeldom; but if publickly, worthily. You would thrive in bargaining; let your tranſactions be private? for many ſmall breaches of conſcience*

*are more infamous than one great one. But offend not your conſcience willingly to be Treaſurer of all the Indian Mines.* Thus, you ſee how Counſels, Precepts and Sentences may be tranſlated into the form of *Occupatio* and *Subjectio.* Sometimes *Occupatio* is left out, and an Argument brought to the contrary; as *Cecropia* perſwading her ſon *Amphialus* to offer violence to *Philoclea*, preſuppoſed that he would ſay, *He muſt be modeſt:* She replies, *Each vertue hath his time, the Soldier that ſhould march foremoſt, muſt not give way for modeſty* There is *Occupatio* and *Subjectio* in *Arcadia*; *if ſhe contemned, then thus——— if otherwiſe, then,* &c. *Did I walk abroad to ſee my delight? my walking was the delight it ſelf. He ſaw her alive; He was glad to ſee her alive. He ſaw her weep; he was ſorry to ſee her weep. He heard her comfortable ſpeeches: nothing more joyful.*

This Figure cannot be out of ſeaſon, unleſs purpoſely; as it was in the fuſtian ſpeech; *You liſten to my ſpeeches, I muſt needs confeſs it; you hearken to my words, I cannot deny it; you look for ſome ſenſe, I partly believe it; but you find none; I do not much regard it.*

There is another Figure, which hath been called by the name of *Conceſſio*, but I mean to miſtake *Occupatio* and *Conceſſio*, one for the other, till I can diſtinguiſh them better. The form of *Conceſſio* is this, *I admit you are reſolute; I grant your determination is immoveable, but it is in things againſt your friends judgments, and in things againſt your own honour and profit.*

There is yet another way of improving Language, which is by applying received Words to a new ſignification.

OF

# OF EPITHETES.

*Epithetes* do much imbelliſh Stile or Diſcourſe, yet they muſt be uſed (according to the compariſon of *Demoſthenes*) as ſauce or ſeaſoning, which whet the appetite, ſince they cannot paſs for ſolid viands: otherwiſe in his opinion, there can be nothing more flat, and of leſs grace. *Quintilian* reſembles a Diſcourſe, which is ſtuffed too full of *Epithetes* to an Army, wherein there are not more ſouldiers for ſervice, than Boys for attendance; and which is, by that means, rendred very great in number, but weak in force and courage. Conform to this is that of *Longinus*, who adviſes that we moderately uſe ſuch *Epithetes*, as are not too high ſwoln, nor far fetched, but ſuch as are appoſite to the Subject. In theſe latter refined days, we have a kind of compound *Epithetes* annexed to a Noun with a *Prothe* or Diviſion (as the Printers call it) which are much uſed in Poetry, and ſometimes in Proſe: of which let me give you ſome examples, and ſo leave them.

*The Quiver-bearing Meads.*
*The Tempeſt-toſſed Seas.*
*The Wool-ore-burthened Sheep*
*The Meadow-loving Sorrel.*
*A Horror-ſtricken Mind.*
*The Earth-incircling Ocean.*
*An Heaven-inſpired Art.*
*Senſe-diſtracting Grief.*
*Fancy-pleaſing Faces.*

*The Pine-plow'd Sea.*
*The Green-mantled Earth.*
*Soul-ſubduing Graces.*
*A Heaven-faln Star.*
*A Self-condemning Mind.*
*An un ſun-ſeen Cave.*
*Love-diſtilling Tears.*
*This Heaven-diſpleaſing War.*
*Liver ſcalding Luſt.*
*Marble-hearted Cruelty.*
*Time-beguiling Pleaſure.*
*This blood-bedabled Kingdom.*
*People-pleaſing Lectures.*
*Corner-haunting Luſt.*
*A Life-conferring Form.*
*Love-prepared Souls.*
*A care-oppreſſed Mind.*
*An over-boiling Courage, &c.*

*Formulæ*

# FORMULÆ MAJORES:

## OR,

# *COMMON PLACES.*

### *Abſence.*

AS thou art the food of my thoughts, the relief of my wiſhes, and the onely life and repaſt of all my deſires: So is thy love to me a continual hunger, and thy *abſence* an extream famine.

In *abſence* my grief grows, in finding my preſent eſtate ſo weak in fortune, and my deſerts ſo ſlender in nature; that not knowing with *Anthony* how to requite his *Cleopatra*, I onely reſt with *Anthony*, to die for my *Cleopatra*.

Tell him my love burns like Veſtal fire, which (with his memory, richer than all Spices) diſperſeth Odours round about my Soul, and did refreſh it, when 'twas dull and ſad with thinking of his *abſence*.

He more breathed *A. B.* than the Air it ſelf, and all her *abſences* were to him ſo many deaths.

I want no part of welfare, but your wiſhed preſence.

The love he bare her at her return, was as a torrent (which after it has a long time been restrained) breaks the forced damms, and with vigorous impetuousnels drowns the field. *Holy Court.*

Hoping forgetfulnels (which commonly waits upon *absence*) might posses him, he departed.

Since your *absence*, melancholy hath been my Concomitant, and your remembrance my greatest comfort.

I departed from you, like a hungry Infant, pull'd from his Nurses breast, or a thirsty Hart chased from a sweet fountain.

Live I pray, in repose, as much as you may, during this *absence*; and if my being away causes sorrow in you, let the assurance of my affection diminish it.

——— Forced a tedious separation of those sacred Bodies, whose Souls are entirely link'd in divine affection.

## *Acknowledgment.*

MY *acknowledgment* of your favours shall appear in my willingness to do you Service.

——— And my self shall not only *acknowledg* this favour with humblest thankfulness, but, *&c.*

The *acknowledgment* of your favours shall be my meanest thanks, and to thank you for those favours, must be my best *acknowledgment*: I can do no more, I will do no less.

They *acknowledg* (with more or less degrees of homage) some kind of fealty.

——— It shall not be without a just confession of the bond your benefits have, and ever shall hold upon me.

*Affection*

## *Affection.*

THE conſtructions of this ſpeech might beſt be made by the Grammar-Rules of *affection.*

It is the flaming agony of *affection*, that works the chilling acceſs of your fever.

The Coals of his *affection* were ſo kindled with wonder, and blown with delight, that——

Suffering neither his unworthineſs nor his wrongs to cover with forgetfulneſs, or diminiſh with conſideration, the affection ſhe had born him.

——— To whom with words (which *affection* endited, but amazement uttered) he delivered ——

——— Looking down upon her from the high top of *affections* Tower.

If you retain as yet any ſpark of *affection* (which you have often given me witneſs of) kiſs this paper in remembrance of him, who, *&c.*

My *affections* no leſs love the light and witneſs, than they have conſcience of your vertue,

The high-tide of overflowing *affection* reſtraining his tongue with aſtoniſhment, as unable to expreſs an unexpreſſable paſſion.

The blood of her face ebbing and flowing according to the tide of her *affection.*

He grafted his *affection* in the ſtock of her conſtancy ———

(Teſtimonies of a never ſilent hearty *affection.*)

But perceiving his *affection* ſo grounded, that ſtriving againſt it, did more anger than heal the wound, and rather call his friendſhip in queſtion, than give place to any friendly Counſel.

The large teſtimony of your *affection*, makes me

me willing to ſuppreſs a great number of Errors.

She in an inſtant was made an unfortunate Winter of *affection.*

To intrinſecate my ſelf in your *affection.*

My *affection* ſhall find no parallel in its well-wiſhes to you.

The tender tinder of his *affection* began to ſparkle.

Striving to match her matchleſs beauty, with a matchleſs *affection.*

He (whoſe *affection* climbed by another ſtair.)

In true *affection,* two ſo become one, as they both become two. *Rel. Med.*

——— You, in whom my *affection* holds a ſteady manſion.

Nor life, nor death ſhall divorce my *affection* from you.

Upon what Bryars the Roſes of his *affection* grow.

I conjure you to this by my *affection,* that never had equal. *&c.*

The ſight of this place calls my thoughts to appear at the Court of *affection,* held by that racking Steward *Remembrance.*

The lines repreſent, in the poverty of *Fancy,* the riches of my *affection* ———

——— Good Offices are the marks and ciment of true *affection.* *H. C.*

——— The heart is the Continent of *affection,* which flows uncompelled.

## *Anger.*

*ANGER* is the feaver of the Soul, which makes the tongue talk idle: It puts a man into a tumult, that he cannot hear what counsel speaks; 'tis a raging Sea, a troubled Water that cannot be wholsom for the use of any. *Feltham.*

——— They are things below the merit of my indignation; objects of scorn, which, a little sleighted, and not inflamed by opposition, or countenanced to a reply by confutation, will, within a while of themselves extinguish and vanish, like some dispersed roving Winds, which without encounter are dispirited and dye. Doctor *Watts upon Bacon.*

## *Beauty.*

THen was plainly to be seen the Empire, which humane *beauty*, and an eloquent Tongue have over earthly Powers.

*Beauty* consists in complexion, in lineaments, and in harmony.

You are the most excellent star that shines in the bright element of *beauty.*

Some became Petitioners and Prisoners to her *Beauty*, others did homage to her Vertues.

*Beauty* is to be reckoned, but as an outward fading benefit, that nature hath bestowed.

The Idol of *Beauty* ought not to be honoured with such Oblations.

My eyes drank much more eagerly of her *Beauty* than my mouth did of any other Liquor.

Her

Her face is such a spark of *beauty*, as is able to enflame a World of love.

———She, who in a definite compass, can set forth infinite *beauty*.

The excellency of her returned *beauty*, was a credible Embassador of her health.

Where *beauty* is, there needs no other Plea.

Sell your Soul for such a vanity as eye-pleasing *beauty*.

Vertue is nothing else but inward *beauty*; and *beauty* nothing else but an outward vertue. *Bacon.*

Making her beautiful beams to thaw away the former icyness of his———

———Two Sisters, about whom, as about two Poles, the sky of *beauty* was turned.

Rather than those eyes should overflow their own *beauties*, or the sky of her *beauty* should be overclouded with sorrow, I will———

*Beauty* in the heaven of his face (two Suns eclipsed) was wrapped up in paleness.

*Beauty* which hath no grace, is a bait flowing on the water without a hook, to be taken, and catch nothing.

*Beauty* is like the herb *Larix*, cool in the water, but hot in the stomach.

I cannot but applaud the Wonder of your *beauty*.

Such is the divine Power of Loves deity, such the vertuous force of your heavenly *beauty*, and such the happy issue of our decreed destiny.

*Beauty* without chastity, is like a Mandrake Apple, comely in shew, but poysonful in taste.

I must accuse my self of presumption, for daring to consider any moles in that face, which you had marked for a *beauty*. Sir K. D.

——— A *Beauty*, which alwayes, with too eloquent a tongue, did dictate tacite perſuaſions to his heart.

What a fair veſtment is to a deformed body, the ſame is a comely body to a deformed mind, *Bacon.*

A fair Soul in a fair Body, is a River that windingly creepeth with many (wavy) turnings within the enamel of a beautiful Meadow, and raviſheth the whole World with the admiration of its excellency.

*Beauty* in it ſelf is ſuch a ſilent Orator, as ever is pleading for reſpect and liking; and by the eyes of others is ever ſending to their hearts for love. *Feltham.*

The modeſt ſweetneſs of a lillied face ———

*Beauty* is the wit of Nature put into the frontiſpiece.

I have ſeen (and yet not with a partial eye) ſuch features, and ſuch mixtures, as I have thought impoſſible for either Nature to frame, or Art to counterfeit: yet in the ſame face, I have ſeen that which hath out-gone them both, the countenance. Oh! if ſuch glory can dwell with corruption, what Celeſtial excellencies are there in the Saints above? Who would not gaze himſelf into admiration, when he ſhall ſee ſo rich a treaſure in ſo pure a Cabinet, unmatched Vertue in matchleſs *beauty*? *Feltham.*

What is temporal *beauty*, but a tranſitory charm, an illuſion of ſenſes, a volunrary impoſture, a ſlave of pleaſure, a flower which hath but a moment of life, a Dyal, on which we never look, but whilſt the Sun ſhines on it? What is humane *beauty*, but a dunghil covered with ſnow, a Glaſs painted with falſe Colours, a prey purſued by many Dogs, a dangerous Hoſteſs in a frail houſe, a ſugred fruit in

a

a Feaſt, which ſome dare not touch for reſpect, and others gormandize through ſenſuality? Go; truſt ſo fading a good: Go, betake you to ſo unhappy a ſnares. Go; tye your contentments to ſo ſlippery a knot, what elſe will betide you but to court a phantaſie, which, looſening your hold, will leave you nothing but the ſorrow of your illuſions? *H. Court.*

## *Bluſh.*

AS ſhe ſpake that word, her Cheeks in red Letters writ more than her Tongue did ſpeak.

As the Wonder ſtrove to make her pale, warm love fortify'd her Cheeks with guilty *bluſhes.*

——At whoſe preſence a freſh Vermillion dye beſtowed a new complexion on her.

## *Company.*

HIS pleaſing Company did beguile the times haſte, and ſhortened the days length.

Why will you give me, with ſo ſparing a hand, the riches of your preſence?

## *Conſtancy.*

SHe—— whoſe conſtancy neither time nor ablence (the Moths of affection) nor, what is more, this my change in fortune, could alter.

—He,

——— He, who signed his faith with the seal of his *constancy*.

Be but thou as *constant* a friend to my mind, as thou shalt be a true possessor of my heart, and I shall have as just a cause of joy, as thou no cause of doubt.

Though the surging Sea hath moved the humors of my body, yet it hath not power to change the inclinations of my mind; for I love you no less at *Antwerp* (where I am arrived) than I did at *London*. &c.

He continued always *constant*, like the Needle of a Sea-compass in a storm.

*Constancy* is the foundation of Vertue. *Bacon.*

Fortune is like *Proteus*, if you persist, she returns to her true shape. *Bacon.*

## *Comparison.*

THis comfort in danger was but like the hon *Sampson* found in the Lyons Jaws, or like lightning in a foggy Night.

Resolved he was not to touch the forbidden fruit, nor drink on *Circes* Cup; he would not with the Spider, suck poison out of a fair flower.

In the greenest Grass is the greatest Serpent: In the clearest water the ugliest Toad: In the most curious Sepulchre are inclosed rotten bones: The Ostrich carries fair feathers, but rank flesh.

As there has been an unchaste *Helen* in *Greece*, so also a chaste *Penelope*; As there has been a prodigious *Pasiphae*, so has there been a goodly *Theocrita*.

*Hippomanes* ceased to run when she had gotten the

the Goal: *Hercules* to labour, when he had obtained the victory: *Mercury* to pipe, when he had cast *Argus* in a slumber; every action has his end.

Each Book sent into the World, is like a Bark put to Sea, and as liable to censures, as the Bark is to foul weather. *Herbert.*

Like the City *Mindus*, whose Gates were so big, the City might go out of them.

——Which like the flaming two edged waving Sword of the *Cherub* cuts asunder on all sides, whatever opposes it. *Cressy's Exomologesis,*

Like the stone that grows in the River *Curia*, which the more it is cut, the more increaseth.

There is no Iron but will be softened in the fire; so, no, &c. ——

As a fair flower nipt with the morning frost, hanging down his head, is sorry for his declining glory. ——

When the Halcions hatch, the Sea is calm; and the *Phœnix* never spreads her wings, but when the Sun shines on her Nest. So——

Like the Spaniel, which gnaws the Chain that tyes him; but sooner marrs his teeth than procures liberty. ——

Consider that the heavenly Sun disdains not to give light, and shine on the smallest Worm.

—— In this 'tis so evident, that I will not light the Sun with a rush Candle.

He commends unto us a golden Chain of Christian perfections, consisting of these links, Faith, Vertue, and Patience, *&c.*

We can expect no other but *Polyphemus* courtesie, to be last devoured.

*Romes* Capitol was not built in one day; nor was *Zeuxis Helena* suddenly limmed with one Pensil.

They

They have long ſported in the blood and treaſure of the land, as the *Leviathan* in the waters.

His mind was all this while ſo fix'd upon another devotion, that he no more marked his friends Diſcourſe, than the Child that has leave to play, marks the laſt part of his Leſſon, or the diligent Pilot in a Tempeſt attends the unskilful words of a Paſſenger.

She trembled like the unlickt lamb newly yean'd upon a ſheet of ſnow.

My expreſſion is but like a Picture drawn with a Coal, wanting thoſe lively colours which a more skilful Pen might give it.

It is the Decree of Heaven, that every Compoſition here beneath, as well fram'd by the hand of Art, as faſhion'd by the hand of Nature, ſhould ſuſtain ſome imperfection; for Glaſs hath its lead, Gold its droſs, Corn its Chaff, *Helen* her mole, the Moon her ſpots, and the Sun its ſhade. *Spa. Bawd.*

Like the Sun that illuminates the whole Air, if no cloud or ſolid opacous body intervene.

——Did make no more impreſſion on him, than an Arrow on a rock of Adamant.

——More impure than the ſtable of *Augeus.*

As free as God at firſt made Man.

As penſive as the Night——

——You, as cruel as the Duke of *Muſcovia*, named *Baſilides*, who commanded from his Subjects a tribute of Sweat, and Nightingals in the midſt of Winter. *H. Court.*

If thou be as hot as Mount *Ætna*, feign thy ſelf as cold as the Hill *Caucaſus*, carry two faces in one hood.

As ingenious *Cicero* could pick Gold out of *Ennius*'s dung; ſo may——

His

His Fetters ( like King *Agrippa*'s golden Chain ) more became him, than his imperial Diadem.

As liberal as the Sun which shines on all.

Like *Æsops* Crow, prankt up in borrowed feathers.

## *Descriptions.*

——He was even ravished with contentment, in beholding these goodly Palaces, where was seen an admirable consort of Art and Nature, so many Halls, so well furnish'd within; such rich Hangings, such most exquisite Pictures, such Marbles, such guilding; and without, Mountains, which make a natural Theatre, tapistred without Art, to surpass all workmanship; Forrests, which seem born with the World; Hedges and knots curiously cut, Alleys and Mazes, where both eyes and feet are lost; Rivers, which creep along with silver purlings about Gardens, enamel'd with most fragrant flowers; Caverns repleniſhed with a sacred horrour, Grots, and Fountains, which gently gliding, contend with the warble of Birds, and so many other spectacles, which at first sight astonish spirits, and never satiate. *H. C.*

—— There were Hills which garnish'd their proud heights with Trees, humble Valleys, whose low estate seem'd comforted with refreshing of silver Rivers, Meadows enamel'd with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers, Thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too, by the chearful disposition of many well-tun'd birds, each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty Lambs, with bleating Oratory, craved

crayed the Damms comfort; here a Shepherds boy piping, as though he ſhould never be old; there a young Shepherdeſs knitting, and withal ſinging, and her hands kept time with her voices Muſick: ſhows as it were of an accompaniable ſolitarineſs, and of a civil wildneſs. *Arcadia.*

— Neither are the Gardens to be omitted, which for their largeneſs, have the face of a Forreſt, for their variety, of a Paradiſe; here *Cypreſs* Groves, there walks with Statues; here a Sea of fountains; there Swans, Oſtriches, and other recreative creatures. *Mer. Ital.*

——— It is a place, which now humbling it ſelf in ſallowed Plains, now proud in well huſbanded Hills, marries barren Woods to cultivated Valleys, and joyns neat Gardens to delicious Fountains, *&c.*

———To render a perfect and lively image of this excellent piece, and ſpeak of its colours in the original, cannot be better accompliſhed, than in the reſembling it to the ſurprizing artifice of ſome various Scene, curious landskip, or delicious Proſpect; where ſometimes from the craggineſs of inacceſſible Rocks, uneven and horrid Precipices (ſuch as are to be found reſpecting thoſe admirable Plains of *Lombardy*) there breaks and divides (as the wandring Traveller approaches) a paſſage to his eyes down into ſome goodly and luxurious Valley, where the trembling ſerpenting of ſome Criſtal Rivolet, fringed with the curious Diaper of the ſofter meadows, the umbrage and harmonious warbling of the cooler groves, the friſking and lowing of the wandring Cattel, the exuberant *feſtoons* of a bountiful Autumn, the ſmiling crops of a hopeful Harveſt, and all the youth and pride of a cheerful Spring, conſpire to create a new Paradiſe, and recompence

compence him the pains of so many difficult accesses. Mr. *Evelyn.*

## *Death.*

*Death* is that inconsiderable atome of time that divides the Body from the Soul, *&c.*

*Scaliger* defines it to be the *Cessation of the Souls functions.*

When *Hadrian* asked *Secundus* what Death was, he answered in these several truths, It is a sleep eternal, the bodies dissolution, the rich mans fear, the poormans wish, an event inevitable, an uncertain journey, a thief that steals away man, sleeps father, lifes flight, the departure of the living, and the resolution of all.

*Death* had no sooner absented him from her eyes, but forgetfulness drew him out of her heart.

When we once come in sight of the Port of *Death*, to which all winds drive us; and when by letting fall that fatal Anchor, which can never be weighed again, the Navigation of this life takes end: Then it is, I say, that our own cogitations (those sad and severe cogitations formerly beaten from us by our health and felicity) return again, and pay us to the uttermost for all the pleasing passages of our lives past. Sir *Wal. Rawleigh.*

*Death* deprived me of my paradized bliss, and not only made my broken heart the sad habitation of woe, but also turned my mind (which before was a Kingdom to me) into a Hell of tormenting thoughts.

Torches made of *Aromatique*-wood, cast out their odoriferous Exhalations when they are almost wasted:

wasted: So the vertuous *A.* made all the good Odours of her life evaporate in the last instant of her death.

That he is dead, —— As if she now scorn'd life, *Death* lends her Cheeks his paleness, and her Eyes fell down their drops of silver to the earth, wishing her tears might rain upon his Grave, to make the gentle Earth produce some Flower should bear his Name and Memory.

—She (prostrated on the body of her Lover) sought in his eclipsed eyes and dead lips, the remnant of her life.

I shall not be unwilling to suffer a Goal-delivery of my Soul from the prison of my body, when I am called to it.

—Delivered up to the immortality of another World. This deadly shaft passing through him, so wounded me, that I my self was arrived within few paces of the Land of Darkness. In his silent Marble, not only the best part of that small portion of joy I had in the World; but all my hopes are entombed. *Wats in Preface.*

(Drawing near the confines of *Deaths* Kingdom.) *Death* frees a man from misery, and wafts him to the Haven of his Happiness. *Her.*

As soon as *Death* hath played the Midwife to our second birth, our Souls shall then see all truths more freely, than our corporal eyes at our first birth see all bodies and colours. Sir *K. D.*

## *Desire.*

IF you desire that I make you a Picture of the nature and perquisites of *Desire*, I will tell you, It is

is a ſtrange Countrey, whereto the prodigal Child ſailed, when he forſook his fathers houſe to undertake a baniſhment; a Countrey where Corn is ſtill in Graſs; Vines in the bud; Trees perpetually in bloſſom, and Birds always in the ſhell; you neither ſee Corn, Fruit, nor any thing fully ſhaped, all is there only in expectation: It is a Country full of Figures, Fantaſms, Illuſions and hopes, which are dreams without ſleeps. A Countrey where the Inhabitants are never without feavers, one is no ſooner gone, but another comes in his place. There dwells Coveteouſneſs, a great Woman, meager, lean, ſtarved, having round about her, a huge ſwarm of winged Boys, of which ſome are altogether languiſhing, others call her a thouſand ſmiles, as ſhe paſſeth along, upon her ſelf ſhe hath an infinite number of Horſe-leeches, which ſuck upon her to the marrow. Time looks on her afar off, and never comes near her, ſhewing her an inchanting Looking-glaſs, wherein ſhe ſees a thouſand and a thouſand falſe colours, which amuſe her, and when ſhe hath ſported enough, ſhe has nothing to dinner but ſmoak. *Holy Court.*

Albeit you can no ways quench the Coals of *Deſire*, with forgetfulneſs, yet rake them up in the aſhes of modeſty.

As *Pharaoh* longed to know his dream, ſo deſired he to ——

*Deſire* (the Nurſe of perſeverance) gave him wings to make the more ſpeed.

Thus wiſhing my deſerts ſtill ſuitable to my deſires, and my deſires ever pleaſing to your deſerts.

—— More ready in *deſire*, than able in power to ſerve you.

—— Than which nothing could ſhoot righter at the mark of my *deſires*.

—— And

——— And with you as full of good fortune, as I am of *desire*.

She staid not long in the suburbs of her foolish *desires*.

*Desire* is a wind, that against the tyde can carry us merrily; with it, makes us flie. *Feltham*.

*Desire* so blew the fire of his new conceived rage, that ———

## *Desert.*

HOw much my small *deserts* are overballanced by your unspeakable goodness.

——— You, whose *desert* passeth my best endeavours of requital.

——It flies to the sacred Altar of your immutable goodness, set off with all the additions of greatness, which nature or affection can throw upon unmatched *desert*.

——— This is the hard fate my just merit hath encountred.

——It is a matter so far above my merits, that I cannot think upon it without presumption.

## *Despair.*

THE fire of my affection was blown by the bellows of *despair*.

*Despair* of success was the Herse of his supposed idle thoughts.

Love wanting desire, makes the mind desperate, and fixed fancy, bereft of Love, turns into fury.

My Lords! I ſpeak to minds too noble to be ſtifled in the narrow Confines of Fear; Follow your Prince, whoſe Vertue the ſpight of Fortune ſhall not wrack into *deſpair*.

Whileſt I wear a hand, commanded by a heart, that knows no fear, I ſhall not *deſpair* of——

## *Diſpleaſure.*

YOur *diſpleaſure* is contrary to my deſert, and your words ſo far beyond all expectations, that I have leaſt ability, now I have moſt need, to ſpeak in the cauſe on which my life depends.

What has your poor ſervant deſerved, to have his own misfortune loaden with your *diſpleaſure?*

## *Eloquence.*

*Eloquence* is a way of Speech prevailing over thoſe upon whom we deſign it to prevail; or if we will make it in the ſhort or Laconick way, a diſtilling her notions into a quinteſſence, or forming all our thoughts into a Cone, & ſmiting with the point, &c. Mr. *Hall in his firſt Epiſtle before Longinus.*

——A man, who (filling the Sails of *Eloquence*) as eaſily moved his Auditors, as winds do the ſands of *Lybia*, which ſtir at their pleaſure.

His *Speech* appeared in coſtly robes, adorned with lofty and glorious language, ſweetened by many a pleaſant and clear Simile, quickened by divers acute and learned Criticiſms; my Cabinet enſhrineth no ſuch treaſure.

I muſt admire the very Character of your ſtile, which ſeems to me to have not a little of the *African Idea* of St. *Auſtines* age, full of ſweet raptures, and of reſearched conceits; nothing borrowed, nothing vulgar, and yet all flowing from you (I know not how) with a certain equal felicity. Sir *Henry Wotton.*

Though I have not *Eloquence* enough to win, yet I hope to find language enough to perſwade.

He was dazled with the brightneſs of her aſpect: but when ſhe began to unlooſe her tongue, never was *Syren* ſo attractive with ſongs, as ſhe with words.

—'Tis a ſpeech wherein the abundance of ſupereminent conceits choaks not the grace, nor doth curioſity take any thing from the propriety thereof.

——— Your manner of ſpeech is indeed Princelike, flowing as from a Fountain, and yet ſtreaming and branching it ſelf into Natures order; full of facility and felicity, imitating none, and inimitable of any. *Bacon.*

Your conceptions are inimitable, your language ſweet and polite, your ſentences are full of weight, your arguments of force, and your words glide along like a River, and ever bear in them ſome flaſhes of lightning.

How greedily my ears did feed upon the ſweet words ſhe uttered.

Were not your affections ſtronger tyed to the Orator, than the Oratory, I ſhould not hope to perſuade you, that ———

——— He, with a fearleſs faſhion, thus beſpake the audience. ———

Every accent falls like a freſh Jewel to increaſe her value.

— His maſculine *Eloquence* was thought worthieſt

to enjoy the Maidenhead of the Cities attention.

—Forcibly won by the ſmooth artifice of ſpeech.

It is no ſmall dominion the imagination hath in perſwaſions, inſinuated by the power of Eloquence *Bacon.*

His Style was an elegant perſpicuity, rich of phraſe. Sir *Hen. Wotton.*

You have truly found out the Philoſophers ſtone; for every groſs matter you can convert into the gold of fine language.

Eloquence does commonly *ſtorm* the mind of the Auditor, and at length *take* him *in.*

## *Entertainment.*

I Want expreſſion to give you the circumſtance with what a flowing love, or rather with what glad devotion I entertain you. *Grat. Ser.*

—You much honour me; for till this white hour, theſe walls were never proud to encloſe a gueſt; the *Genius* of my houſe is, by ſo great a preſence, waked, and glories to entertain you.

Could this roof be capable of ill, your only preſence (*Lady*) would convert it; there is a vertuous magick in your eye; for whereſoe're it caſts a beam, it creates a goodneſs.

I am much confounded for this honour you do me, *Madam*, but yet I am more aſham'd to ſee you in a place, where Vertue never entred, but in your attendance. *Ariana.*

Y'are each of you a various Banquet, where a breathing ſweetneſs feaſts the Spectators, and diverts all thought of eating to beholding, and from beholding to enjoying. *Am. War.*

Your preſence is reſtorative.

*Friend-*

## *Friendship.*

AS Passion hath been well said to be Friendship, run mad; so *friendship* may be properly stiled Sober Passion, as having all the spirit and cordiality of the wine of Love, without the offensive fumes and vapors of it. Mr. *Montagu* in his *Miscellanea.*

The love of men to women, is a thing common, and of course; but the friendship of man to man, is infinite and immortal. *Plato.*

The words of a friend joyned with true affection, give life to the heart, and comfort to a care-oppressed mind. *Chylo.*

The mutual habitude of no intermitting *friendship* between us, hath strongly confirmed ——

(Receiving so dear witnesses of your *friendship.*)

The resemblance of their beauties and wits, joined their souls together, and soon after, that of their fortunes made this *friendship* perfect. *Ar.*

—— Which your *friendship* rather finds, than I acknowledge.)

Hence grew the height of *friendship*, when two similary Souls shall blend in their commixions. *Feltham.*

As nothing unites more than a reciprocal exchange of affection, so nothing hinders the knot of *friendship* more than apparent neglect of courtesies.

*Friendship* is a diligent Officer, takes care to see the bonds thereof fully executed.

*Friendship* the Soul of humane Society.

*Friendship* is a pleasant sauce to any temporal happiness. *Bacon.*

The worst solitude is to be destitute of sincere *friendship.*

## *Gift.*

TRuly (Sir) I doubt whether is greater, the poverty of the *Gift*, or the boldneſs of the giver, whoſe true reſpects have encouraged him to this ſmall expreſſion of ſervice.

I beſeech you excuſe me, that this Preſent is not correſpondent to your merit.

Pleaſe to reſpect the enlarged heart of the giver, more than the quality of the gift; ſince the meanneſs of this, can only ſerve to expreſs the well-meaning of the other.

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## *Haſte.*

(BEing born away with the haſty Tide of ſmalleſt leiſure.)

——— Going with a pace not ſo much too faſt for her body, as ſlow for her mind.

With ſuch *haſte* (as if her ears hunted for words) deſired to know. ———

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## *Hope.*

*Hope* is the gate of a great Palace repleniſhed with riches. It is in my opinion the place which *Tertullian* terms, *The Portereſs of Nature.* It hath two Arms, with which it endeavours to purſue and embrace Objects, whereof the one is called *Deſire*, the other *Belief*, to be able to obtain what one deſireth, *&c. H. Court.*

Th

The *Babylon* of worldly *hopes* ſhews it ſelf in the beginning, as a miracle; but if we proceed further, we find thoſe deſires, that were as pleaſing as the dawning of the day (which at its firſt ſpringing appears all over ſtudded with Emeralds and Rubies) turn at laſt, and are changed into the horrors of a ſad tempeſt.

Humane life hath not a ſurer Friend, nor many times a greater enemy, than *Hope*. 'Tis the miſerable mans God, which in the hardeſt gripe of calamity never fails to yield him beams of comfort. It is the preſumptuous mans Devil, which leads him a while in a ſmooth way, and then makes him break his neck on the ſudden. *Hope* is to man as a bladder to a learning ſwimmer, &c. *Feltham.*

—The ſight whereof made *Hope* (the Harbinger of happineſs) to breath in her this pleaſing comfort.

—Sweet, I ſee, is the *hope* that ſprings in the bud, but moſt ſorrowful I find is the hap that decays in the bloſſom.

Our teeming *hopes* will ever be delivered of a gracious birth.

—She whoſe weaker bowels were ſtreight full with the leaſt liquor of *hope*.

*Hope* is but the dream of a man awake.

You have blaſted the harveſt of my *hopes*.

We are here only fed with certain airs of good *hope*, *Camelions* food.

## *Hypocriſie.*

DO not we know that *Hypocriſie* is the ſame thing to Vertue; which painting is to Faces, and that is the very Moth which devours ſanctity?

What doth not a plaiſtered Sanctity for the ſub-

version of the simple? What doth not a bad Servant, when once he possesseth the easie nature of his Master?

## *Jealousie.*

*Jealousie* is a Disease of the Mind, proceeding from a fear which a man hath, that the thing is communicated to another, which he would not have common, but private to himself; it is also bred of that love which will not suffer a Partner in the thing beloved.

Thereupon a furious *Jealousie*, as if it had been breath'd from Hell, began to lay hold on this gentle spirit, all the Objects of what was past returned to thicken this black vapour, to frame a cloud thereof, and resolve it into a storm. *H. C.*

What is it that you should thus conceal from me? Are my ears unworthy, or my tongue suspected?

Love, as it is divine with Loyalty, so it is Hell with *Jealousie*.

There can be no greater Tyranny than *Jealousie*, whereby a man continually murthers himself living.

All his actions began to be translated into the language of suspition.

*Jealousie* is a Gin that we set to catch Serpents, which, as soon as we have caught them, sting us. *Feltham*

*Jealousie* is the Canker of Wedlock.

*Jealousie* continually studies the Anatomy of hearts, and shews great severity to the least defective part. *Montagu.*

Reason ingenders Love, and Love *Jealousie*; but the one and the other resemble little Worms, that corrupt the meat that forms them. Mr. *Mont.*

*In-*

## *Inconſtancy.*

*Inconſtancy* is properly a levity and an irreſolution of mind, which ſhews it ſelf in his manners, actions and words, who is touched with it. To ſay truth, this Paſſion is a Devil that inhabits a land of Quick-ſilver, where Earthquakes are almoſt perpetual, winds blow on each ſide, and blowing, make many Weather-cocks turn to and fro, and every moment change paſture. In this place an admirable creature is to be ſeen, who is not what ſhe is, and is that ſhe is not, ſo many faces and figures ſhe hath. She likewiſe is ſtill upon transformation, and ſeems to do nothing at all, but make and unmake her ſelf. One while ſhe is great, another while little; one while groſs, another ſlender; one while affable, another while harſh; one while ſerious, another while gameſom, but ever ſlippery; and if you lay hold of her, you catch nothing. She goes forth of her lodging to appear in publick, as if ſhe came into a Theatre, cloathed one while in changeable Taffata, another while with different pieces, ſet together out of a ſingular fantaſtick addleneſs of wit. She alone repreſents all Perſonages, talks with all kind of voices, and in all manner of Languages, &c. *H. Court.*

## *Ingratitude.*

*Ingratitude* challenges Revenge by cuſtom, and is a Vice moſt hateful before God and Man.

*Ingratitude* deſerves, that all the Elements with their beſt forces, ſhould conſpire in its avengement.

An unthankful man, is compared to a Veſſel full of holes.

## *Joy.*

JOY triumph'd in his eyes, and comfort lodg'd in his heart, and in this Haven of Happineſs he would have ſwim'd ſtill, but that———

*Joys* had their freſh Supplies, as if ſome golden dream had imparadiſed their thoughts with ſome glorious Viſion.

———Lifted up from a Hell of Grief to a Heaven of *Joy*.

Through how many reſtleſs Nights, and more reſtleſs thoughts do we encounter theſe ſweet bitter *Joys*. And as the more we graſp the water into our hands, the leſs we hold; ſo is content the farther from us, the more we ſeek it in theſe fading glories of the World; which, like an *Ignis fatuus*, firſt light us through wild untrodden paths unto themſelves, then through vaſt aiery thoughts they lead us up to that Precipice, from whence we fall, and there they leave us.

——— This Charm reduc'd his Paſſion to that contentment, brought his hopes to that height, and plac'd his Soul in a Heaven of ſuch divine pleaſures, that he was even ready to expire in this pleaſing extaſie.

O what a ſource of *Joy* did then overflow her breaſt, that treaſury of chaſte delight!

The Sun ne're met the Summer with more *joy*.

## *Letters.*

LEtters are the very thoughts of the Heart, but once removed; where all the ſcapes of nature

or breeding are moſt like to harbour. *Key of Cab.*

Theſe *Paper-preſents* are but weak reflections of ſtronger affections, yet being the beſt Sacrifice of a Friend, they deſerve the higher place in your eſteem.

*Letters* are the ſweet Communication of Fancy, which have been always eſteemed the beſt Fuel of Affection, and the very Marrow of Friendſhip.

Abſence entertained by *Letters* full of confidence, is not always without its profit; for the Soul by the memory taſtes what it has taken in by the underſtanding, and gives its ſelf more leiſure to recogitate its pleaſure, which is not ſo well perceived, when preſence drencheth the mind in a deluge of Contentments and gives it not leiſure to bethink it ſelf. *H. C.*

If I write a *Letter*, I imagine Love gives me the Pen, that I dip it in my tears, that the Paper is all over filled with flowers of affection, and that I ſend my thoughts and ſighs, as Courtiers, to ſeek out the well-beloved of my heart. *H C.*

You have proſtituted my chaſte and holy *Letters* to the baſe adulteries of all common eyes.

Words are the Images of Cogitations; *Letters* the Images of Words.

I will not load your ears with thoſe frivolous impertinencies, which would ſwell this *Letter* beyond your patience.

An amorous *Letter* to a youthful heart, is a learned enchantment; The hooks of ſuch Characters are artificial pick-lock Tools, to open the ſecret bolt of a Heart. To ſee a leaf written, is like ſeeing an Army in the Field, every line is a file of men. Words give battel to the Mind, and overcome it; for there is no force more powerful than that of words, to batter a Mind. *Stratonica.*

## *Loquacity.*

*Loquacity* is the Fistula of the mind, ever running, and almost incurable.

A talkative Fellow is the unbrac'd Drum, which beats a wise man out of his wits.

## *Love.*

*Love* (In the interpretation of the envious) is *softness*; in the wicked, good men suspect it for lust; and in the good, some spiritual men have given it the name of *Charity*; and these are but terms to this, which seems a more considerate definition, That indefinite *Love* is *Lust*; and *Lust* when it is determinated to one, is *Love*. This definition too, does but intrude it self on what I was about to say, which is (and spoken with soberness, though like a Lay-man) that *Love* is the most acceptable imposition of Nature, the cause and preservation of life, and the very healthfulness of the mind, as well as of the Body: But *Lust* (our raging Feaver) is more dangerous in Cities, than the Calenture in ships.

*Love*, like a burning-glass, contracts the dilated lines of Lust, and fixeth them upon one Object. *Advice to a Son.*

*Love* (in the most obnoxious interpretation) is Natures preparative to her greatest work, which is the making of life.

*Love* is an Empire only of two persons, which cannot be extended further without destruction, and in it obedience and soveraignty are reciprocal.

Love

*Love* in humane nature is both the ſource and centre of all Paſſions; for not only hope, fear and joy, but even anger and hatred riſe firſt out of the ſpring of *Love*. Mr. *Montagu*.

To be in *love*, is the moſt intenſive appropriation of all the powers of our mind to our deſign. *ibid.*

*Senſual love* is the moſt fatal plague among all Paſſions. It is not a ſimple malady, but one compoſed of all the evils in the World; it hath the ſhiverings and heats of *Feavers*, the ache and prickings of the *Megrim*, the rage of *Teeth*, the ſtupefaction of the *Vertigo*, the furies of *Frenzy*, the black vapors of *Hypocondry*, the diſturbances of the *Waking*, the ſtupidities of the *Lethargy*, the fits of the *Falling-ſickneſs*, the faintneſs of *Tyſick*, the heaving of the paſſions of the heart, the pangs of the *Colick*, the infections of the *Leproſie*, the venom of *Ulcers*, the malignity of the *Plague*, the putrifaction of the *Gangrene*, and all, which is horrible in nature. *Holy Court*.

*Love!* Care is thy Court, Tyranny thy Reign, Slaves thy Subjects, Folly thy Attendance, Luſt thy Law, Sin thy Service, and Repentance thy Wages.

Fear breeds wit, anger is the Cradle of courage, joy opens and enables the heart, ſorrow weakens it; but *Love* is ingendred betwixt Luſt and idleneſs, his companions are unquietneſs, longings, fond comforts, faint diſcomforts, hopes, jealouſies, ungrounded rages, cauſeleſs yieldings; the higheſt end it aſpires to, is a little pleaſure, with much pain before, and great Repentance after.

At that time the flames of his chaſte *love* began to burn more forcible than ever.

He loved her with a *love*, mingled with reſpect of merit and compaſſion of her perſecuted innocency.

To *love*, is natural; not to *love* is monſtrous. *H.C.*

Such

Such was the unreſiſtible force of his unlimitable affection, that in ſpite of Reaſon, he was inforced to do homage to Paſſion.

Her *love* was a rich Rock of Defence againſt all Syrene Songs.

—It received ſuch an impreſſion of that wonderful Paſſion, which to be defined is impoſſible, becauſe no words reach to expreſs the ſtrange effects of it, they only know it, who inwardly feel it; it is call'd *Love*.

He beſought him not to make account of his ſpeech, which if it had been over-paſſionate; yet was it to be born with al, becauſe it proceeded out of an affection much more vehement.

Humanity enjoyns you to *love* me, ſeeing I hold my life an eaſie ſacrifice to enjoy you.

It is no Pilgrimage to travel to your lips.

Worldly *lovers* are the true Gardens of *Adonis*, where we can gather nothing but trivial flowers, ſurrounded with many bryars. *Chriſtian Diary*.

A ſilent expreſſion gives the pregnant'ſt teſtimony of a deep grounded affection, where every look darts forth *love*.

Nothing ſhall have power to alien my *love* from you.

Let me draw from your look one bluſh of *love*, or line of Fancy.

Let me become an abject in the eyes of Fame, an object of contempt to the world; if my faithful devotion and obſervance ſupply not all my defects.

I am he, whom either you have great cauſe to *love*, or no cauſe to hate.

She *loved* him as the pledg-bearer of her heart.

You—towards whom I know not whether my *love* or admiration be greater.

Your affection hath got a Lordſhip in my thoughts.

Love

*Love* to a yielding heart is a King, but to a reſiſting, a Tyrant.

Sealing up all thoughts of *love*, under the image of her memory.

The extream bent of my affection compels me to-

*Love* in the heart is an exhalation in a cloud, it cannot continue idle there; it dayly forms a thouſand imaginations, and brings forth a thouſand cares, it finds out an infinity of inventions to advance the good of the beloved, &c. *H. C.*

Death may end my life, but not my *love*, which (as it is infinite) muſt be immortal.

——— Him, whoſe *love* went beyond the bounds of conceit, much more of utterance, that in her hands the ballance of his life or death did ſtand.

Such a *love* as mine, wedded to Vertue, can never be ſo adulterated by any accident, no nor yet raviſh'd by paſſion, as to bring forth a baſtard diſobedience, whereof (my very conſcience not being able to accuſe my thoughts) I come to clear my ſelf.

The proportion of my *love* is infinite.

So perfect a thing my *love* is to you, as it ſuffers no queſtion, ſo it ſeems to receive injury by addition of any words to it.

The more notable demonſtration you make of the *love* (ſo far beyond my deſerts) with which it pleaſeth you to make me happy, the more am I, even in courſe of humanity, bound to ſeek requitals witneſs.

——— (Having embarqued my careful *love* in the ſhip of my deſire) ———

Good God! what ſublimate is made in the Lymbeck of *love*.

His eyes were ſo eager in beholding her, as they were like thoſe of the Bird, that hatches her Egg with her looks. *Stratonica.*

He expected her at *A.* with ſo great impatience of *love*, that he would have willingly haſtened the courſe of the Sun, to meaſure it by his affection.

——He, beholding her ſo accompliſh'd, eaſily felt the glances ſhot from her eyes, were rays from her, but arrows for his heart, from whence he could receive nought but honourable wounds.

If you have as much confidence in me, as I have *love* towards you;——

*Love* is in effect a force (pardon the exorbitancy of the word) that is unreſiſtable, ſo ſtrong a war is that, which the appetite wageth againſt Reaſon.

Then, then in the pride of your perfection you paradiſed me in the Heaven of your *love*.

The rare Idea that thus (through the applauſe of mine eye) hath bewitched my heart, is the beautious image of your ſweet ſelf (pardon me if I preſume, when the extremity of *love* pricks me forward.) Faults that grow by affection ought to be forgiven, becauſe they come of conſtraint: Then (*Madam*) read with favour, and cenſure with mercy;——

Why ſhould not that, which is one, reſt in Unity? *Bacon.*

His boſom was the Cell, wherein I hid my ſecrets, his mouth the Oracle, whereby I directed my actions; as I could not be without his preſence, ſo I never would do any thing without his counſel.

When I am from you, I am dead till I be with you; when I am with you, I am not ſatisfied, but would ſtill be nearer you; united Souls are not ſatisfied with imbraces. *Rel. Med.*

In the intercourſe of affection, my *love* ſurmounts yours.

Fire comes out of the hardeſt flint with a ſteel; Oil out of the drieſt Jet by fire, *love* out of the ſo-

nieſt

nieſt heart by faith, by truſt, by time. *Euphues.*

I cannot but admire thy *love*, knowing from what height of vertue it proceeds; as I will not envy thee thy death, ſo I wiſh a glory may await thy end, great as thy conſtancy that advanc'd thee to it.

Two labouring Lillies, whom rude winds diſperſe among reſtleſs duſt, may ſooner meet upon their ſtacles again, and kiſs each other in a ſecond growth, than we our *love* renew.

*Love* is the good, which by being diffuſed, is corrupted; ſhe that *loves* one, another, and a third, takes in men at the coyl, and loves only for her pleaſure. The Object of true *love* is but one; from the infancy of time to her decrepitude, the *love* between two hath been held moſt honourable. *Heroinæ.*

Our mutual minds thus combined, was like the Garden of *Eden*, wherein grew more delights, than either Nature now affords, or Art can expreſs.

Gracious is the face that promiſeth nothing but *love*, and moſt celeſtial the reſolution that lives upon chaſtity.

She had a pure flame ſhot from Heaven into her breaſt, from no other place could ſo generous a mind be fired.

My *Love* ſhall never end, but with my life.

There is nothing that belongs to us both, that can be divided; our wills united make but one mind, which ruling all our actions, it ſeems we are in like manner but one body. *Ariana.*

—He was ſo wrapt with theſe dear engagements, that the commotions of his heart diſturb'd his mind, and ſtop'd the freedom of his thoughts.

I muſt confeſs my ſelf in Priſon, but 'tis a Priſon of *Love*, where my deſires, my thoughts, my hopes, my joys, are chains. *H. C.*

*Chaſte love.* ] She changes the fire of *Babylon* into

to that of *Jeruſalem*. Her hairs, which were the Nets wherein ſo many captive Souls did ſo ſigh under the yoke of *wanton love*, are now (as the Enſigns and Standards of wicked *Cupid*) trampled under the feet of the Conqueror. Thoſe kiſſes, which carried the poyſon of a luxurious paſſion in her heart, do now breath from her nothing but the delicacies of Chaſtity. Her pleaſing Odors, which before were vowed to ſenſuality, are now become the ſweeteſt exhalations from that Amber-*Iſle*, which brings forth an odoriferous Perfume. *Entert. for Lent.*

My paſſion hath for its Object a thing too perfect to permit me a thought that may be unworthy the cauſe of it.

I like that *love*, which by a ſoft aſcenſion, does degree it ſelf in the ſoul. *Feltham.*

*Your preſence* is like *Homer's Nepenthe*, that can baniſh the ſadneſs of the mind.

The heart of a lover is a City, in which upon one and the ſame day are ſeen ſports and banquets, battels and funerals. *Plutarch.*

Who knows not that *love* took away the ſenſes of wiſe *Solomon*, and made him violate the ſacred Law. *Love* moved *Biblis* to be enamoured on her own brother *Caunus*, and *Paſiphae* to accompany with a Bull.

*Love* is like a Pan of Charcoal, which meeting with the wind, its contrary, makes it burn more ardent, or like a rapid torrent, which juſtling againſt a damm, ſwells higher; ſo *love*, meeting with oppoſition, grows hotter and ſtronger. *Dodona's Grove.*

——— Theſe two hearts being diſſolved in *love*, ſpake in thoughts, not having language enough to expreſs their affection. *H. C.*

Since that I cannot retaliate your *love*, or retribute

bute your favours, yet will I receive them with a desire to pay.

The worthy St. *Dionysius*, in his Book of Divine Attributes, distinguisheth three sorts of *love*; one is called circular, the other love in a right line, and the third oblique.

*Love* (saith an ancient Lover) hath made a Butt of my heart, where, so soon as it had shot all its Arrows, it threw it self as an inflamed Dart into the bottom of my heart, to set me all on fire.

There is nothing comparable to the Martyrdom of *love*; it is an exhalation in a cloud; it is a fire in a Mine, a torrent shut up in ditches; a night of separation that lasteth Ages, and all waxeth old for it, but its desires.

The life of this *young Hero* (which was ever hanging about the heart of his Mistress, ever in the contemplation of her goodness, perpetually in the furnace of *love*) wholly transformed its self into his well-beloved, as one wax melted into another, as a drop of water poured into a great Vessel of Wine, as incense wasted in flames. *H. Court.*

He said what a warm *lover* (when desire makes eloquent) could speak; he said she was both Star and Pilot.

No Birth or Estate can challenge a Prerogative in *love*.

The deep wound of his *love* being rubbed afresh with ——— began to bleed again.

*Love* is to the Soul, that which wings are to Birds to carry us to its fruition.

For want of well-loving, we apply the most precious thing which is *love*, to gain wretched creatures as if one wanted a golden Hook to fish for Frogs, and a Scepter to shake Hay.

I'le always dwell with you like your shade.

I'l keep a Jubilee to your memory.

My

My eyes pay Tribute where my heart pays *love*.
I will repay your *love* with usury.
(*Love* making, in the field of his memory, a muster of the vertues of that Lady.)
*Love* is the greatest Philosopher in the World; He can transmute substances without altering the accidents.
The cause of *Love* can never be assigned, 'tis in no face, but in the *Lovers* mind. *Rival Mar.*

## *Man Commended.*

MAN is the pride of Heavens Creation.
——A *man*, whose life needs no Advocate, whom detraction it self cannot mention without addition of some Epithetes of respect; to conclude him in a word, no Object or any evil Passion but envy; and a Subject for no discourse, but what ends with admiration.
It seems Nature from above had been dispatch'd as a brave Harbinger, to score out a lodging for this great Soul, and give him a body suitable to the vigor of his Spirit (so well was it composed) &c. *H. Court.*
He is according to Nature, a Master-piece, where many Prerogatives meet together, a Body compos'd of a marvellous Architecture, a Soul endowed with——
He is the *Orpheus*, who with his looks only, without setting his hand on the Lyre, enchants and ravishes the most savage of our Wilderness.
*Aristotle* (that *Linceus* of Nature)——
He did with great nobleness and beauty (which vertues

vertues at that time had their turns in his Nature ) reſtore. ——— *Lo. Bacon.*

All the learning he was ambitious of, was to be wiſe, and all the wiſdom to be good.

I find not any man, over whom he has not ſome advantage, nor any ones life, which ( take it all together ) is ſo admirable as his.

He is an *Anthony* in clemency, a *Trajan* in bounty, and another *Auguſtus* in wiſdom.

Though he exceeds not in theſe Vertues which get admiration, as depth of wiſdom, height of courage, and the like; yet he is notable for thoſe qualities which ſtir affection, as truth of word, meekneſs, courteſie, mercifulneſs and liberality.

He was Lord of great Revenues, to which his Vertue, not his Fortune, was his Title; his mind was richly embroydered with all the ſtudied Ornaments of Learning, &c. ———

Braveſt *A* ſooner ſhall the Fathers bowels be ſilent at the ſight of his long unſeen Son, than poſterity forget thy Name.

——Nor ſhall I reſt content, till I bring one grain of incenſe more to that great Oblation, which I hope the Muſes will offer ere long in publick to his memory, thereby to induce Hiſtorians ( thoſe Goldſmiths of time) in their elaborate Rings, the Chronicles and Relations of thoſe days, curiouſly to enchaſe this choicer Diamond to the delight and benefit of ſucceeding Ages. *Of Sir J. Smith.*

The World of worthineſs hath his whole G'obe compriz'd in his breaſt.

The gallantry of his mind was plainly legible to every eye that was acquainted with the characters of Vertue.

——In this *man* there were ſuch great abilities of wit and underſtanding, that into what Climate ſoever

ever his Nativity had caſt him, he ſeem'd to be able to command a fortune. *Bacon.*

——— Men, whoſe Sentiments are Maxims and Oracles to govern the Worlds beliefs and actions. Sir K. D.

——So well was he ſtudied in the Art of dying, that by continual Watchings, Faſtings, Prayers, and ſuch like Acts of Chriſtian Humiliation, his fleſh was rarified into Spirit, and the whole man ſo fitted for eternal glories, that he was more than half in Heaven, before Death brought his bloody (but triumphant) Chariot to convey him thither.

His head did bear the Calendar of Age.

Every man is a vaſt and ſpacious Sea; his paſſions are the winds that ſwell him into diſturbent waves, &c. *Felsham.*

His Head was a well fill'd Treaſury, and his Tongue the fair Key to unlock it; he had as great a memory as could be reconciled with ſo good a judgment.

A *good man* is like the day, enlightning and warming all he ſhines on, and is always riſing upwards to a Region of more conſtant purity, than that wherein he finds the Object. The *bad man* is like the Night, dark, obtruding fears, and dimitting unwholſom vapors upon all the reſt beneath.

Envy her ſelf could not detract from his worth; he was learned even to an Example, pious up to a Proverb.

——— A perſon who in the *Hurricanes* of great tranſactions is ſerenely pleas'd to throw off the publick perſon, and adopt into his tenderneſs and protection all that, to which worth and letters may make a claim.

Of

## *Of his late Majesty, and His Letters intercepted.* 1645.

AS a *Man*, see, but with what sagacity he writes, and with what judgment, see, but what a clean sense he has of things, which does so overlook all his most perplexed Affairs, that they seem to blush, they have no greater difficulties. See, but how far his wisdom looks into mens persons, which doth so weigh them and their actions with the grains and allowance of their unworthy servile ends, that he seems not more to observe than prophesie. See, but what an even spirit of Elegancy runs through every line, which beats and leaps as much in the description of his saddest condition, as of his sereneſt fortune; insomuch that posterity will a little love his misery for her very cloathing. So quick his parts, that his *Extempore* performances equalized the premeditations of others of his profession.

Then, as a *Husband*, do but observe how kind he is, and withal how chaste; how full of warm expressions of love, and yet how far from wanton; Do but observe how he weighs his own health by his Wives Standard, every line bears a *Venus* in it, and yet no Doves; and he drives the trade of thoughts between the Queen and him, with so much eagerness, and yet with so much innocence in all his Letters, as if he meant they should be intercepted.

As a *Christian*, see, but what a conscience he makes of Oaths, esteeming them (not according to the popular account) as if their Ceremony made them the less Sacred, or (as too many use them in the World) as bracelets to their Speech, not (as they

they are indeed) as Chains to their Souls; look but how he ſtartles at the name of *Sacriledge*, though never ſo commodious a ſin, *&c.*

Laſt of all, as a *King*, ſee, but what a conſtant and true Soul he bears to Juſtice, which none of his ſad infelicities can alter. A Soul that would come off true, were it put to *Plato*'s tryal, who ſaid, That for a man to prove himſelf a true juſt man indeed, his Vertue muſt be ſpoyl'd of all her Ornaments. *K. to K. Cabinet.*

—His Stature was next a juſt proportion, his Body erect and active, his Colour or Complexion had generally drawn more from the white Roſe of *York*, than the red of *Lancaſter*; his Hair nearer brown than yellow; his Brow proclaim'd much fidelity; a certain verecundious generoſity grac'd his eyes, not ſuch as we read of *Sylla*, but of *Pompey*, in his geſtures nothing of affectation; in his whole aſpect no ſwelling, nothing boiſterous, but an alluring and well-becoming ſuavity; his alacrity and vigor the celerity of his motions did diſcover; otherwiſe his affections were temperate, and demeanor well ſetled; moſt firm to his purpoſes and promiſes, loving Truth, hating Vice, Juſt, Conſtant, Courageous, and not Simply ſo, but knowingly good. Sir *Henry Wotton of King Charles* I.

So many excellent Pens have written upon his brave Acts, and made them ſo well known to all the World, that it were to bring light into day, to go about to mention them. *H. Court.*

He is the *Pelops* of wiſdom, and *Minos* of all good government.

Who has not known or read of that Prodigy of wit and fortune, Sir *Wa. R.* a man infortunate in nothing, but in the greatneſs of his wit and advancement; whoſe eminent worth was ſuch, both in domeſtick

meſtick policy, foreign expeditions and diſcoveries, in arts and literature both practick and contemplative, that it might ſeem at once to conquer both example and imitation.

— Man, who contracts in himſelf all the draughts and works of the Divine hand, and epitomizeth the whole World in his perfections, and bears the moſt animated character of the living God. *H. C.*

He is a noble, generous and well manner'd youth; bears beauties enſigns in his gracious looks, has that ſupream Divinity in his eyes, as ſparkleth flames able to fire all hearts, and the ſuperlative vertue of his mind tranſcends his outward figure; he is wiſe, as moſt mature age, valiant in reſolve, as fames beloved Child, Reputation conjoyns the maſculine graces of his Soul with lovely carriage and diſcreet diſcourſe, &c. *Argalus* and *Parth.*

——I could ſay much more of his worth, without flattery, did I not fear the imputation of preſumption, and withal ſuſpect, that it might befal theſe papers of mine (though the loſs were little) as i did the Pictures of Qu. *Eliz.* made by unskilful and common Painters, which by her own commandment were knockt to pieces, and caſt into the fire. For ill Artiſts, in ſetting out the beauty of the external, and weak Writers, in deſcribing the vertues of the internal, do often leave to poſterity of well formed faces, a deformed memory; and of the moſt perfect and Princely minds, a moſt defective repreſentation. Sir *Wal. Rawley, in Preface.*

He was a man, whoſe brave undaunted ſpirit dignified his Family many ſtories high in the eſtimate of Fame.

The excellent endowments of his Soul, acknowledged even by Envy, and admired by truth, together with his known propenſion to goodneſs, invited me to——

I have been poſſeſſed with extream wonder, when I conſider the excellency of thoſe Vertues and faculties in him, which the Philoſophers call Intellectual, the capacity of his mind comprehending ſo many, and ſo great notions, the faithfulneſs of his memory, the ſwiftneſs of his apprehenſion, the penetration of his judgment, the order and facility of his Elocution, &c. *Bacon.*

—— He derived many ſtreams from *Sidney*'s great River into his own Channels.

His Countenance (which by Nature had no vulgar Air in it) grown lean by affliction, expreſſed (in a pale diſagreement of colours) that the harmony of his *individuum* began its diſſolution from the head.

## *Nature.*

*Nature* is that ſpirit of Divine Reaſon, which is the efficient cauſe of natural Works, *&c.*

——You whom *Nature* hath made to be the Loadſtar of comfort, be not the Rock of Shipwrack.

The Errors in his *Nature* were excuſed, by reaſon of the greenneſs of his youth.

*Nature* having done ſo much for him of nothing, as that it made him Lord of ſomething.

*Nature* is the mirror of Art.

——They wreſtled with the diſadvantage of ſingle *Nature*, and at laſt threw it into Rule.

—— Then does Art appear perfect, when ſhe can ſcarce be diſtinguiſhed from *Nature* it ſelf; and again, *Nature* is ever happy, becauſe ſhe always carries a hidden Art in her own boſom. *Longinus.*

## *Silence and Secreſie.*

*Silence* is the fermentation of our thoughts. *Bacon.*

——Aſſuring you in the faith of a Friend, that you ſhall depoſit it in the deepeſt and darkeſt Den of *ſilence*, never to come to light.

It is hard to be ſilent, *&c.* ſince Nature hath not made us like *Crocodiles*, who are ſaid to have eyes to weep, and not a tongue to complain.

I hope I ſhall find your Ears faithful Treaſurers.

*Secrecy* is the Soul of action.

I will cover it under the vail of *ſilence*.

*Silence*, in baſhful ſigns, bluſh'd out a dumb Reply.

——Till when I lock theſe projects in the Cloſet of your *ſecreſie*.

There followed ſo deep and unbroken a *ſilence*, that Midnight ſeem'd Thunder, if compar'd to it.

The *ſilence* of the Tongue is the peace of the Heart. *Tho. A Kempis.*

*Similitudes*, ſee *Compariſons.* p. 58.

## *Sorrow.*

*Sorrow* is a grief or heavineſs for things which are done and paſt, it is the only friend to ſolitarineſs, enemy to company, and heir to deſperation.

Though his attached tongue could pay no tribute to his dumb *ſorrow*, yet did his ſilent woes ſhew his ſpeaking grief.

O happy *Portia*, thy dead ſad woes are all buried in my long-liv'd griefs; and *Hecuba*'s tears are all drown'd in the Sea of my *ſorrow*.

Lymbecks were her eyes of tears, a Furnace was her breaſt of ſcalding ſighs, a conſtant Feaver ſurpriz'd her joynts, yet with this did her ſweet condition enforce a ſmile, and with this (mixed with a pearly tear) did ſhe beg this boon of

——— Whereas the Ice of his heart diſſolv'd, and began already to evaporate through his eyes.

He endeavour'd to ſpeak, but the more he ſtrove, the more the ſobs choaked up his words.

———Aſſaulted with a furious ſquadron of remedileſs dolors.

(Drenched in a Sea of *ſorrow*.———

Love, jealouſie, anger and *ſorrow* divided his heart, and drew ſtrange ſighs from him.

He bare the image of his *ſorrow* in his dejected countenance.

He knew not how to anſwer her, but with the moiſt dew of his eyes, which began to do the Office of his lips.

She made the apple of her weeping eyes, ſpeak to him in continual Prayers.

———(After the flood of her tears was grown to an ebb;)

——— After

—— After ſhe had bathed the beauty of her eyes in the *ſorrow* of her tears. ——

My grief was at the higheſt before, and now like ſwelling *Nilus*, it diſdaineth bounds.

That (waſhing anew her face in the balmy drops of her love-diſtilling tears) ſhe began. ——

He baniſh'd both ſleep and food, as enemies to his mourning, which paſſion perſuaded him was reaſonable.

He opened his mouth, as a flood-gate of *ſorrow*.

I had in the furnace of my agonies, this refreſhing.

The breath almoſt formed into words, was again ſtopt by her, and turned into ſighs.

Let the Tribute-Offer of my tears procure ——

— It deſerves of me a further degree of *ſorrow*, than tears.

— Finding by the pitiful Oration of a languiſhing behaviour, and the eaſily deciphered Character of a ſorrowful face, that ——

—— With a demeanour, where, in the Book of Beauty, where was nothing to be read but *ſorrow*; for kindneſs was blotted out, and anger was never there.

Suffer not the weakneſs of *ſorrow*, to conquer the ſtrength of your Vertues.

—— His Soul drinketh up Woe with great draughts.

—— Her tears were like, when a few *April* drops are ſcattered by a gentle *Zephirus* among fine coloured flowers.

She painted out the lightſom colours of affection, ſhaded with the deepeſt ſhadows of *ſorrow*.

— Suffering her *ſorrow* to melt it ſelf into an abundance of tears, and giving grief a free dominion.

At length letting her Tongue go (as dolorous thoughts guided it) she thus (with lamentable demeanor) spake, ———

Wilt thou give my *sorrows* no truce?

Tears and sighs interrupt my speech, and force me to give my self over to private *sorrow*.

Though my memory be a continual Record of much *sorrow*, yet among the many stories grief hath engraven in me, there is none to be compared with the disaster of ———

— This said, she wept the rest. But he not daunted at that majesty of *sorrow* that sate inthroned in Crystal; nor at her words, that would charm the most inhumane; but rather whet, than refin'd in passion, unloads his lust ———

——— She, in whom *sorrow* had swell'd it self so high, that rather than break out, it threatened to break her heart.

——— Appearing in his countenance a doleful Copy of what he would relate.

——— (Able to make an Adamant turn *Niobe*)

When I am bereft of thee, in whom all my joys are so wealthily summ'd up, that thy loss will make my life my greatest curse, then will I die in honour, and think it fitter for my fame, than linger out my life in *sorrow*.

She was Empress of a mind, unconquered of sin or *sorrow*.

'Tis not the Tears of our eyes only, but of our friends also, that do exhaust the current of our *sorrows*, which falling into many streams, run more peaceably, and are contented with a narrower Channel.

She melts her heart in a Sacred Limbeck of love, and distils it out by her eyes.

They

They reſented his loſs with as many griefs, as his deſert and their good nature could produce in them. *Arc.*

To give over *ſorrow*, I muſt of neceſſity give over remembring you, and that I cannot, but with my life.

——— To ſee her Countenance (through which there ſhined a lovely majeſty, even to the captivating of admiring Souls) now altered to a frightful paleneſs, and the terrours of a ghaſtly look *Feltham.*

——— Theſe are calamities, which challenge the tribute of a bleeding eye.

——— Tell him I inwardly diſſolve into a dew of bleeding paſſion for his loſs, and would, to re-inveſt bleſt quiet in his heart, act o're the Scene of dangers I have paſs'd ſince I knew earlieſt manhood. *Arg. and Parth.*

——— I am paſt the thought of grief for this ſad fact, and am griefs individual ſubſtance.

——— She poured her ſelf into tears without comfort, and her miſery ſeemed devoid of remedy.

——— Thy looks upon a ſudden are become diſmal, thy brow dull as *Saturns* iſſue; thy lips are hung with black, as if thy tongue were to pronounce ſome funeral.

*Sorrow* having clos'd up all the entries of thy mind.

He made a ſhady Tree his Pavillion; with intention to make forgetting ſleep comfort a ſorrowful memory.

He gave ſuch tokens of true felt *ſorrow*, as no imagination could conceive greater.

Compaſſion procured his eyes with tears to give teſtimony.

—He departed, as if he had been the Coffin that carried himself away.

The River of your tears (if not ſtopped) will ſoon loſe their Fountain.

——— Pity my *ſorrows*, which are only mine; becauſe I am extreamly yours.

—Loſt in my thoughts, I ſee my ſelf wandring in various Objects, and for a height in miſery, I walk in the night of a heart darkned with ſadneſs.

The melancholy complexion of my mind inclines to hold a ſympathy with all *ſorrow* that my ſenſes communicate to me.

The remembrance of her former ingratitude delivered over ſuch feeling arguments of her ſad remorſe, as were able to ſtrike the water of tears out of the ſtonieſt hearts of her beholders; like the Rod of *Moſes*, which drove water out of the Rock, *&c.* Sir *To. Math.*

———A Subject I confeſs ſo full of lamentation and horrour, as would require ſome *Homer* to expreſs it, or rather the mind and Pen of *Heraclitus*, to weep and write together.

Suffer mine eyes to diſcourſe my griefs.

You temporize with *ſorrow*, mine is ſincere,

——— Until mine eyes became the ſaid Oblation of a fainting Voice.

It is hard to deſcribe with what affection her eyes big with grief, brought forth tears. The fair Lady in that Art reſembled *Aurora* in travel of the day. Her tears much exceeded the Morning Dew i beauty. *Stratonica.*

*Speech.*

## *Speech.*

*Speech* is nothing elſe but an expreſſion to another man of the images one hath within himſelf. Sir *K. Digby.*

Reaſon is as it were the Soul of *ſpeech.* *Bacon.*

Lecture is the aliment of *ſpeech.*

As houſes without doors are unprofitable, ſo are men that have no rule for their *ſpeech.*

—— The very *Order* of his *ſpeech* ſeem'd to be *Diſorderly*; and his *Diſorders* were rang'd into a certain kind of *Order.*

—— Though courted with all the blandiſhments and graces of *ſpeech*, yet he could not be perſwaded.

## *Thoughts.*

*Thoughts* generally are all the imaginations of our brains, which being a propoſed Object of the heart, makes it continually reſolve, and work upon thoſe conceits.

*Thoughts* are but over-flowings of the mind, and the tongue is but a ſervant of the *thoughts.*

Speech and *Thoughts* are two Siſters, the youngeſt whereof is created, that the eldeſt may be known. *Philo.*

The more I exerciſe my *thoughts*, the more they increaſe the appetite of my deſires.

What a Paradiſe of unſpotted goodneſs his filthy *Thoughts* ſought to defile.

—— (Thinking to ſet my mutinous *thoughts*, at peace.)

He made his *thoughts* more obligatory to her favours; and he faſhioned his favours more complementory to her fortunes.

My *thoughts* were winged with deſire.

You (the Secretary of all my *thoughts*)——

Diſtilling my active *thoughts* in a continued ſtudy to ſerve you.

—— My hopes of Honour, than which nothing but your fair ſelf is ſo near to my *thoughts*.

She conjur'd with the tyranny of Complement, with as undiſtracted words as could be pump'd from the deepeſt confuſion of *thoughts*, makes her reply.——

——His word led his *thoughts*, and followed by his deed.

I could wiſh you were Secretary of my *thoughts*, or that there were a Cryſtal Caſement in my breaſt, through which you may eſpy the inward motions and palpitations of my heart, then would you be certified of the ſincerity of this Proteſtation.

Pleaſing, but too ambitious *thoughts!* whither do you lead me?

—— Give my long impriſoned *thoughts* leave to appear in words,

Let truth make up a part in the harmony of your noble *thoughts*.

Thus when my *thoughts* are at a ſtand, and can raiſe my preſent happineſs no higher, let me call to mind how——

——Since you have tyed your *thoughts* in ſo wilful a knot,

A tumultuous Army of *thoughts* ſhall ſtrike up an Alarum to your repoſe. *H. C.*

——— Continually floating in a tempeſtuous Sea of *thoughts*, without either finding bottom or ſhore.

And after I had run over all the pedigree of my *thoughts*, new *thoughts* poſſeſſed me.

Weighing her reſolutions by the counterpoize of his own youthful *thoughts*.

Uſing his own Byas to bowl near the Miſtreſs of his own *thoughts*.

Words may be ſaid to be a kind of body to *thoughts*. *Montagu.*

My *thoughts* ſupplyed the place of Sacrifices.

My very *thoughts*, I hope, are wing'd with innocence.

## *Vanity.*

*Vanity* at this day opens all her gates to manifeſt divers perſons to the World, who ſhould otherwiſe be buried in obſcurity. It makes ſome appear by the luxurious exceſs of their apparel, as ſo many ſale creatures, whoſe heads (being high and coſtly dreſſed up) go to the Market of idle love. Others by the riches and pomps of the World, others by honours and dignities, others by the ſpirit of induſtry, and others by deed of arms and policy. Every one ſets out himſelf to be ſeen and eſteemed in the World. It ſeems life is made for nothing, but to be ſhewed, and that we ſhould always live, for that which makes us die. *Holy Court.*

*Vertue*

## *Vertue.*

*Vertue* (like the clear Heaven) is without Cloud.

He became her Servant, by the bonds which *Vertue* laid upon him.

*Vertues* (if his face be not a falſe witneſs) do apparel his mind.

——— Formed by Nature, and framed by education to the true exerciſe of *Vertue*.

——— Minds; which neither abſolutely climb the Rock of *Vertue*, nor freely ſink into the Sea of Vanity.

—She (in whoſe mind *Vertue* governed with the Scepter of knowledg.)———

—She, to whoſe unſtained *Vertue*, it hath been my unſpeakable miſery, that my name ſhould become a blot.———

(Far engaged to the memory of your *Vertues.*)———

*Vertue* is the tenure, by which we hold of Heaven; without this we are but Out-laws, that cannot claim protection. *Feltham.*

*Vertue* hath nothing to do with the vail of untruths to cover it.

*Vertue*, is as the Geometrical *Cube*, on what ſide ſoever it is caſt, it always finds his *Baſis.*

*Vertue* and Grace run parallel with Heaven.

*Women*

## *Women commended.*

WOmen, being of one and the ſelf-ſame ſubſtance with Man, are what Man is, only ſo much more imperfect, as they are created the weaker Veſſels.

——She, whoſe Vertue deſerves to be conſecrated with a Pen of Adamant in the Temple of Eternity, ſince ſhe is able to dazle the eyes of the moſt hardy, to fill the mouths of the moſt eloquent, and raviſh the minds of thoſe, who admire nothing vulgar. *H. C.*

Ask *Senſe* what ſhe is: Senſe will tell us, Her face is the unclouded welkin in the infancy of the day; her eyes the Sun and Moon that ſleep by turns, leſt they ſhould leave the World in darkneſs; her tongue the harmony of Spheres and Nature; her breaſts Heavens milky way, ſpangled with azure ſtars: her arms *Caſtor* and *Pollux*; her other parts becauſe of lower function, are but the Symmetry of all the beauties of her ſex; ſhe is too much firſt to have any ſecond, from the third, fourth and fifth form of Women, from a million or all of them, you may take ſome piece of her, not all, for ſhe her ſelf is the All.

Ask *Reaſon* what ſhe is, Reaſon will tell you, ſhe is her Directreſs, that ſhe keeps the Elements at peace within us; our fire ſhe confines to religious zeal, and ſuffers it not to enflame either to luſt or ſuperſtition; our watry Element ſhe hath deſigned to quench unlawful flames, *&c.*——

Ask *Faith* what ſhe is; Faith will tell you, ſhe hath yours and mine, and an hundred other Souls in one Soul, *&c.*——— Were there, or were there no night, yet were ſhe an everlaſting day. Were there

there none bad, yet were ſhe unparalleledly good. Were there any or none to be compar'd to her, yet were ſhe ſuperlative. All of her is an even proportion of extream. *Heroinæ.*

———Thoſe eyes more Eloquent than all Rhetorique, that would raiſe an Anchoret from his Grave, and turn the Fiend Fury, into the Cherubin Pity.———

Thoſe white and red Roſes (which no rain, but what fell from thoſe heavenly eyes) could colour or ſweeten. Thoſe lips that ſtain the Rubies, and make the Roſes bluſh, thoſe lips that command the ſcarlet coloured morn into a cloud to hide his ſhame: That breath, which makes us all Chamælions, waſted into unregarded ſighs: Thoſe breaſts eternally chaſte and white as the Alpes: Thoſe legs, columns of the faireſt *Parthian* marble, columns that ſupport this monument of all Pens, —her skin, ſmooth as the face of youth, ſoft as a bed of Violets, white as the Queen of innocence, ſweet as Bean bloſſoms after Rain, *&c.*

—She, ſhaking off thoſe glorious loads of ſtate, retired from the crowding tumults of the Court, into a ſolitary and truly happy Countrey condition, there to ſpin out the thred of life at her homely Diſtaff, where we will leave her a verier Wonder, than the *Phœnix* in the deſart, the alone Paragon of all Peerleſs Perfections. Her actions (ſo above the Criticiſm of my purblind judgment) I am not able to comprehend, much leſs contradict or controvert.

She is the beauty of the World, the pride of all joyes, the ſweeteſt fruit of beſt content, and the higheſt mark of true Lovers ambition.

To

To her alone it appeared, that Heaven with a hand rather prodigal than liberal, would give what it had of moſt value in the rich treaſury of Nature. *Stratonica.*

*Women* are Angels, clad in fleſh.

The *Roman* ſtory (big with variety of wonder) writes *Lucretia* the female glory.

She was Natures faireſt Paper, not compounded of the raggs of common mortality, but ſo fearſed and refined, that it could receive no impreſſion, but that of ſpotleſs innocence. ——— *Her.*

Where ere ſhe comes, her preſence makes perpetual day.

——— They diſcovered *A.* (the rich triumph of Nature) and in her as much as the World could boaſt of.

Her eyes inviting all eyes, her lips all lips, her face Loves banquet, where ſhe riots in the moſt luxuriant feaſt of Senſe: ——— She was the model of divine Perfection.

— A flock of unſpeakable Vertues, laid up delightfully in that beſt builded fold.

In this, a very good Orator might have a fair field to uſe Eloquence.

Her eyes ſeemed a Temple, wherein Love and Beauty were married.

——— So many things united in Perfection.

She hath an eaſie melting lip, a ſpeaking eye.

*Venus* compar'd to her was but a blowz.

As you are to me a *Venus*, and ſtrike a warm flame in me; ſo you are *Diana* too, and do infuſe a chaſte, religious coldneſs. *Amorous War.*

I ſtand before you like ſtubble before a burning-glaſs, your eyes at every glance convert me into flame.

Her

Her voice was no leſs beautiful to his ears, than her goodlineſs was full of harmony to his eyes.

Thy heavenly face is my Aſtronomy, thy ſweet Vertue, my ſweet Philoſophy.

You are the Diamond of the World, the chief work of Natures workmanſhip. The pattern of perfection, and the quinteſſence of worth.

Your fair forehead is a Field, where all my fancies fight, and every hair of your head ſeems a ſtrong chain that tyes me.

You are the Ornament of the Earth, the veſſel of all Vertue.

——— With ſo gracious a countenance, as the goodneſs of her mind had long exerciſed her unto.

——— She, whoſe many excellencies won as many hearts, as ſhe had beholders; Nature making her beauty and ſhape, but the moſt fair Cabinet of a far fairer mind.

There's muſick in her ſmiles.

A mart of beauties in her viſage meet.

——— A *Woman* in whom Vertue was incorporated; goodneſs (which comes to others by ſtudy) ſeemed hers by Nature.

—You (the type of my felicity) to whom all hearts, reſpects, hopes, fears and homages are ſacrificed.

— Her countenance was too ſweet, her ſpeech too proper, her deportments too candid, to cover ſo black a miſchief.

——— She took hearts captive, and made them do vaſſalage and homage to her will.

— When they found *A.* accompanied with other Ladies, among whom her tranſcendent beauty, and incomparable vertues, made her ſhine with as much ſuperiority, as a ſtar of a greater magnitude exceeds

ceeds in ſplendor the leſs luminaries of its own Sphere.

Her hair ſeem'd to ſtand in competition with the beams of the Sun.

——She, whoſe rare qualities, whoſe courteous behaviour without curioſity; whoſe comely feature, without fault; whoſe filed ſpeech, without fraud, hath wrapped me in this misfortune. *Euphens.*

Nature framed her to be the Object of thoughts, the love of hearts, the admiration of Souls.

This is ſhe, who is ſingularly priviledged from Heaven with beauties of body, but incomparably heightned with gifts of the mind. Such is her learning, that ſhe tranſcends men in their beſt faculties.

She, —— this bright morning ſtar, always bears in the rays thereof, joy, comfort, *&c.*

She was able to enthral all hearts with ſo many ſupereminent excellencies, as Heaven had conferred upon her.

She had a ſtrong and pleaſing ſpirit, a ſolid Piety, an unwakened wiſdom, an incomparable grace to gain hearts to her devotion. *H. C.*

Nature in her promiſeth nothing but goodneſs.

He could not ſufficiently admire the vivacity of her ſpirit, the ſolidity of her judgment, the equity of her counſels, and the happineſs which ordinarily accompanied her reſolutions. *H. C.*

She gained hearts by ſweetneſs, therein imitating the Sun, which neither breaks doors nor windows to enter into houſes; but penetrates very peaceably with the benignity of his favourable beams.

The

The eye and tongue of this creature mutually divided his heart, at one and the same instant love surprized him by the eyes and ears.

Endowed with an admirable grace and singular beauty, to serve even as an Adamant to captivate hearts.

Fair as the Firmament, which we see enamelled with so many stars, that resplendently shine, as Torches lighted before the Altar of the Omnipotent.

—— She who was the Adamant of all Loves.

—— A Lady, whose eyes will make a Soldier melt, if he were composed of Marble, whose very smile hath a magnetick force to draw up souls, whose voice will charm a Satyr, and turn a mans Prayer into ambition, make a Hermit run to Hell, *&c. Grat. Servant.*

—Whose exquisite beauty was so beautified with rarest Vertues, that men honoured Nature as a God in her perfections, and held her more than a Woman in her Vertues. *Par. & Vienna.*

— She whose beauty was far fairer than the evening star, and whose Vertue was more powerful than the greatest Constellation.

The renown of her attractive Vertues, and the vertue of her moving Perfections, hath so captivated my freest thoughts, that, wondring at the Fame, I am wounded with Fancy, and my desire is ——

I would willingly here draw to the life the portraiture of this *Lady*, if my black Ink were not too unfit a colour to set forth a celestial Beauty.

You have far more Perfections than years, and more inward excellence than external beauty, yet so beautiful, as few so fair, though none more vertuous.

She

She had a mind of excellent compoſition, a piercing Wit void of Oſtentation, high erected thoughts, ſeated in a Heart of courteſie, an Eloquence as ſweet in the uttering, as ſlow to come to the uttering, a behaviour ſo noble, as gave a majeſty to adverſity. *Arcadia.*

— She's a Virgin happy in all endowments which a Poet could fancy in his Miſtreſs, being her ſelf a School of Goodneſs, where chaſte Maids may learn (without the aids of foreign Principles) by the example of her life and pureneſs, to be (as ſhe is) excellent. I but give you a brief Epitome of her Vertues, which dilated on at large, and to their merit, would make an ample ſtory.

Were all her other graces worn in Clouds, That eye, that very eye would charm a *Lucrece.*

Her name (like ſome celeſtial fire) quickens my ſpirits.

I never knew Vertue and Beauty meet in a ſweeter Nature.

Thou art a Virgin ſweet, ſo precious in thy frame, that with the cordage of thy Hair, thou mighteſt have fettered Kings. Thy voice had marr'd the beauties of the Night; when thou didſt ſing, the quiet Stars would wink and fall aſleep.

I could gaze on her, till my wonder did convert me into Marble, and yet my Soul would in her ſelf retain a fire, lively, as that which bold *Prometheus* ſtole.

*Madam!* you are ſo large a Theme to treat of, and every grace about you offers me ſuch Copy of Language, that I ſtand doubtful which firſt to touch at; if I err (as in my choice I may) let me intreat you, before I offend, to Sign my Pardon.

Whether we conſider her Face or Beauty, pleaſingneſs (that charms hearts) and ſweet majeſty hath ſpent all their riches upon her. *Ariana.*

She

She breaths forth nothing but the ſweets of Love.

The Eyes are the wonders of the Face, and dark figures of Divinity: we may call them too the Dials of Love, which faſtned on the wall of a Countenance, ſhew with the ſtile of their looks, the minutes or hours, either happy or unhappy to Lovers.

Fame, which is accuſtomed to increaſe the deſert of every thing it would commend, has been conſtrained to diminiſh yours, being impoſſible to be publiſhed according to the greatneſs of it.

It is a mark of great Vertue, not to be able to endure to be commended.

She was crown'd with a Garland of odoriferous Flowers, and her delicate Hair in treſſes, falling upon a neck of Snow, did ſet forth the beauties of this divine Face, whoſe ſplendor dazled mens eyes ſo, that there was not any one could ſupport unwounded the ſight of ſo many wonders.

Leſſer Light borrow Beams of Radiance from your greater Orb, which doth illuminate and heat our Northern Clime with Celeſtial Ardors, *H. Court.*

Her mind, beſet with thoughts clear and radiant as her own eyes; he that dares attempt the expreſſion of her internal gifts, is ignorant of her ſublimity; he who dares not, knows not her humanity, her ſweetneſs. As no ſtile can aſcend ſo high as her exalted worth, ſo on the other ſide, none can deſcend ſo low as her humility.

*Madam*, if the duty (which commands me to ſerve all Ladies) did not ordain me this obedience, your birth, and ſo many fair qualities I ſee in you, oblige me to it.

——— My eye of contemplation was fixed on this bright Sun, as long as it was able to endure the radiant

diant beams of it, whose redundant light veils the looker on with a dark mist. Sir *K. D.*

I esteem, reverence and adore you in the most secret and recluse withdrawings of my heart.

——— Her face did shine with so great evidence, as it defiled the Noon-tide Sun in its greatest brightness.

Albeit *Medea* were wicked, yet *Penelope* was peerless; If *Clytemnestra* were naught, yet *Alcestes* was passing good; If *Phædra* were damnable, yet there was another laudable. *Camb. Rem.*

——— She had the Spirit of a Man in a Feminine body.

She's a burning Mirror, in which all the beams of beauty are united.

She is the Star, by which my Fate is led.

—— Modest she was, and so lovely, that whosoever look'd but stedfastly upon her, could not but ensoul himself in her. *Feltham.*

Her eyes, swift, as the shoots of Lightning, nimbler than thought; and bright as the polish'd Diamond.

——She is so specious a glory, that though she need not the applause of any, to add to her happiness, yet she attracts the hearts of all that know her, to love, service, admiration.

All lips are opened with singular prerogatives in honour of this Lady, and are all dryed up in the abundance of her praises.

In her person alone, a plenitude of all perfections does inhabit. *H. C.*

In her, all the most delicuous attractives of beauty, and the most conspicious characters of Power, are assembled together.

This *Aglae* was a *Roman* Dame of prime quality, having a delicate Wit in a beautiful Body, and

powerful

powerful passions in a great fortune. She had been married, bnt becoming a Widow in an Age, as yet furnished with verdant freshness, grace and beauty, she had not buried all her affections in the Tomb of her Husband,

After she had a little wiped away the first tears, which Nature exacts as tribute in such like accidents, she quickly plaid so much the Courtier in her slight sorrow, that she seemed greatly to desire, as soon as might be, to finish what she had never well begun. *Holy Court.*

But by success of time she felt her passion so much enkindled towards him, that she neither thought, spake, nor liv'd, but for him.

The fair *Aretaphila* inflames all hearts with the musick of her voice; myriads of joys are in her looks, her eyes are Natures richest Diamonds, set in foils of polisht Ebony, her breath expires Odors more sweet than issued from the Trees of Balm in Paradise. *Argal. & Parth.*

——She—— upon whose meanest thoughts the art of memory's grounded, and inspires each Organ of our meditating sense with their perfections merit.

She in whom the sum and abridge of all sorts of excellencies are met, like parallels in their proper center. *Herb. Travels.*

——— Whose listning ears were well-pleased with the sweet harmony of her well-tun'd words, and whose liking eyes were ravish'd with the sight of her Perfections.

—— She —— the Ornament of the Earth, the model of Heaven, the triumph of Nature, the life of Beauty, the Queen of Love.

Her action was beautified by Nature, and apparrel'd with skill; her gesture gave such a way to her speech,

ſpeech, through the rugged Wilderneſs of his imaginations, that ——

Her voice repreſented the heavenly ſeven-ſphear'd harmony.

Such an extraordinary majeſty ſhines in all her actions, as ſurely either fortune by Parentage, or Nature in Creation hath made her. ——

Pilgrims, who come from the remoteſt Confines of the World, cannot ſee any thing in all the affluent wealth thereof, comparable to her. Inſomuch, that I wiſh all the members of my Body were changed into Tongue, and that I were nought but Voice, to be throughout the whole Univerſe, the Trumpet of her praiſes. *H. C.*

Her gracious Soul hath more Antidote in it, than all the World hath poyſon, which will therefore in her affliction make her like the Sun, which ſhews his greateſt countenance in his loweſt declenſion, and bring her out of it, like gold out of the fire, refined, not conſumed.

My Prayer ſhall be, That your Fortune may ſurmount your greatneſs, and your vertue your fortune; that your greatneſs may be above envy, your goodneſs above detraction; that your illuſtrious example may darken the Ages paſt, and lighten them to come; that you may live beloved, and die lamented; lamented by Earth, but joy'd by Heaven, *&c.*

She ſuffer'd no mutiny of Paſſions againſt Reaſon, nor of Reaſon againſt God.

She reſolved to work with perſpective Glaſſes of different, yea, and even contrary kinds; for when ſhe deſcribed her own Vertues, ſhe ſerved her ſelf of a *Diminiſhing Glaſs*, which made them ſeem ſo little, as to be no more than a kind of nothing: But on the other ſide, when ſhe gave account of her

her own Imperfections, she would by no means know them by any other name, than of *Vices* and *Sins*, because she took a *Multiplying glass* to her self, lest else those Mole-hills should not seem Mountains. Sir *Tob. Math.* in his Preface to *Teresa's* Life.

You must give me leave to adjourn you (for more ample satisfaction of this expectation) to those drops which I may perhaps both be able and willing to derive and draw out of the Sea of her perfections, *&c. Ibid.*

I shall say in very few words (by way (as it were) of antepast, till the Feast come in) that she had a heart as open as day, in the exercise of bounty; but above all things, she was so perfect a lover of Truth, that she would no more have even so much as but disguized it, and much less varied from it in the least kind, than she would have sold her self for a slave, *&c.*

Ille assure you, this *Elogium* has no more in it of the Panegyrick, than of the just praise; I am rather her Debtor than Creditor herein.

She puts that in execution, which turns Nature into admiration.

——She, whose two eyes were the Suns that ruled my day, and to whom only her absence did make night; she whose mild Vertue and beauteous looks were a soft, visible Musick, which entranc'd the lookers on, and struck harmonious raptures into every chaste soul, and instilled pure fires into every unchaste, *&c.*

A pretty Smile, made a kind of day-break in her Face.

She is wholly made of Charm.

——— She is the Star that rules my faculties.

To apparel any more in these Paper Vestments, I should multiply impertinents, and perhaps displease.

For

For I have ever found Face-commendation to die wiſdoms Cheek of a bluſh colour.

*Women* are Cordials when deſire is paſt, and Juleps while the heat continues. *Advice to a Son.*

## *Women diſcommended.*

LOoſe Women are *whoops*, proud Birds, which have nothing but creſt, and naturally delight in Ordure; they are Bats, which cannot endure one little ray of light, but ſeek to hide themſelves under the mantle of Night: they are Horſe-leeches, which draw blood from the Veins of a Houſe and State, where they exerciſe their power. They are *Syrenes* of the earth, which cauſe ſhipwracks without water: They are *Lamiæ*, who have Hoſteries of cut-throats, that kill men under pretext of good uſage. They are *Harpies*, who ſurprize even from Altars, and in the end become envenomed *Dipſades*, which enforce an enraged thirſt upon thoſe, whom they have once bitten. *Ho. Court.*

A Woman without devotion, is like a Bee without a ſting, which will neither make Hony nor Wax, is a caſe covered with precious Stones, to preſerve a Dunghil.

The Tongues of Women, are like the Bells of the Foreſt *Dodona*, which make a prodigious jangling.

O God! What a dangerous Beaſt is the ſpirit of a Woman? It is able to create as many Monſters in eſſence, as fantaſie can form in Painting.

Wit in Women is the Bawd of Vice,

No Owl will live in *Creet*: In *Rhodes* no Eagle will build her Neſt: No Wit ſpring in the Will of Women.

It is an infinite ſimplicity to commit ſecrets to a Woman, whoſe heart is as fit to keep what it ought to conceal, as a Sieve to hold Water.

——— As well may I collect the ſcattered wind into a bag, or from the watery ſurface ſcrape the gilt reflections of the Sun, as bring her heart within the quiet Liſt of Wives that will obey and love.

Inceſtuous Strumpet! more wanton than *Lamia*, more laſcivious than *Lais*, and more ſhameleſs than *Paſiphae*; whoſe life, as it has been ſhadowed with painted holineſs, ſo hath it been full of peſtilent villanies.

Her Carcaſe (a better Name I can hardly afford her out-ſide) was the in-ſide of a Sepulchre, her Head was unthatch'd as an old Parſonage, her Eyes (like lights at the laſt ſnuff, when the extinguiſher is ready to make their Epitaphs) ſunk low into their Candleſticks, her ears, now deaf, now happy, (ſuch was her Tongue) they have loſt their ſenſe, her Noſe worm'd like a piece of *Homer* of the firſt bind, offended with her breath, bowed to her Chin to dam it up; her Cheeks hol'd, as the earth in Dog-days drowth; her Lips fit to be kiſt by none but by themſelves; her Teeth rotten as her Soul, hollow as her heart, looſe as the ſhingles of an old ſilenc'd Steeple, ſcragged as a diſpark'd pale, ſtood at that diſtance one could not bite another; her Tongue, ſo weakly guarded, ſcolds like the Alarum of a Clock; her Chin was down'd with a *China* Beard of twenty Hairs; her Breaſt lank as a quick-ſand, waſted as an Hour-glaſs at the eleventh uſe; one Arm, one Leg, one Foot ſhe doff'd with day, and,

and, as a reſurrection, don'd with the morrow; her Bones (pithleſs as a Stallion for ſeven Poſterities) the ſlighteſt fears might now make rattle in her skin; her Body (waſted to no waſte, blaſted with luſt, as an Oak with Lightning) was as familiar with diſeaſes as a Phyſitian; To conclude, ſhe is odious beyond all compariſon; one ſight of her would make the heat of youth recoyle into an Infant-continence. *Heroinæ.*

The look of a laſcivious Woman is like that of a *Baſiliſk*, which kills Chaſtity by beholding it.

*Diogenes* ſnarled bitterly; when (walking with another) he ſpyed two Women talking, and ſaid, *See, the Viper and the Aſp are changing poyſon.* Feltham.

No Weather-cock under Heaven is ſo variable as an inconſtant Woman. Every breath of Wind forces her to a various ſhape: As if her Mind were ſo near a kin to Air, as it muſt with every motion, be in a perpetual change. *Idem.*

Women are Feathers blown in the bluſter of their own looſe Paſſions, and are meerly the Dalliance of the flying Winds.

There are that account Women only as Seed-plots for Poſterity, others worſe, as only quench for their fires.

Our dayly experience teacheth us, that there are Women very crafty, and ſuch as under a pure and delicate Skin, with a Tongue diſtilling Honey; often hide the Heart of a Panther, all ſpotted over with ſubtilty, as the skin of this Beaſt with diverſity of colours. *H Court.*

——— Women are more inconſtant than light Whirl-winds: truſt the Sea with Feathers, or *March* winds with Duſt rather, and let their Words, Oaths, Tears, Vows, paſs as words

in water writ, or ſlippery Glaſs, *Arg. & Parth.*

No Hell ſo low which Luſt and Women cannot lead unto.

Her Tongue is like the ſting of a Scorpion.

A Woman is the unneceſſary Parentheſis of Nature.

## *World.*

THE word (*World*) called in the Greek Κόσμος, ſignifies as much as Ornament, or a well-diſpoſed order of things.

The exterior luſtre of the *world*, is but a Cloud in Painting, a petty vapor of water, a Fable of time, a Dyal, *&c.*

He that will now adays live in the *world*, muſt have a vail over his Eyes, a key on his Ear, a compaſs on his Lips.

This *world* is a Chain, which fetters men to the Devil: but Repentance is the Hand which lifts men up to God.

He that is enamoured of the *world*, is like one that enters into the Sea; for if he eſcape perils, men will ſay he is fortunate; but if he periſh, they will ſay he is wilfully deceived.

If it be needful to ſhew your ſelf to the *world*, be then known by your Vertues, which are characters of the Divinity. Let men know you by your good examples, which are the ſeeds of Etetnity, and of all fair actions. *Sir B. B.*

I have ever thought the proſperity of the *world* was a current of freſh water, which looks not back on any thing, but haſtens to pour it ſelf into the ſalt Sea. *H. C.*

The

The *World*'s a Theatre of Theft, great Rivers rob the ſmaller Brooks, and them the Ocean.

## *Youth.*

I Have throughly ſifted the Diſpoſition of *Youth*, wherein I have found more Bran than Meal, more Dough than Leven, more Rage than Reaſon.

Wine, Love, Play, Raſhneſs were the Chariot which drew his *youth* to downfal.

—— Conſtrained to obey the tranſport of youthful fancies.

Let me call to mind all the violent pleaſures of my heady *youth*; let me ſum up their extent according to thoſe deceitful meaſures I then rated happineſs by; let me in my fancy chew over again the exceſſive good I then fondly imagined in them: And to all this let me add as much more joy and felicity, as, in my weak thoughts I am able to fathom, or but aim at; and then let me ſay, (and with rigorous truth I ſhall ſay it) all this exceſs of bliſs will be reſumed, will be enjoyed to the full in one indiviſible moment, of that bliſs, which a well paſſed life in this world, ſhall bring me to in the next. Sir K. *D. in his Treatiſe of Bodies.*

—— So as whoſoever he be, to whom Fortune hath been a ſervant, and the times a friend, let him but take the account of his memory (for we have no other keeper of our pleaſures paſt) and truly examine what he hath reſerved, either of Beauty or Youth, or foregone delights; what it hath ſaved, that might laſt, of his deareſt affection, or

of what ever elſe the amorous Spring-time gave his thoughts of contentment, then unvaluable; and he ſhall find that all the Art which the elder years have, can draw no other vapors out of theſe diſſolutions, than heavy, ſecret, and ſad ſighs.

He ſhall find nothing remaining but thoſe ſorrows which grow up after our faſt ſpringing youth, overtake it, when it is at a ſtand, and overtop it utterly, when it begins to wither, *&c.* Sir *Walt. Rawl. in Preface.*

The Harveſt of his ſins yielded him now more increaſe of woes, than the luſts of his *youth* afforded him pleaſure.

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## *Zeal.*

ZEal is the pious madneſs of the mind. *Royal Mar.*

*Zeal* was the flint, and ambition the ſteel, out of which the ſparks of Rebellion have in our *days kindled the moſt Fatal* miſchiefs.

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Formulæ

# FORMULÆ MINORES,

## OR

# *LESSER FORMS*

## For Stile or Speech.

——HE, having waded thus far into the depth of his awaked intentions, thought good to ſound the Foord at full, by——

He took opportunity by the fore-part; and (impriſoning his worthy reſolution within the Cloſet of his ſecret thoughts) did——

He ſummon'd his Wits together, and ſet them all on the Rack of Invention.

Violent ſtreams being once run out, the mud will appear in the bottom.

——Doubt (the Herſe of my deſires.)——

To Seal the Deed of my purchaſed favour, is the *Gordian* Knot I moſt wiſh to unloole.

——Who (during theſe tempeſtuous ſtorms) lay at Anchor in his own private Harbor.

To weave the Web of his own woe, and ſpin the Thred of his own thraldom.

I wiſh he would repair hither, that the ſight of

him mitigate ſome part of my Martyrdom.

Aſſure your ſelf, I'le be your Finger next your Thumb.

He erected Trophies of his own diſhonour, and covered his Ulcer with a golden Veil.

——— Like *Elias*'s Chariot, all flaming with Glory.

O that the Odors of my Sacrifices might aſcend even to thy Altars!

Your mind's a ſhop, where all good reſolutions are forg'd.

Our underſtanding is the ſteel, and our will the flint-ſtone: as ſoon as they touch one another, we ſee the ſparks of holy affection flie out.

——— It bloometh in the eyes, that it may at leaſure bloſſom in the heart.

That I may ſee ſome ſparkles of hope glimmer in my affairs.

To gnaw the bridle of your impatience.

He felt fiery Arrows flie from her eyes, ſo ſharp, that they transfixed his heart with compaſſion.

Love, Anger, Jealouſie, Suſpition, drew him with four Horſes.

——— As innocently ſpoken, as treacherouſly interpreted.

They murmured, as do the Waves of a mutinous Sea.

Exerciſe the vivacity of your Wit.

In a vaſt Ocean of Affairs, he hath liv'd as fiſhes, who keep ſilence within the loud noiſe of waves, and preſerve their plump ſubſtance freſh in the brackiſh waters.

He ſheltered himſelf with ſubtilties, as a Hedg-hog with his Quils.

To behold (as in the Glaſs of a bright Mirror) on the one ſide——on the other ——

As

As ſoon as break of day drew the Curtain of Heaven ——

Virginity is as redolent Balm, which aſcends to Heaven in a perpetual ſacrifice.

Religion is the Hive, where the honey of good Doctrine is made.

He put them in the furnace of Tribulation to purifie them.

O what may depraved Love do, ſince ſincere Amity cannot avoid ſuſpition.

—— Comforted with the ſweet rays of this bright day-break.

—— Which hath been ſufficiently declared by the ſequel of his deportments.

She had not ſo much Honey, but withal a ſting.

—— He ſo breathed the air of ambition, that —

To as little purpoſe, as to caſt chains into the Sea, to tye the Ocean in fetters.

It was but duſt he bare in his hands, blown away by the wind of preſumption.

She ſent it as an earneſt of her Command.

—— He returned amply laden with victorious Palms.

—— He went daily hunting after change, in the infinity of forbidden Love.

I ſhall offer my homage at your Altar.

Ponds that are ſeldom ſcoured, will eaſily gather mud; So ——

Your heart is the Altar of Love, and ſeat of Friendſhip.

Upon my Virgin-heart I'le build a flaming Altar to offer up a thankful ſacrifice for his return.

My heart ſhall know no other Love but his.

Let *Venus* ſpeed his Plow.

He received it at her hands with more content than *Paphus* Queen did the golden fruit.

Let patience conduct thee out of this ſtormy Sea into a more quiet Port.

How canſt thou be a ſtranger to my purpoſes, that art the Treaſurer of my ſecrets?

That I may diſperſe thoſe terrifying clouds, which threaten ſhipwrack to my deſires.

To feaſt his eyes, and paradiſe his heart with the beloved ſight of his all-admired and affected Miſtreſs.

His muddy clouded affection eclipſed the Sunſhine of her more glorious worth.

Caſting his eye (the Meſſenger of his heart) upon ———

Seeſt not thou thoſe Trophies erected in his honor, and his honor ſhining in theſe Trophies?

In vain it is to water the Plant, the Root being periſhed: or to ———

I here vow to repay the debt of my error, with the intereſt of all my endeavours.

——— I will not adventure my fortune upon the Rock of this hazard.

My buſineſs (*Lady*) is your will; my ſuit, your ſervice; your ſervice, my chief deſire; and my deſire, your favourable countenance.

Your ſuit ſhall not be non-ſuit.

They knit two hearts in one, and parted one will in two, and ſo departed.

During theſe *Halcyon* days, ———

He ſailed in a ſhip without a ſtern.

Happy in my ſelf, becauſe happy in you.

—— Sailing with as many contrary thoughts, as *Æolus* ſent out winds upon the *Trojan* Fleet.

He ſaw the Cloud afar off, before the ſtorm fell.

She

She (great with child with the expectation of her friends welfare) longed to be delivered with the notice of his health.

I cannot use many words, where every word wounds me with a new careful conceit, and every conceit kills me with a fearful doubt.

He set up the Main-sail of his obscured glory, in the wind of her Mill.

Who (smoothing the angry furrows of his discontentment) seemed ——

She gave fire to his fancy.

What ominous Cloud shadows the brightness of this second Sun, that she appears not in her all admired glory.

—— —— His wasted words dyed in their own sound, and all his expectations were utterly shipwrack'd.

—— She gave fuel to his inraged Will, and blew the coals of his displeasure.

Her restraint is (I fear) like fire raked up in embers, that covertly will kindle, and openly burst forth into a flame.

—— He (whose senses held now a Synod) was driven to such an exigent, that (not knowing how to avoid the *Check* without a *Mate*) was perforce forced to ——

My fortunes admit of no such Soveraignty.

—— Whose swelling with ireful disdain (like the disturbed Ocean) breathed out direful revenge.

—— He craved pardon till the infancy of his weak merit were grown stronger in better deserts.

That I write to thee, may be thy glory; and that I love thee let it be thy happiness.

If thou wilt live like the King of Bees, seek honey at my hive.

Drown

——— Drowning the late flowing ſtreams of his gotten glory in the full Sea of his preter hard-haps.

His unwiſhed preſence gave my tale a concluſion before it had a beginnirg.

I would her injury could blot out my affection, or my affection forget her injury.

Reverence and deſire did ſo divide him, that he did at one inſtant both bluſh and quake.

——— Unſealing his long ſilent lips ———

Happy in wanting little, becauſe not deſirous of much.

His countenance with ſilent Eloquence, deſired it modeſtly.

Beyond the degree of ridiculous.

But I fear I have given your ears too great a ſurfeit with the groſs diſcourſe of that ———

Reſtraint of liberty cauſeth more increaſe of that evil, for which they are ſo kept under, than otherwiſe: See whether a Dog grow not fiercer with tying.

There is nothing ſo certain as our continual incertainty.

While there is hope left, let not the weakneſs of ſorrow make the ſtrength of it languiſh.

More determinate to do, than skilful how to doe.

Under the leave of your better judgment, I muſt ſay thus much ———.

About the time that Candles begin to inherit the Suns Office.

Sometimes he thought one thing, ſometimes another; but the more he thought, the more he knew not what to think, armies of Objections riſing againſt any accepted Opinion.

——— Actions worthy to be regiſtred in the Rolls of Fame.

Occaſions

Occaſions try'd him, and all occaſions were but ſteps for him to climb Fame by.

——— To looſe the reins to his own motions.

——— My ſelf am witneſs againſt my ſelf of my own imperfections, and therefore will not defend them in me.

To a heart fully reſolute, counſel is tedious, but reprehenſion is loathſom.

——— And thus have you heard my Comedy, acted by my ſelf.

To you will I repair, becauſe as my fortune either ebbs or flows, amends or impairs, I may declare it unto you.

——— Time at one inſtant ſeeming both ſhort and long; ſhort in the pleaſingneſs in calling to mind, long in the ſtay of his deſires.

He talked with ſuch vehemency of Paſſion, as though his heart could climb up into his Mouth to take his Tongues Office.

Upon what Bryers the fruits he laboured for grew.

Idleneſs is an Ant-heap of ſins.

But alas, how can ſpeech produce belief in him, whom ſight cannot perſwade?

I refuſe not to make my life a ſacrifice to your wrath.

Exerciſe your indignation upon me.

If your Occaſions can make uſe of my beſt endeavours, the employment ſhall be a favour.

The haſte of the hearer, admits no further liberty to proceed.

Your deſire is with me an abſolute Command.

Thus far hath your Command and my duty led me.

There is no man can better witneſs it than my ſelf, whoſe experience, is grounded upon trial.

I have left nothing unſaid, which inquiry could make me know, or your command required of my duty.

Give me leave to digreſs a little.

I offer my weak and imperfect lines at the Altar of your favour.

——— Rapt with the wonder of your Vertues.

Silent admiration was the ſole Orator of my affection.

——— Under the ſhadow of your favour,

How much thoſe lines (ſweetened with your Character) have tranſported me, my endeareſt thoughts cannot impart unto you.

Be it your goodneſs to believe me, I will ſooner ceaſe to live, than———

——— Him, who will hold himſelf unworthy of that life, which ſhall not be employed to ſerve you.

Your zeal to goodneſs aſſures me.

No line can limit my love, no diſtance divide my heart.

——— She appeared an Adamant to my fancy.

As thoſe eaſie errors (which too deſervingly bred your diſtaſte) may be redeemed by a ſurpluſage of content.

Be it your Piety to have Mercy.

Thou bringeſt herbs to *Farak*. i. *Coals to Newcaſtle.*

Lines cannot bluſh; ſo as modeſty admits a freedom to my Pen, which would be taxed immodeſty being delivered by the Tongue.

She made me (though moſt unworthy) the maſter of her deſires, that was, and ſtill am, a Servant to her will.

——— He (whoſe ſmalleſt ſails of hope, the leaſt winds did blow)———

After

—After he had ſtretch'd and tentred his wit, and ſet all poſſibilities on the rack of his invention.

And longer may not I enjoy what I now poſſeſs, than ſhall you find my Promiſes full laden with rich performances.

As I only breath by your favour, and live through your Love; ſo will I ever owe you fealty for the one, and ſtill do you homage for the other.

He read her diſcontentment in the deep Characters of her face.

The angry Ocean ſwelled not, as he ſeemed to ſtorm.

The imperious Miſtris of my enthralled heart.

To impriſon in ſilence.

How great ſoever my buſineſs be, it ſhall willingly yield to ſo noble a cauſe.

At that time (when he thought the ſhip of his good fortune ſailed with a proſperous wind towards the deſired Port) a contrary chance raiſed up, in this calm Sea, ſuch a tempeſtuous ſtorm, that he feared a thouſand times to ſee it ſink.

——— She, who till then ſeemed to be a Miracle of Beauty, did now appear to be a monſter of uglineſs.

If you will raiſe me to that height of happineſs.

They gave him the *Parabien* of his ſafe arrival.

Vouchſafe me your pardon for preſuming, and your patience in accepting at my hands this ——

——— This partly (if the great arrerage of duty and thankfulneſs I owe you, challenge not priority) hath moved me to preſent ———

I dare not give ſail into the Ocean of your vaſt ſoul

ſoul, which is capable of all things from the higheſt to the loweſt in Perfection.

Like a man whoſe heart diſdained all deſires but one.

Which Authority (too great a ſail for ſo ſmall a Boat) did.

He made his eyes quick Meſſengers to his mind.

Betwixt her breaſts (which ſweetly roſe up like two fair Mountains in the pleaſant valley of *Tempe*) there hung ——

At which the Clouds of my Thoughts quite vaniſhed.

Bluſhing like a fair Morning in *May*.

Do you not ſee that this is a ſallet of Wormwood, while mine eyes feed upon the *Ambroſia* of your beauty?

Here I make a full point of a hearty ſigh.

This Promiſe bound him Prentice.

He thought ſo much of, —— that all other matters were but digreſſions to him.

(Not ſpoken by Ceremony, but by Truth)——

I am too unfit a Veſſel, in whom ſo high thoughts ſhould be engraven.

Thus was the Riches of the time ſpent.

Deſpair is the bellows of my Affection.

—— As if his motions were chain'd to her look.

—— Whoſe name was ſweetened by your breath.

Moſt bleſſed Paper, which ſhall kiſs that hand, whereto all bleſſedneſs is in Nature a ſervant, do not ——

(Beautifying her face with a ſweet ſmile.)

—— Humbly beſought her to keep her ſpeech for a while within the Paradiſe of her mind.

The diſaſter of Fools is a reward for the circumſpection of the wiſe.

If

If in my desire I wish, or in my hopes aspire, or in my imagination feign to my self any thing ——

—— With all the conjuring words which desire could endite, and Authority utter.

( A new swarm of thoughts stinging her mind )

Vouchsafe ( only height of my hope ) to ——

I desire that my desire may be weighed in the ballances of Honor, and let Vertue hold them.

—— More or less according as the Ague of her Passion was either in the fit or intermission.

His sports were such as carried Riches of knowledg upon the stream of delight.

Then she began to display the storehouse of her desires.

—— Perceiving the flood of her fury began to ebb, he thought it policy to take the first of the Tide, ——

—— ( Making vehement countenances the Ushers of his speech ) began ——

Hide my fault in your mercy.

I'le centinel your safety.

Your words to me are Acts, your Promises are Deeds.

You wrap me up with Wonder.

Can your Belief lay hold on such a Miracle ?

Her mind ( being an apt matter to receive what form his amplifying speeches would lay upon it ) danced so pretty a measure to his false musick, that ——

—— Clouded with Passion.

Never did Pen more quakingly perform his Office, never was Paper more doubly moistened with Ink and Tears, never words more slowly married together ——

Fearing how to end, before he had resolved how to begin ——

Having

——— Having the cold ashes of care cast upon the coals of his desire.

——— House. The seat Nature bestowed, but Art gave the building.

It was hard to say, whether pity of the one, or revenge against the other, held as then the soveraignty in his Passions.

——— 'Twas a Magnes stone to his courage.

His arm no ofter gave blows, than the blows gave wounds, than the wounds gave death.

——— Her hand (one of the chiefest of *Cupids* firebrands)——

By the foolish idolatry of Affection —

(When the Morning had won the Field of darkness.)

I'le sooner trust a *Sinon*.

'Tis now about the noon of Night.

(Too mean a shrine for such a relique) ——

——— Carried by the Tide of his imaginations—

But when her breath broke the Prison of her fair lips, and brought Memory (with his servant senses) to his natural Office, then ——

I pray God make my memory able to contain the treasure of his wise speech ——

Her Arms and her Tongue (Rivals in kindness) embracing ——

Whilst the Roses of his Lips made a Flower of Affection with the Lillies of her hands.

Your will (Directress of my destiny) is to me a Law, yea, an Oracle.

She incorporated her hand with his.

Then (as after a great tempest) the skie of her countenance cleared.

As in a clear Mirror of sincere good will, he saw a lively Picture of his own gladness.

——— My mind (as yet a Prentice in the painful

ſul myſtery of Paſſions) brought me into a new traverſe of my thoughts.

I have not language enough to fathom the depth of your Vertues.

I'le rear a *Pyramis* to your memory.

My want of Power to ſatisfie ſo great a Debt, makes me accuſe my fortunes.

Such endearments will too much impoveriſh my gratitude.

How can I commit a ſacriledge againſt the ſweet Saint that lives in my inmoſt Temple?

I am too weak a band to tie ſo heavenly a knot.

The greatneſs of the benefit goes beyond all meaſure of thanks.

While ſhe ſpake, the quinteſſence of each word diſtilled down into his affected ſoul.

Departing he bequeathed by a Will of words, ſealed with many kiſſes, a full gift of all his love and life to ——

Having with a pretty paleneſs (which left milky lines upon her Roſie Cheeks) paid a little duty to humane fear ——

—— You, whom I have cauſe to hate, before I have means to know.

I will not die in debt to my own duty.

——She, in whom Nature hath accompliſh'd ſo much, that ——

Imagine, vouchſafe to imagine ——

His fault found an eaſie Pardon at the Tribunal, he appealed to ——

O my Dear, —— ! ſaid ſhe, and then kiſt him, as loth to leave ſo perfect a ſentence without a *Comma*.

—— Dearly purchaſing the little eaſe of my body with the afflictions of my mind.

I am not *Oedipus* enough to understand you.

All things lie level to your wishes.

They began to imp the wings of time, with the Feathers of several Recreations.

——— When my wishes be at Anchor in so secure a Haven.

You are the Life and Being of what I only esteem happy.

(For the Heavens had made this the Rendezvouz where his misfortunes should meet)

——— It is a fit soyl for Praise to dwell upon.

Thus great with Child to speak ———

You (the Secretary of all my thoughts)

——— Which (as the Pole-star) is ever in motion, but never setteth.

—— This is no Benefice, but a Malefice, a golden snare, a Carcanet of *Medæa*, a *Trojan* Horse, which will produce Arms:

He went like a Torrent, whither Passion transported him, and where the blast of Ambition breathed.

——— More fruitful in strong imaginations, than religious in choice of words, and polished in Periods.

Your words are full of cunning, your cunning of Promises, your Promises of wind.

He is a *Phaeton* of Pride.

I'le bosom what I think.

She was the Object of his thoughts, the entertainment of his Discourse, the contentment of his Heart.

My happiness being in the Wane, or my misfortune growing towards the Full.

From a Window he sent his soul unto me by his Eyes ———.

I remain impossibilited to do otherwise than ——

That

That ſo I may be raiſed from the ground of my miſery, to the heaven of my deſire.

—Eſteeming more this inſtant of glory which I enjoy in ſeeing you, than any other happi[illegible], ſaving that which is Eternal.

To deny me this favour, and give me my death, is one and the ſame thing.

To wander in the *American* and untravell'd parts of Truth.

He led our expectation into thoughts of great relief.

Whetting his tender wit upon the ſandy ſtone of her edging importunity ——

Let purpoſe be made ſervant to more apt opportunity.

—— Him, with whom compar'd, I am leſs than a ſhadow.

—— If I ſhould expatiate upon this Subject, I could not be held a flatterer, but rather a Suffragan to Truth.

The only Quinteſſence, that hitherto the Alchymie of wit could draw out of ——

— But then, as though he had been ſuddenly raviſh'd with divine affliation, and ſtruck into a tranſport, he ſwears ——

We utterly condemn and renounce (as *Atalanta's* Apple, which retards the Race) that unſeaſonable and childiſh humour of accelerating early pledges of new works. *Bacon.*

— Rendred in an equal felicity of expreſſion, to—

It comes in, but *Ex obliquo* ——

— He died (*Sicca morte*) his own natural death.

— Forcibly carry'd away (I know not by what Fate, againſt the bent of my own *Genius*) to ——

Fortune hath ſomewhat of the nature of a Woman, if ſhe be too much Woo'd, ſhe is the further off.

You

You out-shot me in my own Bow.

Many strange and absurd imaginations came into his mind, and peopled his brain.

Pass in my rude expressions, extorted from me by the nature of the matter.

— This is indeed a service, whereunto I acknowledge my self able to bring more zeal and good affection, than any other abilities.

( Till these late years of frenzy )—

So we may both renew the fault passed, and with the same diligence, provide against future inconveniencies.

That every one may understand I seek not to balk any thing by silence, or to cloud any thing by words. *Bacon.*

Your bounty ( like a new Spring ) has reviv'd the Autumn of my years.

— It took me up little more time, than Nature uses to bestow in the production of a Mushrome, a day and a night ——

—— When this succeeded not, I travelled in my mind over —

Thus like *Noah's Dove*, wearying my self with flying up and down, and finding no rest for the sole of my foot, I was at last forced to —

What a world of inavoidable inconveniencies did presently throng into my understanding !

To bury a Fly in a Sepulchre of Amber.

My desire to see took away my sight, as it fares with those who are suddenly taken with a killing beauty, or gaze upon the Sun. *Herb. Travels.*

— I plead guilty to unworthiness, and all the imperfections you can throw upon youth or haste.

None can think so ill of me, as I do of my self, the rather, that your pardon may flow freely, and work a kind of miracle upon me, in raising my dead thoughts to life.

——Disco.

—— discovering my self nakedly, to my very thoughts.

Be pleased therefore with your natural benignity, to admit into your peaceful solitude this—— a blessing, which the Author (alas!) dares not promise to himself, since by himself he is judged unworthy, and by others incapable of it. *Cressy.*

I'le rather doubt an Oracle, than question what you deliver.

I will lead you through no more extravagancies, lest your intreated patience turn into exotick Passion. *Herb. Trav.*

You have endeavoured to make *A.* the Foyl, that should set off your brightness, and yet you prove but the cloud that darkens her light.

To sail in the *Ægean Sea.* i. *to be incumbred with difficulties.*

He (being a man of an early, as well as of an implacable malice) did——

*A.* was an Actor in that Tragedy, yet laid the blame on *B.* as the Cuckow lays her brood in other nests.

I will at length put an end to this tedious (but that it is so necessary) a discourse——

This (if passion and interest do not interpose) will satisfie——

In the strength of this well-meaning, and holy kind of Error, which he incur'd (if any error may well deserve so indulgent a name) he did——

—— Driven too too hastily on by the impulse of a kind of inordinate humility. Sir *Tob. Mat.*

This, which I promise shall be performed (upon the price of being otherwise accounted an Infidel)——

Let me thrive as my intents are honest.

When I compared that kind of descant with my plain song, I found ——

Such

Such, who have been caſt over-board from Grace, into the ſtorm and tempeſt of a ſinful life, may yet, *&c.*

Intellectuals and Morals, I count but as the ſimples of the Soul.

—To ſuch (if any be) I heartily wiſh a *procul ite.*

In theſe times (wherein the Tongue and Preſs aſſume ſo luxurious a latitude)——

He came (as the *Italian* ſays) *à buóna luna,* in a good hour, or happy time.

A *Cavallo, A Cavallo.* In Poſt haſte.

Give me leave to fear (and I heartily wiſh it may be a cauſleſs and miſtaken fear) that——

For diviſions (I ſpeak it with depth of ſadneſs) he need not——

—— Taking this reſult of—as an Opiate to allay the fumes of all our Diſtempers. *Montagu.*

——— Carried away with the Whirl-wind of Ambition.

It did (after the manner of the *Tartar*'s Bow) ſhoot back from whence it came. *Bacon.*

The amazed Sun hid his Face behind a Maſk of Clouds.

Be not too indulgent to your folly.

I cannot cloath my thoughts in better Language.

The Nights black mantle over-ſpreads the ſky.

Your language is more dubious than an Oracle.

——— Then, when the Morns fair Cheek had not yet loſt her Tears.

Words are airy ſhades: they are deeds that pleaſe.

Your heart is not confederate with your tongue.

Night clad in black, mourns for the loſs of Day.

The Face is the Index of the Mind.

I am but Coffin to my cares.

As not by my aſſent, ſo neither by my ſilence, muſt I have any hand in the Midwifery of ſo monſtrous productiors.

I will out-toyl the day for your content.

I liſtned for that ſtring, and you have touch'd it.

——— (Affairs being drawn to the very dregs of malice.) ———

They are divided to ſo high a Rivalry, as——

By exquiſite methods of cunning and cruelty, I muſt be compelled firſt to follow the Funerals of my honour, and then be deſtroyed. *Icon Baſil.*

I am content ſo much of my heart ſhould be diſcovered to the world, without any of thoſe dreſſes or popular captations, which ſome men uſe in their Speeches and Expreſſes.

The higheſt Tyde of ſucceſs ſet me not above a Treaty, nor the loweſt Ebb below a Fight.

A little leven of new diſtaſte, doth commonly ſowre the whole lump of former merits. *Bacon's Hen. 7.*

Theſe lines (the weak and feminine iſſue of my ſick and diſtempered age.) ———

But above all remember (and let this be ſtill riveted in your thoughts) the time ———

A Chriſtian mans care ought to begin and end in the circle of himſelf ——— *Tu tibi primus & ultimus.*

Give me leave to unbreaſt the ſecrets of my thoughts to you.

He undertakes to correct the *Magnificat.*

——— The Fates of whoſe Houſe they ſeem with great affection to eſpouſe, and think with their bladders to buoy up his ſinking Ship.

With unbluſhing importunity.

Sooner ſhall the Seas ebbing and flowing

forſake the Moons courſe, then ——

But (the better to enliven our Diſcourſe with Examples.)

My underſtanding's not ſo fraught with prejudice, nor acquainted with uncouth evaſions, as to ——

—— The Trees are widowed of their leaves.

—— That Ember-week-face of thine.

—— Paſſed over, like great King *Xerxes* in a Sculler.

Thou bringeſt ſtraw to *Aphraim*.

To doubt of —— is an effeminacy of belief.

*Ex abundanti amoris* out of the ſurpluſage of love.

—— Sucking her ſweet breath, determined in himſelf there had been no life to a Chameleons, if he might be ſuffered to enjoy that food.

A little wealth ſhall ſuffice, to put me in ſafeguard againſt the accidents of a neceſſitous life.

Surfetting in the pride of his full content.)

If I ſatisfie you, I ſatisfie my ſelf, deſiring the one, becauſe I wiſh for the other.

The Promiſe is great, but the performance ſhall be no leſs.

His rudeneſs was interpreted plainneſs, though there be great difference between them.

I will not leave a mark in my ſelf of an unredeemable treſpaſs.

I, with as much confidence as neceſſity, flie to you, who have always had your determinations bounded with equity.

The abortive iſſue of my Wit. ——

—— That moves not within the Zodiack of my expectation.

It hath turn'd my Cordials into Corroſives.

—— Seeing the glory of the Sun to obſcure the leſſer Lamps of her reputation.

—— Which alone was the center of her felicity.

—— Sealed by your ſolemn Proteſtation, which is the *non ultra* of aſſurance.

This

This is a Syllogism of the fourth Figure; absurd and ridiculous.

Get thee to bed, the casements of thine Eyes are shut, imprisoning their dear light.

Heaven has made your memory too humble; thus to record your creature service.

—— Protesting that the period of his obedience, should be the end of his life.

—— Which the unseasonable sins of these seasons, make so seasonable.

——— Men, who leave the Fountains of the living waters, and take themselves to Cisterns of their own digging.

I have by diligent search found out *Ariadne*'s thred, to wind you out of the perplexed Mazes of a subtil *Dædalus*.

— Your eyes (though now perhaps dimm'd with ignorance, or blood-shotten with Passion) shall plainly discern ———

— He left the rude lump of his begun Projects to be licked over with the industry of ———

I have Sacred this Offertory of my thoughts to you.

———Persons, whom the conscience of their guilt hurries on to despair.

If the happy *Dæmon* of *Ulysses* direct not the wandring Planet of my Wit within the decent Orb of wisdom (my stammering Pen seeming far over-gone with superfluity of phrase) yet ———

——— As delightful, as the delays of parting Lovers. *Gondibert.*

Many Months are now past, since my heart hath increased the number of your Vassals. *Strat.*

I speak this, but *en passant.*

To finish the Sacrifice of your intemperate cruelty.

——My Pen hath been redundant, as to due measure, but very ſcanty as to matter.

When corruption of manners had raviſh'd away the worlds virginity, and turn'd men from fervently devout into a churliſh and penurious tepidity; then was it that ——

Though your goodneſs rejects no emanation of a great affection, yet——

——Which are the *Paſſe-temps* of your ſevereſt hours.

——I had rather your Vertue ſhould bluſh, than my unthankfulneſs make me aſhamed. Dr. *Taylor.*

——There's a Power in your acceptance to make plainneſs a faſhion ——

I am ready to receive Law from you, whenſoever by the leaſt Syllable of your bleſſed Lips, or Pen, you ſhall pleaſe to impoſe it.

——At ſuch time as your ſilent authority gave me leave to want better employment, this trifle (which now begs to live a Shrub under the ſecure ſhade of your Patronage) was ſin'd into Engliſh. *Hymens Præludia.*

——Let any man (who had not his ſenſes ſodden in *Trapezuntius* his temper) Judge ——

——'Twas at the dawning of the Morn, about that mongrel hour, which gotten betwixt night and day, is half an *Ethiop* and half white, *Paſtor Fido.*

I ſling my ſtone at this Giant, and I hope, hit him.

I muſt crave leave herein to be delivered of a boldneſs, wherewith my Pen is in travel.

INSTRU-

# INSTRUCTIONS FOR Writing and Addreſſing LETTERS.

IN writing Letters there may be four things regarded: The *Invention*, the *Faſhion*, or inditing (as we call it,) the *Hand-writing*, and the *Orthographie*; though the two firſt are moſt conſiderable.

*Invention* ariſeth from your buſineſs, whereof there can be no Rules of more certainty, or Precepts of better Direction given, than conjecture may lay down of the ſeveral occaſions of mens particular lives and vocations. But ſometimes men make buſineſs of kindneſs; As, *I could not ſatisfie my ſelf, till I had diſcharged my remembrance, and charged my Letters with commendations to you: My buſineſs is no other, but to teſtifie my love to you, and to put you in mind of my willingneſs to do you any ſervice*: Or, *have you leiſure to deſcend to the remembrance of that aſſurance you have long had in me; and upon your next opportunity to make me happy with any employment, you ſhall aſſign me, &c.* Or ſuch like words, which go a begging for ſome meaning and labour to be delivered of the great Burthen, Nothing.

When you have invented, if your buſineſs be matter, and not bare form; not meer ceremony, but of ſome concern: Then you are to proceed to the ordering it, and digeſting the parts, which is ſought out of two circumſtances: One is the underſtanding of the perſon to whom your write; the other is the coherence of the matter: For mens capacity and delight, you are to weigh what will be apprehended firſt with greateſt attention and pleaſure, what next regarded and longed for eſpecially, and what laſt will leave moſt ſatisfaction, and as it were, the ſweeteſt reliſh and memorial of all that is paſt in his underſtanding to whom you write.

For the conſequence of Sentences, you muſt ſee that every clauſe do as it were give the cue to the other, and ſeem to be ſpoken ere it came; Order and coherence in writing being that fire of *Prometheus*, without which all our works would appear inanimate.

Now for *Faſhion*, it conſiſts in four qualities of your Stile. The firſt is *Brevity*, For Letters muſt not be Treatiſes or Diſcourſes, except it be among learned men, and even with thoſe there is a kind of thrift and ſaving of words. You are therefore to examine the cleareſt paſſages of your underſtanding, and through them convey the ſweeteſt & moſt ſignificant *Engliſh* words you can deviſe, that you may the eaſier teach them the readieſt way to another mans fancy, and to pen it fully, ſmoothly, and diſtinctly; ſo as the Reader may not think a ſecond view caſt away upon your Letters. In effect, the goodneſs of words is, as the foundation of all *Eloquence*, and he ſaid well, who compared them to garments, that were invented for neceſſity, yet did alſo ſerve for Ornament.

But though *reſpect* be a part after this, yet muſt

there remember it. If you write to a perſon, with whoſe condition and humor you are well acquainted, you may be the bolder to ſet a Task to his Brain. If to your Superior, you are bound to meaſure in him three further Points: Firſt, your *Intereſt* in him: Secondly, his *Capacity* of your Letters: Thirdly, his *Leaſure* to peruſe them. For your *Intereſt* or favour with him, you are to be the ſhorter or longer, more familiar or ſubmiſs, as he will afford you time. For his *Capacity*, you are to be quainter, or fuller of thoſe reaches or glances of Wit or Learning, according to his comprehenſion. For his *Leiſure*, you are commanded to the greater brevity, as his place is of greater diſcharges and cares. With your betters, you are not to put Riddles of Wit, by being too niggardly of your words, nor to cauſe the trouble of making Breviats, by writing too copiouſly, or waſtingly.

*Brevity* is commonly attain'd by avoiding idle Complements, Prefaces, Proteſtations, long Parentheſes, Supplications, wanton Circuits of Figures and Digreſſions, by Compoſition, omitting Conjunctions, *Not only but alſo, the one and the other, whereby it comes to paſs*, &c. and ſuch like Particles, that have no great buſineſs in a ſerious Letter; by breaking off Sentences; as oftentimes a ſhort journey is made long by many Baits. But as *Quintilian* ſaith, There is a briefneſs of the parts ſometimes, that makes the whole long; As, *I came to the Stairs, I took a pair of Oares, they lanched out, Rowed apace, I landed at* Weſtminſter, *I paid my Fare, went to the Parliament Houſe, asked for a Member, I was admitted.* All, this is, but *I went to* Weſtminſter *and ſpake with my Friend.*

Under this Notion ſomewhat may be ſaid

of *Periods*, which ought not to be too long, nor yet too ſhort. *QUO MAGIS VIRTUS EO MAGIS MEDIETAS.* All Vertue conſiſts in a certain Geometrical mediocrity, equally diſtant from exceſs and default. Some Writers have preſcribed a *Period* not to exceed that length which a man may well pronounce in a breath. There ought likewiſe to be a ſpecial regard had to the cadence of words, that the whole contexture of the *Period* may yield a certain kind of harmony to the ear; for *Longinus* ſays, *The true ſounds and tones of Periods may be compared to a great Feaſt made up of many Diſhes.*

The next property of Epiſtolary Style, is, *Perſpicuity*, which is not ſeldom endangered by the former quality. *Brevity*, oftentimes by affectation of ſome Wit, or oſtentation of ſome hidden terms of Art, is ill angled for; few words darken ſpeech, and ſo do too many; as well too much light hurts the eyes, as too little; and a long Bill of *Chancery* confounds the underſtanding as much as the ſhorteſt Note. Therefore let not your Letter be pen'd like an *Engliſh Statute*, and be ſure to avoid fungous words, and empty inflations; which may beſt be done by conſidering your buſineſs, and diſtinctly underſtanding your ſelf; and this will be much furthered by examining your thoughts, and expoſing them as well to the light and judgment of your own outward ſenſes, as to the cenſures of other mens ears. 'Tis for want of this conſideration that many good Scholars ſpeak but falteringly, like a rich Tradeſman that for want of particular note and difference, can bring you no ware ready out of his ſhop. By this means talkative ſhallow perſons ſometimes content the hearers more than the wiſe. But this may find a ſpeedier redreſs in Writing, where all

all comes under the laſt examination of the Eyes. Firſt, mind it well, then pen it, then examine it, then mend it, and you may be in the better hope of writing accurately.

Under this Virtue may come *Plainneſs*; which is, not to be too curious in the Order; as to anſwer a Letter, as if you were to anſwer Interrogatories, *To the firſt, firſt*; *to the ſecond, ſecondly*; But in the method, to uſe, as Ladies do in their attire, a diligent kind of negligence; *NON ENIM ELOQUENTIAM EX ARTIFICIO SED ARTIFICIUM EX ELOQUENTIA NATUM*, ſays *Cicero*. And *Longinus* hath this excellent Obſervation, *That* Art *does then appear perfect, when ſhe can ſcarce be diſtinguiſh'd from* Nature *her ſelf*. And though with ſome men you are not to jeſt, or practiſe capricio's of Wit, yet the delivery of the moſt weighty and important matter, may be carried with ſuch an eaſie grace, as it may tickle the fancy of the Reader, and yield a recreation to the Writer, as *Plato* obſerves, *lib. 6. de Legibus*.

There muſt be variety, but not exceſs of terms. As if you are to name *ſtore*, ſometimes you may call it *Choyce*, ſometimes *Plenty*, ſometimes *Copie*, or *Variety*; But ever ſo, as the word that comes in lieu, have no ſuch difference of meaning, as to put the ſenſe in hazard of being miſtaken.

You are not to caſt a Ring for the perfumed moding terms of the time; as to *acquieſce, to eſpouſe an intereſt, to cajole, to incommode, to have a pique againſt one*, &c. but uſe them properly in their places, as others; matter and ſubſtance being preferrable before words or form. For, as a modern *French* Author ſays, *The moſt excellent words without ſolidity of matter, are no more conſiderable, than the burſt*

*of a Cannon, without Ball, which makes a great noise, but does no execution.* Besides, a vain curiosity of words hath so much scandalized some Philosophers, that *Seneca* (in one of his Epistles) says, Had it been possible to make himself understood by signs, he would rather serve himself of them, than of discourse, to the end, he might the better avoid all manner of affectation. Whereunto may pertinently be subjoyned those excellent lines of Mr. *Hobbs* (in his answer to Sir *Will. Davenants* Preface) in these words: *As the sense we have of Bodies, consists in change and variety of impression: so also does the sense of language in variety and changeable use of words: I mean not in the affectation of words newly brought home from travel, but in the new (and withal significant) translation to our purposes, of those that be already received, and in far-fetch'd (but withal apt, instructive and comely) similitudes.*

There follows *Life*, which is the strength and sinews (as it were) of your style, by pretty sayings, similitudes and conceits, allusions, some known History or other Common place, such as are in the Second Book of *Tully de Oratore.* And (if we may credit *Hermogenes*) a moderate interlacing of Verse among Prose, is sometimes allowable.

But too great a mixture of other Languages in your style, some (and those of the more Learned) have compared to a party-colour'd Coat, made up of several pieces of Stuff; others to *Anacreons* Swan, which had neither blood, flesh, nor bone.

The fourth is *Respect*, to discern what befits your self, him to whom you write, and the matter you treat of, which is a quality fit to conclude the rest, because it does include the rest; and that must proceed from ripeness of judgment, which (as an Author truly says) is gotten by four ways, by the gift of God,

by

by Nature, diligence, and converſation; ſerve the firſt well, and the reſt will ſerve you.

In the cloſe of your Letter you muſt by all means endeavour to come off handſomly, by avoiding thoſe trite and overworn Concluſions, *Thus I reſt, So I remain, Thus I take my leave*, &c. and by taking riſe from the next precedent matter of your Letter, make your ſubſcription appendant thereto.

For the *Hand-writing*, if you attain not to perfection, it ought at leaſt to be legible, and the matter fairly written, and truly pointed, with *Comma*, ( , ) *Colon* ( : ) *Semicolon* ( ; ) *Period* ( . ) *Parentheſis* ( ) *Interrogation* ( ? ) and *Admiration* ( ! ) points, as the matter requires.

*Apoſtrophe's* are now alſo much in uſe, which is only a cutting off a Syllable or Vowel, *for brevity ſake*, as *lov'd, mov'd*, for *loved, moved: 'tis, that's*, for *it is, that is*, and the like.

The laſt is the *Orthography*, or true writing of words; which though not much valued by ſome, yet I hold a quality ſo incident to a good Pen-man, that he cannot be ſaid to be perfect in that faculty, without it; nor do I believe one of ten, even among Scholars well skill'd therein. And of theſe I ſhall offer you ſome few nice examples, of many more, which might be added.

NI or NISI, *leſt*, as *leſt* ſuch a thing ſhould happen: is without an a. *MINIMUS* the *leaſt* in quantity.

Perdo to *loſe*, as to *loſe* ones money, with a ſingle o, Solvo to *looſe*, or unty.

A *Hird* of Deer, not ſpell'd with an a, as heard from (*Audio*) is. And a *Deer*, as *Fera*, a Buck or *Do*, not with an a, as *dear*, from *charus* a *dear* friend.

*Rite* or Cuſtom (ritus) *Right* or juſt (æquum) a *Wheelwright* (rotifex) to *write* (ſcribo.)

A *ſpoon*

A *ſhoot* or young ſprig; a *ſuit* of clothes, to *ſute* with my occaſions. And to *ſhout* for joy.

A *Meſuage* or a Houſe, differs from a *Meſſage* or Errand ſent by one.

To *Cite* or ſummon. *Site* of a late Caſtle or houſe, or the place where it ſtood; *ſcite* (SCITUM) an Ordinance or Edict; *ſight* (VISUS) as the ſight of the Eye.

*Meat* which we eat; and to *mete* or meaſure, *&c.*

*So* (ſic) or even *ſo*; to *ſow* (*Semino*) as we do Corn, and to *ſew*, as women do with a Needle.

*Prey* (præda) as a Hawks *prey*, differs from to *pray* or beg (*precor.*)

To *reign* (as a King does) to *rain* or ſhowr down water; the *reins* of the back; the *rein* of a bridle; all of like ſound, but differently written.

An *eare* of Corn; the *ear* wherewith we hear; a *year* (annus) conſiſting of 12 months; *ere* while, or *ere* it be long.

*Signet*, a little Seal; and *Cignet*, a young *Swan*.

LET-

# LETTERS.

## I.

*To revive Friendſhip in the Son, by remembrance of the Fathers love.*

*SIR,*

AS worth is not confin'd to place; ſo not the affection of Friends to preſence: your excellent deſerts command my reſpects where ever, your abſence draws theſe following Salutes, as the teſtimonies of my eſteems and well-wiſhes. In your noble Father I loſt a worthy Friend, in you I find him again. You no leſs inherit his goodneſs, than eſtate; this entitles me your Neighbour, that makes his love lineal and ſure; and as neither with decreaſe, ſo both to the augmentation of my acknowledgments; The power of my Friend is a ſhelter and joy; his faithfulneſs my ſecurity, yet I love for worth, not profit. This name of *Friendſhip* I grant is ſpreadly appellative, but the thing it ſelf as rare in experience, as loud in vogue. Your Fathers love I enjoy'd in calm-times, I prove yours in the tempeſts of Fortune. My confidence aſſures me, he would not have fail'd the Teſt, my trial proves you

you do not; a certainty that precludes doubt, and no less obliges my proportion'd gratitude. It were easie now (Sir) to say, were you under my Stars, I would be the same I find you: I would so, nay, should hate my self, did I feel but an inclination to the contrary. Yet all this evinces no more, than what you please to believe; Professions and Performances are not the same: what I would be, will not surmount conjecture; your nobleness shews it self in effect irrefragable. I know nothing can make me truly miserable, but my self; and as well I know and feel in lowring times, how consolatory is the countenance of a real friend; such your best self, to whom I shall always subsign my self, Sir,

*A most humble Servant,*
D. W.

## II.

### *Complement.*

*SIR,*

A Great Philosopher complain'd, that the Fabrick of mans Body was defective; For (said he) Nature should have made a window in the Breast, by which we might look into the bottom of his Heart, to see, when he speaks, whether his words are conform to the dictates of his Heart, and whether that which we see without, have an uniform relation to that within. Trust me (Sir) though I quarrel not with Nature in this kind, yet I wish my Breast transparent, that you might see in what deep characters your affection is engraven in my Heart, and how really I am (what you have made me) Sir,

*Your most faithful Servant,*
T. B.

III. *Ac-*

## III.

### *Acknowledgment.*

*SIR,*

I Have long ſtudied an Acknowledgment in ſome ſort anſwerable to your many Favours, but Fortune has dealt ſo ſparingly with me, that I (who have moſt deſire) am leaſt able to ſhew my thankfulneſs otherwiſe than by a coarſe Paper-preſent; yet I wiſh I could erect ſome laſting Monument, that might ſpeak your worth and my engagements, whereby, after-times might know, that, though I had not ability to requite, yet I had a heart to be thankful, which ſhall always pronounce me,

Sir,

*Your moſt obliged Friend and Servant*

T. B.

## IV.

### *Another.*

THough my Acquaintance with you, for time and converſation, has had the misfortune to be but ſmall, yet is my experience of your excellent Worth both full and ſatisfied, even to admiration. With ſome natures, I confeſs, much Salt is to be eaten, before judgment can be prudentially ſetled; Others like the Sun, or Light, have power to blazon themſelves in a moment: This excellency ſeems to ſhine in your nobler Conſtitution; and this commands my ſo ſudden eſteem and affections. Sir, you have then a ſervant, but he wants power to expreſs how much he is ſo; If I ſay, all I am, is at your devotion,

devotion, 'tis not all I am ready to perform, because desire and readiness surpass in me my too much limited abilities. You see then your creature and instrument expects but your pleasure for operation, as far as he is apt, yet some Offices he will undertake uncommanded, (*viz.*) his daily Oraisons for your good, chiefly that which is sovereign; In which to make him more active, your consent and call shall be the welcomest employment the world can lay upon him. Future occasions may enlarge my expressions; I shall now content my self, that I have presumed to salute you with these generals, whom I have devoted my self to honour in all particulars. Now let me thank you for all received favours, for those immerited regards that began my Obligations, and continue my gratitude; for your late kind token, which was of multiplied value drawn from the sender. If these find acceptance, and their presumption pardon, 'twill animate him hereafter not to be silent, that shall live by being, if he may be (as he would) Sir,

*Intirely yours,*
D. W.

## V.

### *To excuse silence.*

*Madam,*

MY teeming hopes have been fed even with an assurance, that *London* should e're this have been made happy with your presence, else I had not thus long hazarded the loss of your good opinion by my silence; since I confess to owe a debt to your goodness, which all respect and service

ſervice my poor abilities are able to perform, can never throughly ſatisfie. I beg, at preſent, but a continuance of your favours towards me; and (becauſe I know you juſt) ſhall only expect them hereafter according to the meaſure of my ſervices, which I have faithfully devoted to your beſt ſelf, in quality of

Madam,

*Your Vertues humble honourer,*

T. B.

## VI.

*From a Gentleman (baniſhed the Lines of Communication) to a Lady in* London.

*Madam,*

IF I could decline the thought of a neceſſity of being here, and believe this *Baniſhment* to be a voluntary retirement, I ſhould account my ſelf extreamly happy; for here we freely enjoy thoſe felicities ſo much ſought for in *London*, the freſh air, and ſinging of the Nightingale; yet I muſt confeſs I begin to be ſatiated with theſe ſolitary pleaſures, not ſo ſutable with my diſpoſition, as the converſation of my Friends; and could willingly exchange the company of Birds and Beaſts, for the ſociety of Men. But pardon me (*Madam*) it was not my intention to trouble you with what I do or ſuffer, or to wiſh you where I would not be my ſelf; but to beſeech you to retain a memory of me, till I am reſtor'd to the honour of kiſſing your hands; a happineſs daily deſired by

Madam,

*The humbleſt of your Servants.*

## VII.

### *A ſecond Solution, upon the miſcarriage of a former Letter.*

*SIR,*

I Addreſs'd my ſalutes before, but hear they miſcarried. The labour to repeat them is not burdenſome; yet leſt their loſs might bring you into ſuſpition, that I was as ſilent as their miſcarriage makes me ſeem, I add theſe to try better fortune; in which, if more happy, they know their errand, to preſent me and my loves to your devotion. If they ſtammer in their delivery, they beſt expreſs my ſelf, who (ſurcharg'd by your deſerts) muſt conceive more obligation, ſmother more affection, than I can utter. You can mend both by the clearneſs of a candid interpretation, till both are able to be more articulate and plain; None can better expound Gratitude, than he who moſt merits it. Sir, I forget not the delights of your ingenious Converſations, thoſe ſweet (but too ſhort) moments of my Content. I remember your ready Favours, your real Endearments, I remember all, and for all am thankful. Will you have more? More than this you cannot, I am (what I am)

Sir,

*Yours, to ſerve you unceremoniouſly*

D. W.

VIII. *An*

## VIII.

### *An Answer to a Letter of Kindness.*

*Most honored Cousin,*

THE great measure of content I received at your being here, and since that, the favour to be the unworthy Object of your remembrance, makes me even proud of my own happiness. The truth is, I wish no other heaven upon earth, than always to enjoy your presence, that the influence of your many vertues may create in me some kind of goodness. But since there must needs be a separation, excuse it I beseech you, if in this homely manner, I present you with the service and best affection of him that is,

*Most happy in your acknowledgment,*

T. B.

## IX.

### *Passionate Affection.*

*Madam,*

SInce that very hour, wherein Fortune made me happy in your knowledg, next after God, I neither have love, care, hope, nor contentment, but for you: The day yields up all my thoughts, as a tribute to your memory, and the night (which was made to arrest the agitations of Spirit) never removes the remembrance of you from my heart; over which, as you have already gain'd an absolute dominion, so shall it yield you a constant Sacrifice of an affection, which shall be permanent, as the Being of,

Madam,

*Your most devoted Servant,* T. B.

## X.

### *From a Commander to his Miſtriſs.*

*Madam,*

THough I have lately been brought even to the Confines of Deaths Kingdom, yet I retain ſo much ſtrength, as to tell you I am alive; and muſt crave leave to renew that Proteſtation, which I have heretofore ſo often made, not to be willing to live but for your ſervice. The ſcars of war in ſome ſort reſemble the wounds of love, ſince, thoſe which I received, have not at all diminiſh'd the deſire I had to ſerve my Religion; and theſe, which you gave me, have increas'd that paſſion to honour you, which reigns within my Soul. My hand has not ſtrength enough to write more, and its weakneſs may ſerve as a proof of my affection, which ſhall be always greater than my power, as the effects of my obedience ſhall ever be leſs than my devotion to ſerve you, all days of my life, in quality of

*Madam,*

*The deareſt lover of your beſt ſelf.*

## XI.

### *Of Conſolation.*

*Noble Madam,*

I Have received your gracious Lines, of which, I make a Jewel; becauſe both in themſelves good, as alſo becauſe I take them not to be common. For theſe are the conditions, that upon moſt things, ſet a value; But could thoſe be wanting, yet would they

they not want a high rate, had they no other vertue, than the coming from you; If their kindneſs to me had been accompanied with the characters of your own more wiſhed Fortunes, they had by far, been more contentful; whereas now, as they tell me, I have a Friend; they at the ſame view add, ſhe's far leſs happy than I could wiſh her; Thus the ſame ſyllables make the ſame thoughts at once, both happleſs and fortunate. But, *Madam*, as the news general, and your particular, ſhare both in malignity, becauſe both bad; ſo, I hope yours at leaſt is at the worſt; and by ſequel upon amendment; and hopes of better is always a fair point of good fortune, which to make more ſure, you to your ſelf will not (I hope) be wanting. There was a Philoſopher ſaid, that *each one was the framer of his one Fate*; and I am partly of his Sect, at leaſt ſo far as I believe no fate ſo bad, but 'tis in the power of the ſufferer to make it (if not good) better. And ſo *Madam* (I hope) will both your wiſdom & vertue endeavour; and this by ſolid grounds and ways, without which the reſt will be labour in vain. The task you have ſet me to this end (to wit) my Prayers, I both daily have, do, and will perform; and if a Partner in misfortunes might leſſen the burthen, as ſome have thought, I cannot be without my part in yours. Nor, wer't in my Power, ſhould your Ladiſhip be a moment without better comforts. But I leave this ſad ſtrain till fitter opportunity, and reſt,

Madam,

*Your Ladiſhips humble ſervant,*

D. W.

## XII.

### *A Passionate Letter of Affection.*

*My inestimable Jewel,*

THE long continuance of all things (my infinite love to you excepted) does by little and little decay them: but 'tis my pride, that each gray hair time adds to the affection I bear you (which again I pronounce infinite) brings an inclination to a second infinity, and remains the only excusable dotage now extant, turning my present solitary life to one of much business; for always to think of you, I esteem my business, my faith, my every thing. Your constancy can never find out a greater, than mine; for 'tis a vast one, and shall out-last all things about it: Therefore look that yours be as true Marble, as you will otherwise answer the utter undoing of

Madam,

*Your truly, truly, truly,*
*constant Servant.*

## XIII.

### *To a Landlord in behalf of Tenants.*

*Most honored Sir,*

TO move you to justice, were in some sort to conclude you guilty of injustice, and to request your pity in behalf of your poor and long oppress'd Tenants, were to proclaim you hard-hearted against them; but experience tells me you are free from both, and your own works pronounce your worth.

Only

Only thus much I am bold to beg of you, that the falſe Informations of *A. B. C. D.* and others, of broken Credits, as well as Eſtates, may not take place againſt theſe bearers, men of honour and good fortunes, and ſuch as I dare preſume will inform you nothing but truth. In confidence whereof I aſſume the liberty to ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Sir,

*Your very humble Servant.*

## XIV.

### *A ſecond Letter, upon a late acquaintance.*

*SIR,*

AFter one Letter (long ſince ſent) and often enquiries, I have, at laſt, had the happineſs to hear of your ſafety and health. The Relator had an accidental View of you, and I a real Comfort. I was once made fortunate by opportunity to enjoy your obliging Converſation, and engaged by your Noble Endearments, but this loſt, almoſt as ſoon as gained: ſo vaniſhing the chief Enjoyances of this fickle Life, ſo unlaſting thoſe Contents we eſteem moſt ingenuous and innocent. Sir, I have many tyes to be yours, and not fewer misfortunes, that I may not be ſo, as much as I would. But this is a world of croſſes, ſuch as, though it has pull'd many down, yet has it ſet others up in the ſtead: And this muſt be ſo, ſince without a croſs we cannot arrive at our Crown. However, neither diſtance of place, nor interval of time, can change thoſe reſpects to your noble ſelf, that took both root and date from our firſt Interview. Affection grounded

on

on Vertue, muſt parallel it in Content, or be injurious. Your true worth engaged me in ever-honouring eſteems, and theſe I muſt be unworthy if I do recal. Nor are our immortal Souls ſo menſurated to place, but they can meet; though our duller clay be confin'd to the accident of commenſuration; what they cannot perform by preſence, by operation they can; remain where they live, and be where they love; in the circumference be diſ-joyned, yet united in the center of Hearts, which is their Life and Being; and this is *God*. Here (Sir) was our firſt union, and here, I hope, nothing ſhall ſeparate: yea, each flying moment of time draws to a more emboſoming nearneſs. Sir, when we parted, you enjoyned me to continue you in my beſt thoughts; That not to remember, I account to forget my ſelf. That I am not baniſh'd your memory, one word from your Pen would not only cheriſh and confirm, but honour and oblige.

Sir,

*Your moſt devoted and humble Servant,*
D. W.

## XV.

*To excuſe ſilence, &c.*

*SIR,*

WHAT to you I know not, but to me it ſeems long, ſince my Pen preſented my reſpects. 'Tis true, I wrote laſt, but this will not excuſe; Gratitude makes my addreſſes due. When you ſalute, your ſalutes are pure favours: ſtill oblige,

lige, never incur Obligation. If then I have been too remiss, I flie to the Style of your Pardon; and to render me more capable of it, give me leave to add this qualification: That not neglect, but fear to be troublesome, caused the interval. *Est modus in rebus*—I would observe duty, I hate to be unseasonable: He that can light on the Mean, attains the accomplishment of Office; he that misses, may mean well, but is guilty of some defection towards an extream. But as that moral *Decorum* is the beauty of humane life; so a precise niceness with Friends, has too much of scruple. Seemliness should not be transgress'd, yet Friendship is not, stern in her Laws. I may be bold with my self, and next with my Friend. Whom endearment makes mutual, love entitles to a latitude of honest action. Sir, that I bear the stile of your Friend, is the greatest adjunct the world can make me happy in; I desire no more splendor of honour, no Relation to me so precious. My request is, it may continue, my endeavour shall be to deserve the continuance; not that I presume I can deserve it, but rather, that I hope, not by a voluntary guilt, to forfeit what you freely confer. Nor will you easily (your goodness is too constant) reject whom you have (with so much condescention,) adopted. My resolve is unchangeable to be,

Sir,

*Ever, and most entirely your devoted Servant,*

D. W.

## XVI.

### *To a Mother.*

*Madam*,

THis short time of absence makes me sensible of that great good which Nature gave me, when she ordained you to be the Parent and me the Child; for now I feel my self deprived of those joys, which your presence was wont to afford me; now I want those lovely Aspects, wherewith your indulgent Eye was wont to solace me. In a word, I want all things, which an affectionate Mother did ever bestow upon an undeserving, yet dutiful Child; for such is

T. B.

## XVII.

### *To beg acquaintance.*

*SIR*,

YOU may wonder at this boldess: but your worth animates it, and the same I hope, will pardon what it causes I have often heard of you, and once I saw you; and by the conversation of a few words, I perceiv'd plentiful evidence, that what I have heard of your merits, was answered in the truth. This your humility may reply, was too short a time for experience. I grant it; but not to confirm what both the *Good* and *Wise* by report had made credible, the senses should not be deceived, in their proper Objects; and *Hearing* is a sense as well as *Seeing*: and (if it follow the right Rules) perhaps as

as little erring; chiefly if a rational hearing, to which I have some title by essence. Report the subject; that you are deserving, the reported this averr'd by wise men and good men, yea, all men that know you, which I must either believe or be irrational. Sir, the truth is, I am so fully perswaded of this verity, that I am truly ambitious of your more acquaintance; and that this may be my Pen, till more join'd aboads afford a presential intercourse. If your thoughts answer, no greater Obligation can be laid upon

Sir,

*Your most faithful Servant,*

D. W.

## XVIII.

*In answer to a Complement.*

*SIR,*

THat I live (though absent) thus fresh in your memory, I count my glory, and that you write to me, my happiness; which favours that I may seem in some measure to deserve, I address these, not as satisfactory Acquittances (for which my weak merit does not aim at) but as respectful acknowledgments, which your greater goodness commands from me. I have now throughly both seen and felt the *Bath*, and as I find my self nothing meliorated in complexion of face, or temperature of body, so is the disposition of my mind to serve you nothing lessened, but does adequately increase, with the Obligations of

Sir,

*Your unalterable Servant,*

T. B.

## XIX.

### *A facetious Letter upon ſending a Chriſtmas Pye to a Friend.*

*SIR,*

I Salute you with a poor Token, a Paſtry Bak'd-meat, as a Recognition of my Gratitude for your noble Entertainments, and not Entertainments only, but even Harbour in a puſh of neceſſity, which I conſtrue, to have multiplied the Courteſie to many degrees of height. Theſe to requite I confeſs my ſelf unable, and to forget as unwilling. The mean of both I undertake, that is, to greet you with my grateful and remembring Reſpects: which if you pleaſe to entertain in my ſenſe, it ſhall be interpreted a new added favour, and ſpeak me thankful. Grateful minds can acknowledg what they cannot retribute, and this is both my fortune and meaning. Sir, that I may be ſome imperfect Index, or like the *Weſtminſter Tomb-ſhewer*, tell who or what lies here: You have, or ſhall find in the center, a *Neats Tongue*, enpanched by a *Gooſe*, next both Tongue and Gooſe, like the Iſle of *Candia*, ſwallowed up by the Turk; Round theſe, ſome few other *Volatils*, as lookers on, and though not main Partizans, yet not unimbroil'd in the danger, for their curioſity. At laſt comes fierce General *Cook*, and fortifies all (as he hopes) with a ſtrong Line of *Circumvallation*, and, having perfected his works, ſends the beſieged Captive to your beſt appetite, whereto they are left for triumph and Conqueſt. Sir, now were it not for fear of making this our Poſt-paſte over tedious, and coming too near the heels

heels of time, I could so compare these Animals, or their Corps, that there might rise upon their conditions both Emblems and Morals. But this facetenes I will leave to your self and good company, to recreate and better your digestion with. What I chiefly desire to hear in this point, is, that you have been merry in parting the fray; friendly accepted what was cordially meant; That you have vanquished the *cruel Turk*; the *peevish Goose*, the *betraying Tongue*, the *wild Pouline*, the *long-nos'd Woodcocks*; yea, that you have raz'd the very proud outwork to the ground. This done, I pray, you may conquer your worst enemies, and number me in the Albe of

*Your humble Servants,*

W. D.

## XX.

### *To excuse Silence, and acknowledg past Favours.*

*SIR.*

I Have long done you the service, not to trouble you with my Lines, but durst no longer pursue this method, lest it might degenerate into the semblance of neglect. If Vertue (for her better practice) be enthron'd 'twixt two Extreams; Writing (as an act of vertue) must also keep due distance with them; neither lean to importunate frequency without leave, nor be benumb'd by the Lethargy of omission. And you, whose favors have always engaged me yours, will believe my aims, have no other end, than to be so, as

well in forbearances as actions; provided I fail not as your Votary, a crime I should hate my self to think I could be wicked enough to commit, and am sure I never yet was. Sir, you have, I know, received my former Letter, and deigned the civility of receiving by it my humble gratitudes, for the liberalities it acknowledged. This will not so far encroach upon the Office of my better expressions, as to repeat that duty, but must again and again pronounce me,

Sir,

*Your grateful Servant,*
W. D.

## XXI.

### *A Letter of Thanks, &c.*

*Honoured Sir,*

I Have received your friendly Letter, and (by Proxie) your bounty: I am obliged by both, yet am I by you debar'd by Pen, to answer either. You fetter me in the limits of ten lines, and these too must be silent of your self, the best subject; I could observe your number, and yet be-ted o'is, did I write short-hand, or would I imitate the Lawyers length of a *Chancery Bill*. But I will not force a double sense of your sincerity. What you will not have in Paper, shall warm my breast, those grateful thoughts, and unfeign'd devotions, that vow and maintain me,

Sir,

*Your ever most affectionate servant,*
D. W.

XXII. To

## XXIV.

*In answer to one that congratulated our arrival in the Countrey.*

*SIR,*

THat you congratulated our well-coming to *G.* was so necessary for us, and so great a mark of kindness in you, that I believe without your good Prayers, we had taken up our quarters on Saturday night in the Forrest, where we were benighted (a sad thing to think on) and lost our way; But being (as I say) arrived here, by the help of God, and your best wishes, I find little subject for envy in our enjoyments, not a *Deer* being left in the Park nor a *Kid* in season, (unless a wooden one) not a *Walk* dry enough for a Spanish-leather shooe; and, I am sure, you will not envy us a little fresh air, since we have paid so dear for it, by the fatigues of a long Journey. Trust me (Sir) these things however you value them, bend my thoughts towards *London*, and the rather, in respect of your dear self, to whom I am (by manifold Obligations)

*An affectionate humble Servant,*
T. B.

## XXV.

*Upon the late Commotions.*

*SIR,*

HAD not *Pythagoras* excepted our Terrestrial Orb, when he asserted the Orbs harmonious; this Age had clearly confuted him. For how musical soever those higher are; this I am

ſure ſounds nothing but harſh Diſcords, and ſo loud, we cannot but hear them; ſo unpleaſant, that the din diſcompoſes quiet minds. The way to eaſe our ſelves is hard, yet not impoſſible: but what is it? 'tis this, *To elevate our abode: To compoſe our own interior.* He that enjoys intim Peace; is not open to extern broils: they may beat the out-ſide, but cannot enter; batter the walls of fleſh and blood, but the Citadel of Reaſon is ſafe; and, if Reaſon ſway, we flie up to manſions undiſturb'd. We are all Citizens of the lower World, I grant, muſt wiſh its good; may deplore it's evils; Yet our own private welfare ought to be to us more precious. This were a Paradox with Politicians (if not well gloſſed) and ſo I allow it (each part was made for the whole.) But our Placite ſtill ſtands; and ſtands in this: each mortal is neareſt to himſelf. My own preſervation leſſens not my contribution to the Publick, muſt I be, or I cannot be able? I muſt be able, or I cannot aid it. Of Aids, there is more than one ſort. All were not fram'd for the ſame function, or influence. The Martial blade, and bullet has it's office; ſo policy military, theſe we leave to the ſons of *Mars.*

Yet we have our duty too, and this is Piety. Piety firſt calms it's own *Lares*; then becomes inſtrumental to others reconcilement. When Heaven ſees me at peace within, I am approved, fit to pacifie. To complain of exterior commotion, and my ſelf to be torn by the diſorder of my own Paſſions, is an improper addreſs, a mediation ineffectual. It was well dreamt by *Scipio*, when he ſaid; As the intelligences guided (by a regular order) the upper Spheres, ſo ought our intellectual Powers govern our own little World. Where the ſuperior portion of the Soul obeys the Divine Laws, and the part irrational acquieſces to the mind, in the mind (and all

all men) resounds a harmony far surpassing *Pythagoran* accents. Ah! (my friend) were mental and private tumults appeas'd, the civil would cease, and whilest these (with you and I) are setled, the civil cannot annoy us. A compos'd Soul miseries may try, cannot disorder. Whilest others then, fight for earth, and purple it with native blood, let us aspire higher enterprises: pray for their peace, secure our own. Let us fix our thoughts where ambition reaches not, where War embroils not, where tranquillity eternally triumphs. Thus shall we offer our selves a piacular sacrifice before the high Altar of God, in our own condition acceptable, in alien behoof not despised, the incessant vows, of Sir,

*Your most devoted servant,*
W. D.

## XXVI.

## *ANSWER.*

*SIR,*

YOU have given us, (who are indeed Terrestrial Cosmopolites) most excellent Prescriptions, for the composure and regiment of the Inward Man in these times of fluctuation, whereby those that are at war within themselves, may know how to seek, and where to find a lasting peace, a peace with truth and endless repose, and those that are at peace may learn to settle the Souls *Militia* in an unconquerable *posture of defense* against the *Common Enemy*; In a word, there's a Volume of rich Apothegms abridg'd into the Compendium of your Letter, Heavens make my Breast a fit Repository for such Treasure. But in conclusion, you evidence the vertue of self-abnegation to be one part of the *Cargazon* of your ship; For you

still work with the old Perspectives, by serving your self of a diminishing Glass, when you mention your own perfections; and of one, that multiplies, when you make the Mole-hills of your friends qualities (if any were) to seem Mountains. Alas! what is my plain song, if compar'd with your heavenly descant; *Majores majora canunt.* It must content me to contemplate you in a higher Orb, whilest I lie mudling here below, even

Sir,

*The humblest of your servants,*
T. B.

## XXVII.

### *To a Lady, upon her leaving the City.*

*Madam,*

EVer since you left *London*, all joys and good fortune have left us, the heavens have not ceased to shed continual † tears for your absence, and *Mars* has frown'd upon all our undertakings; nor can we hope to receive good news, or enjoy fair weather, till the rays and vertue of your presence return hither, to uncloud the watry element, and uncharm the fortune of war. Whilst in this sadness, I was studying what might render my lines worthy your acceptance, the enclosed arrives with the much wish'd for news of ——— And if this prove in any measure an Antidote to prevent the contagion of sadder thoughts, which these times are apt to administer, I shall enjoy the height of my ambition, which holds no title in competition with that of

Madam,

*Your humble servant* T. B.

† *It was a time of great rain.*

XXVIII. To

## XXVIII.

*To excuse the not taking leave, and to acknowledg received Favours.*

*SIR,*

BEfore I left *London*, I did endeavour to have given my personal attendance upon your noble self, with an address of thankfulness for your generous favours, and free entertainments: But this devoir (by your absenting occasions) being frustrate; I am forced upon Pen-supply. Wherein yet the most I can express to the purpose, is ingenuously to avow, I owe more to your bounties than I can express; more expressions to your high Worths, than I can make legible. Which defect of Language (I humbly yet conceive) you of all (Sir) have most reason to indulge, since your great merits of me, and your own self-nobleness, has most put it to silence. Be then as much above my feeble Oratory, as your endearments transcend my mean deserts; 'tis praise enough, as you aim not at empty Epithets, so your real perfections are abundant and natively clear to be their own *Encomiums*. I, with admiring gratitude, will remember what I cannot utter. Yet (Sir) take this unfeigned image of my thoughts, that from the first hour I received the honour of your acquaintance, I have singularly valued your self: and since you have been pleas'd to rank me in the Albe' of your servants, and priviledg me not only with your friendly familiarities, but also signal favours, I confess my self bound for requital of all, as to yield to none in my respect, so to be ever (as I profess I am obliged) Sir,

*Your servant and votary*
D. W.

## XXIX.

### *A Ladies Letter to her ſervants firſt Letter.*

*SIR,*

THat upon ſo ſmall acquaintance, you ſhould make me ſuch friendly and paſſionate expreſſions, I cannot but take as a civility, being apt to make the beſt conſtruction of every ones actions; yet (Sir) that ſo many months ſhould paſs in ſilence, ſince I ſaw you, is enough to make me believe your Letter meerly complemental; theſe times affording many of your Sex, whoſe Pens or Tongues can ſpeak one language, & their hearts another. When I find cauſe to believe your profeſſions real, I ſhall ſet a greater value upon your reſpect: Mean time civility invites me to ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Sir,

*Your humble Servant,*

V. T.

## XXX.

### *An Addreſs from one Lady to another.*

*Madam,*

I Have not ſo much vanity to think my ſelf able to make a return, worthy the honour I have received, nor do I bear ſo little juſtice to my own gratitude, as not to witneſs my reſentment, though great, yet in huge diſproportion to your merit, whoſe vertues and goodneſs I hold in equal value with thoſe of Demi-Gods: I receive the new aſſurance of your Ladyſhips favour, as a Bleſſing ſent me from Heaven, which bids me cheriſh it and live, ſince I can reliſh no felicity without it. Indeed (*Madam*) I know

know not what Sacrifice to offer you for such a bounty: All hearts are made tributary to your Commands; yet none with so much obligation, as that of

*Madam,* *Your Servant,*
E. D.

## XXXI.

### *The Answer.*

*Madam,*

YOU may say of me, as a *Cavalier* once said of the late Synod, that *they had sate long, and at length batch'd a Monster* (meaning the *Directory:*) So have I been long in answering yours, and at length my dull *Genius* produces this ill-shap'd Letter. *Madam,* if the faculty of my Pen were correspondent to the devotion of my heart, I could say much, when as now I must be silent: yet not silent neither; For every cast of my eye upon your Lines begets a wonder, and wonder makes me break silence. I have always had your sweet Person and excellent Vertues in a reverential esteem, and now the charms of your Pen have hurl'd me into new admirations; yet not so as to forget the old, nor at any time to be less than

Madam, *The most humble of your Devoter,*
A. T.

## XXXII.

### *A Letter from* Mr. Wal. Montagu *to Sir* Nath. Brent, *upon his licensing his Book entituled* Miscellanea Spiritualia.

*SIR,*

THIS hand which hath stood so long before your Bar, comes now to accuse it self of a fault, by which the Judge, must needs have

suffered

suffered much from the Offender, since the foulness of the Copy, is like to have tryed your patience, more than the worth of the cause can hope to have recompenc'd your pains; Wherefore these lines come before you to offer satisfaction at least to your Civility, if they fail in giving it to your Judgment, and the course of my life qualifies me better for civil discharges, than for literate satisfactions. You shall then, Sir, receive by this a return of much sense of your fair and obliging Carriage towards me in the examination of my Papers: wherein I must desire you to consider the whole Design, which aims solely at Moral Regulations, and does rather decline than accept any inducements to Controversial Doctrines; if there be any Point so incident to the Subjects, as my Opinion must needs appear in some dark light, this may well be conniv'd at by so ingenuous a Judg as your self, who cannot expect I should dissemble my Principles, though in discretion I was forbid to declaim upon them; So that I conceive your abilities will make a due difference, between what may critically be sifted out, and what does literally profess it self; and of this last sort, I presume you will find nothing in the whole *Work*, that has an open face of Contention or Offence; Wherefore upon your *Animadversions*, I have changed the looks of such places, as had any apparent features of Enmity, and have offer'd you such satisfaction upon the other Points I have not alter'd, as I hope your Candor and dispassionate Temper may admit; Upon the opinion whereof, I shall conclude, that if you have found, in these my Meditations, more matter promising good influencies upon the affections of your Countrey, than projecting any dangerous Infusions, you will allow them

your

your contribution to that effect I have singly propoſed in them; In order whereunto my Prayers ſhall intend the ſupplement of my Pens deficiency; which the leſs worthy it is of this expoſure to the World, the more muſt it owe your patience and civility for your favour to

Sir,

*Your moſt affectionate*
*Servant,*

W. M.

## XXXIII.

### *Upon the New-Year.*

*SIR,*

MY preſent Theme is, to give you the Ceremonies (in real wiſhes) of a happy New-Year. Nor ſhall I doubt the effect, ſince I cannot your *Piety* or *Prudence*. No revolution of time can be inauſpicious, where theſe fair pair of twin-virtues are fixt, and in action. Time tells our hours, produces change, but our happineſs, or inſortune is only from our ſelves. 'Tis vain then to accuſe deaf Fate, when we are our own deſtiny, or at leaſt it, in our abitrement: *Prudence*, (the Eye of our Life) fore-ſees, diſpoſes our Affairs: *Piety*, our ſelves. That diſcharges our Devoirs; This guides all Evems (proſperous or adverſe) to our eternal (if it cannot temporal) felicity. Hence we have a nethod either to prevent miſery, or of turning it into better luck, by being unhappy. Croſs chances I grant

I grant are but ſowr Friends, rather to be entertain'd than invited; yet 'tis too viſible, none are more wretched, than thoſe that moſt court Fortune. Give me indifferency, and I'le be Fortunes fate, and fortunate, maugre her deſpight. As to time it ſelf; the beſt deſcription of it is to employ it well. 'Tis a thing of ſo ſwift an eſſence, that 'tis gone before we can think what it is. 'Tis the meaſure of ſublunary beings, and proclaims to us, (by its height) how faſt we our ſelves fade, and dwindle away. The Paſt is no more ours, than frugal uſe has made it ſo. The future is not, and ſo uncertain whether 'twill ever be in our power. What of it we can own is only the preſent, and this ſo coy, that if not taken by the forecop, 'tis vaniſht, like a Ghoſt, and leaves us nothing, but cauſe to repent and gaze. Ah! my friend, how precious our moments! on theſe ſhort Inſtances depends our whole Eternity. Temporal exiſtence is as fickle as temporal happineſs; both participate in the nature of time, are fleeting. In this caſualty then, let us fix on what is truly durable above floating incertainties, beyond temporal laſtingneſs. Whileſt our minutes flie from us, our ſelves ſpeed faſter towards unchangeable permanency; ſo we do in natural tendency, but let us be by vertue vigorous. Each hour poſts away with it's length of our life. The old year is gone; if our imperfections with it, 'twas well ſpent; if not there's the more need, we ſpend the New better. And leſt we live not to the end, let's take advantage of the beginning: make that our own that is ſo. Thriſt of our days is th' onely end to make our ſelves in time eternally happy. But I fear by this rude Rhapſody of the initiate Year, I have waſted your Hour-glaſs too much, rendring my

Praver

Prayer of your prosperous future, your present Damage; But pardon, because my subject (*time*) as well as my distracted capacity fail'd me. Suffice it, I wish you more than I can utter, or need prescribe you the way to; and whileſt you are bleſt, I partake,

Sir,

31 *Decemb.* *Your happy Friend and joy'd Servant,* W. D.

## XXXIV.

### *To a Lady, residing in a Town that had lately been besieged.*

*Madam,*

After the disquiet of your late Alarms, I am bold to congratulate the re-enjoyment of your wonted repose, which (had I been General) no cause nor quarrel should have made me hazard; since in all things I value your content above my own; My regard to your safety had been in such case motive enough with me, to have suspended the chastisement of that mutinous City. *Madam,* if (as I hope and pray) you are now both free from disquietude and from fear, I have my hearts wish, desiring (as you know) nothing more, than by my continued devotion to your self and service, to purchase at length the esteem of,

Madam,

*Your most faithful Servant,*
T. B.

XXXV. To

## XXXV.

*To his Lady Mris. complaining of her cruelty.*

*Madam,*

TYranny as ill becomes a subject as a Prince, and cruelty is the natural issue of that Monster; to say your Ladiship is guilty of both in some kind, is a truth undeniable: For ever since Fortune made me happy in your knowledg, my affection hath no centre, but your breast, my faith, no fellow; and my constancy such as can never admit a change, yet my sighs are unpitied, my love unregarded, my faith and constancy answered with nothing, but your disproportionate denials; Nor can I, without wonder, consider, that your Ladyship should be to all the world so perfectly charitable, to me so cruel, unless 'twere ordained by fate, That the first fruits of my love (which should be the first step to happiness) must be made abortive by your incompassion. *Madam*, the more you deny, the more fuel you add to those flames, which (if not suddenly allai'd by your pity) will consume my very being into ashes of mortality. These are, *Madam*, the real dictates of a heart, that's wholly devoted

*To serve you*, T. B.

## XXXVI.

*A consolatory Letter to a Mother upon the death of her first-born.*

*Honoured Madam,*

THE sad need a Comforter, and a Soul in desolation, requires to be assisted with reasons to bear the cause of its grief. That you are both sad

ſad and grieved, I can no more doubt, than I can be without a ſhare in your Paſſions. That you have many comforters, becauſe friends, many ſolid conſiderations from your own Piety and pious Wiſdom to ſalve your ſorrows, I am as confident; Yet, as none more tenders your happineſs than my ſelf, ſo could not I alone be ſilent in this motive of your tears; what I would ſay is; *Deareſt Madam*, be comforted, and this (wer't in my power) I would effect. The reaſon of your ſable thoughts, the ſpring that ſtreams from your checks, riſe I know from the ſad accident of your childs death. It was I confeſs the firſt Image of your likeneſs, the firſt bleſſing that Heaven honoured your body with, the firſt pledg of Nature, the firſt title you had to be a Mother. And to be deprived of this, almoſt as ſoon as 'twas given, could not but find and afford matter both for tears and grief; in a diſpoſition ſo natural and good.

But *Madam*, there's a time for all, and a mean alſo. What could not be denied to your ſweetneſs muſt be moderated by your diſcretion. 'Tis true, that ſweet infant was yours, 'twas your firſt, 'twas dear, and you ſuffered many dolours, to give it life; But withal you conſider, as 'twas yours, ſo given you by God; as the firſt, ſo more due to him; as dear, yet could it not bee too dear for him that hath it; Although of painful birth; yet that your throes brought forth a Saint, that your dolours were endured, ſo ſoon to enthrone a part of your ſelf among the Angels; theſe dolours, theſe throes, happily ſuffered. Thoſe whom God makes Parents, he makes but Nurſes of his own children, he lends them to be brought up for Heaven: And if he hath ſo ſoon diſcharged you of this Obligation, 'tis not ſo much a croſs, as a bleſſing. Had it lived to

mature

mature age, perhaps he saw danger both to it and you: It might have been more cause of grief to you, more loss to it self; it might have been unfortunate in life, in death unhappy; 'Tis not the being children of either good or great extract that makes them always either good or happy. And this perhaps God (that provident Parent of all) foresaw. Be it so, or not; certain it is, the body is but the Souls Prison, wherein 'tis no sooner breathed from Heaven, but 'tis maculated by this corrupt Earth: and in this as it longer sojourns, so it is not only debarred of its true happiness and welfare, but also offends its great Creator; and consequently, is miserable. Therefore would God make the cradle of yours, its death-bed, that he might hasten its bliss. As he breathed a pure soul into it, so would he again take it before defiled by the actual blemishes of sin. Had it liv'd, it could have afforded no comfort to your Piety, but being in health, prosperity, and pious; and can it be more pious, than in Heaven, more prosperous, than in heavens joys, more healthful than in the enjoyments of immortality?

O consider, 'tis now past all danger, 'tis freed from all misery, 'tis blessed in blessedness, it prays for you. And can there be any sorrow so great that these considerations cannot consolate? O what more happy than to be so happy a Mother, no sooner a Mother, than a Mother to Heaven. No doubt (dear *Madam,*) but he that gave you this dear pledge of his love, will give you more, and, as he took this to his own joys, so will he leave in its stead more to your comfort. This he took to give it as soon happiness as being, and therein to try your vertue and resignation to his will: This as I doubt not but he will find, so may you be confident he will be bountiful; a sure rewarder of your patience, a prosperer

sperer of your Soul, body, and its fruitfulness.

But pardon (most honoured *Madam*) my loves tediousness; and if in this unpolished Consolatory I have erred, let it be as it is, loves fault, a fault that your nobleness I am certain will remit. Thus with humblest respects he takes his leave that will no longer be, than be yours, the daily Petitioner to Heaven for your most wished comforts of both Worlds.

Madam,

*Your humble and most affectionate servant,* W. D.

## XXXVII.

*To excuse the not answering a Letter.*

*SIR,*

THat I have committed so great a Solecism in good manners, as to receive two Letters from you, without giving you humble thanks for either; I beseech you ascribe not to any want of zeal to your service: For in earnest you cannot make me more happy than in vouchsafing me the honour of your Commands, which shall always find as ready an obedience in me, as any thing that most concerns my own interest; In the assurance whereof I give you the humble respects of

Sir,

*Yours,* ad nutum, T. B.

XXXVIII.

## XXXVIII.

*Upon a motion of Marriage.*

*Dear Sir,*

I Give you many humble thanks, for your making me a Wife, and your good advice in that affair; I well remember the Counsel of a prudent Friend was, not to marry till I were 30 years of age, and then to have a Wife ten years younger than my self; because Women (especially teeming ones) sooner decay than men. I have also read, that there are 3 principal motives to a wedded life: *Procreatio Prolis: Conservatio Domus*: and *Consolatio vitæ*. Now the Gentlewoman you write of, instead of being ten years younger, I believe is ten years elder than my self; and so may be in danger to frustrate the two first motives; by being issue-less. Yet if she have so many fil'd baggs as you mention, it may be a shrewd temptation: But in Marriage, Love (as you well observe) is most preferrable, provided there be a competency of fewel (which is riches) to keep it warm. 'Tis like I might love the Lady you motion me to, with an ordinary conjugal love, but perhaps not with an eminent dear affection, and on this subject I remember to have read these old, but well meaning Verses:

*Who makes the object of his fancy, gold,*
*Grows cold in fancy, when his money's told:*
*And she, who faines to love, to live a Lady,*
*Is honours Fawn, I know not what she may be.*

Examples are too frequent in this age of the infelicity of those Matches, which are meerly concluded for wealth, without love: Therefore in this (as a choice, whereon the happiness of my whole life

life depends) I shall be very deliberate in resolving yet ever glad to receive your advice, as being

Sir,

*Your most respectful Nephew and humble servant,* T. B.

## XXXIX.

### *The first Address to his Mistress.*

*Madam,*

THat fear is an individual companion to sincere affection, and that the heartiest devotions are brokenly expressed, are *Maximes* in Humanity, and however Errors, yet venial. The discreetest love is seldom without some annexed Passion, which oft-times fetters the faculties and leads understanding captive; that which did and justly might deter, doth now animate; The Moon in her fartheſt distance from the Sun, and greateſt opposition, receives most light; The poorer they be to whom charity is extended, the greater the merit; Worth gains most honour by ennobling unworthiness; Nature never ordained two Suns to shine in one Firmament. I list not to expatiate in this kind. In the description of your worth this short expression shall suffice; This would Earths Monarch pay his devotions before Perfections Altar, he need seek no further than your breast. To express my devoted affection by deep Protests and multiplied Vows will not please, my *Motto* is *rather in deed than in word*. Till matters be maturely discussed, and the advice of friends on both sides had, I aim no higher, than to be enstil'd your servant; Deliberation (if in any case) in this is most necessary. I honour you too much to

wish

with you the ſmalleſt amiſs, though the ſum of my earthly felicity depended thereon. My affection is no frenzy; if my Stars mean me not the enjoying of ſuch happineſs, I muſt frame a content. For concluſion, I will only add, that though you may have your choice of many in all points more accompliſhed, yet none that ſhall ſo truly love you. My Lines are confuſed like my Thoughts; your milder cenſure he preſumes on, who truly honours your worth, and reſts

*Solely devoted to your Vertues,* T. B.

## XL.

### *An Anſwer to an Expoſtulatory Letter.*

*SIR,*

THe receipt of yours brought with it ſome amazement to ſee my ſelf almoſt ſhip-wrackt in your good opinion, when my own Veſſel was full fraught with reſpect, which I intended to diſ-imbark at your Haven. I am firſt to thank you, for your plainneſs and ingenuity in my charge, and ſhall aſſume the ſame freedom in my own acquital. The ſtory told you by *M. W.* from Mr. *P.* a Womans diſcourſe, (for thoſe I ſuppoſe the parties mentioned in yours) I deny to have been either Author or Promulgator of, and muſt aſſure you, that ſuch like, with other volatile reports were here before my return; yet I muſt tell you (ſince it ſo much concerns me) that I had Commiſſion to make ſome inquiſition in the Country upon a preconceived neglect in you, and other rumours, but do aſſure you, what I ſaid was with ſuch modeſty, and ſo ſhort of what common

fame

same delivered, nay with such regret to have said any thing at all, that it will hereafter appear, I have been so far from being disaffected to this your service, that I have run my self into an Oblique Opinion elsewhere, for promoting it, and I am confident the young Lady, (when you shall be felicitated with her enjoyment) will assure you as much; nor indeed could I possibly have said less, in performance of the trust reposed in me. Sir, if this give you not satisfaction, I shall be glad to know what may, because I profess to owe you much service, and the more in order to that approaching happiness, which your Stars have assigned you, whereto no wishes of a happy conjarreation shall more readily concur, than those of

Sir,

*Your very humble Servant,*

T. B.

## XLI.

## *A REPLY.*

*Lady,*

TILL I was blest'd with the happy sight of yours I labour'd in a strange perplexity, believing that either the attempts of mine had purchased your disfavour, or otherwise (by some harder fate) I had suffered in your good Opinion, than which *Peru* is to me of less value. These fears I must confess with-held me till now from a second address of service, though not from offering continual thoughts of respect to your merit, and of perfect obedience to your Commands, nor shall I longer live, than breath the air of such devotion, being professedly,

*Madam,*

*Yours in firm affection,*

T. B.

## XLII.

## *AN ANSWER.*

*SIR,*

I Am (as you say) indeed always pleased to accept, what time permits you to write. Your lines please and cannot chuse, being full of erudition, full of love, and guided by a judgment not vulgar; And, what ever your time is, your mental store fails not: What others, with many a scratch'd brow, cannot invent, you with facility dictate, and as copiously pen; Then for my acceptance, there's no benignity required, but gratitude, and gratitude not common, but such as ought to quadre with merits, unparalleld. That you daign to entertain mine but with a superficial view, adds honour and value, adds courage and alacrity. We see many things carry price, not from innate worth, but the esteemers fancy; So Jewels and other rarities, which humane estimate, and not nature, have made pretious, The rule is *Opinion*; and if any mans approbation could make my lines accurate (that is, what they are not) sooner to yours should I yield the efficiency, and with much reason; for there's none I approve more. Whilst I am jejune and empty, you are polite, and, even upon my deficiencies, raise *Trophies* to your own *Genius*; Thus what I am not my self, I make you, by accident; So increases a black spot the candour of a blanch'd Vesture; So gloomy shades seem to augment the Phœbean radiances, and so are your Perfections set off by the soils of

Sir,

*Your Servant*, D. W.

XLIII.

## XLIII.

### *A conceited Letter of thanks for favours.*

*SIR,*

YOU know that I (with *friendship* and *affection* my sureties) stand already *bound* to you in an *Obligation*, for requital of a larger *sum* of favours, than my poor abilities can any ways satisfie, yet now you make a large addition to the *principal* debt by—Till fortune better enable me, I must beg your acceptance of *thankfulness*, which I design in lieu of *interest*, and (for your better *security*) my *bond* renewed for the rest, with the addition of another *surety*, my *Service*, *seal'd* with the privy signet of my love, *attested* by two *witnesses*, *gratitude* and *acknowledgment*, and *subscribed* by

Sir,

*Your faithful Servant*, T. B.

## XLIV.

### *In answer to a Letter from a dear Friend.*

*SIR,*

OF late my many evocations render me, as, inconstant in residency, so in my Letters and addresses both various and uncertain; Hence have proceeded (and a while I fear must) the languishment of my lines, the alternation of my weeks; Yet with this added disadvantage, that the more time may seem given me to write, the less I have to be accurate. I received your last abroad, and am never yet more at home, than where they find

me, or I them. A Vertue that (with me) accompanies yours, and yours only; And being it wants a Name, let it be a Sympathy: a Sympathy 'twixt you and me, so charming, that by reading your characters, I draw in my own Idea's (but abettered) and so fall, by an introversion, into my self. By this you may guess how much you endear your friend; by so expressing your self his; to make him (even in the midst of distractions, and fatigues) his own; and yet only to own him, to be more yours and Gods. Know then, I am yet free from misfortune, nor enfeebled by any mortal malady, that's sensible; Some grudgings of a *caduque* being, and the unwholsome seasons effects if I feel, they are but the antecedents of what I am sure at last must follow. But since you stile my sickness, your infirmity; my infortunes your mis-haps, I would be well to encrease your Vigours, fortunate to lessen your least bad events. The Heavens influence, and their interpreting Predictions now we hear begin to work in your clime, and as the operation bodens stupendious revolutions, so are we tickled with curiosity to know your changes, by what steps the main Designs ascend, and what you conceive will be the sequels chiefly of nearest connexion. In the mean, we will hope and fear: Two Passions that will blend all the fore-casts of humane life. Be careful of your health, that you may enjoy your self in a distracted Age. So shall you be safe in the guards of your own Vertues, and in the innocency of your life, with comfort consolate your Friends; Amongst whom not the least dependant, is ever,

Dear Sir,

*Your intirely affectionate,*

Dr. W.

XLV. *Upon*

## XLV.

*Upon a Promiſe to write to one.*

*SIR,*

THe inconſiderate Promiſe I made to render you my thoughts in writing during this abſence, was grounded upon a juſt ſenſe of my Obligation, without the leaſt reflection upon my diſabilities for any ſuch performance; and in this reſpect I might juſtly have been diſobliged without breach of faith, but that (ſeriouſly) I had rather diſcover my imperfections in this kind, than be any ways wanting in my remerciaments, which are much indebted to your many favours: And therefore I ſend this ſmall tribute, as an earneſt of the much greater affection of

Sir,

*Your Couſin and ſervant,* T. B.

## XLVI.

*Dear Couſin,*

AMong the various Contentments, which the Country yields in this ſeaſon, I have met with none equal to that, which the receipt of your Letter affords me; for (truſt me) I am ſo raviſh'd with the contents, that whenſoever I perceive that ſadneſs to invade me, which the want of your ſweet preſence often begets, I have inſtantly recourſe to your Letter for cure. Thus do I honour the Lines, for your dear ſake that ſent them, nor ſhall I ever ceaſe to acknowledg your numberleſs favours, whileſt I have breath to pronounce me

Dear Couſin,

*Your moſt affectionate ſervant.* T. B.

## XLVII.

### *An Answer to an Elegant Letter.*

*SIR,*

WHen I observe the equal facility and felicity of your expressions, I loath the rudeness and indigestion of mine, and when I consider the pith and plenitude of your lines, I look upon the emptiness and inanity of my own with much indignation: Yet, though I were not born a *Cicero* for Eloquence, I am and must be another *Asbates* for affection. If there be any thing in this World can deserve the name of *good*, 'tis really in the fruition of you; in and by whom I am so perfectly beatified, that I count my self in a Paradise, when I am gathering the fruits of your presence. Fortune (in other things less liberal) has given me many Friends and Correspondents, yet none so real, none so learned, as your self; I never made so happy a bargain (if I may so rudely stile it) as when I contracted this inter-traffick of love; I never hear from you or see you, but I make an infinite purchase of Piety, and knowledge, from your weighty lines and solid discourse; But above all, I have gained (yet blush to think with how little desert) in you a Friend, whose bosom is an Archive, fit to treasure up the greatest secret, and in whose hands I can repose my life, nay, (which is dearer) my Soul; O happiness, happiness said I? 'tis beyond the degree of common happiness; Such pious condescendings (where you give pure Gold & receive nothing but dross in exchange) argue a goodness in you beyond the reach of my Pen to delineate, which I must content my self, to admire. *Sir*, you have here the real dictates of my inmost thoughts, though wrapt up in a homely dress; for I am as yet

hardly

hardly entred into the Suburbs of good Language; yet do but pardon theſe my rude expreſſions, and I may hope (by your conduct) in time to enter that City, where you, by due merit, command in chief. To morrow I am bound for the frigid Zone, yet will aſſure you, no change of Climate ſhall have power to alter or cool the affections of

Sir,

*Your devoted Servant,*
*and therein moſt happy,*
T. B.

## XLVIII.

## *REPLY.*

*SIR.*

YOurs, as a ſuddain joy, have ſurpriſed me, So accort your ſtile, ſo pathetick your love, that I am both wrapt and inflamed: You could never in better time have made your friendly addreſſes; They came as Cordials to refreſh my exhauſted Spirits. I was even ſpent in diſpatches, diſtracted with unexpected viſits of Friends. From theſe as a reviving refrigeration, I cast my eyes and thoughts on your emphatick ſtrains. In which I am loſt; Can wonder, but not reply. In ſhort, I am ſo variouſly divided this day, and chiefly for the moments of the Meſſengers ſtay, that I have not reſpit of Reply. Before you direct your courſe towards the North-Pole. I hope to get ſo much pauſe, as to be my own, that I may make ſome ſuppletory addition. Pardon theſe extemporaries: What in ſenſe and language is deficient, that affection ſupplies, which really ever ſtiles me

Sir, *Yours*, D. W.

## XLIX.

### *A further Reply.*

*SIR,*

MY last hasty Note answered yours with Apology, that I wanted time to answer them; I promis'd also to be more responsory, and now repent it. My leisure's as interrupted, and second revisings of your accurate lines disanimate. What is most delightful to view, is as hard to parallel. *Sir*, the flote of your Eloquence runs high, and where (by the Art of self-annihilation,) you would seem to depress your sufficiency, there you most rise; And indeed skill cannot but by skill be hid, nor perspicuous abilities better blazon'd, than when most curiously mantled by arted inveloping. You are no *Cicero* born, 'tis confessed, yet I think born to be an English *Cicero*; of this, Nature has given ripe specimens, and industry as fast polishes; judgment matures. In one Letter I trace you flourishing in various figures; in the property and store of words choice, in composure compt; in sense acute. Trust me, I admire, yet cannot envy; For whilst an *Adhates* in affection, your imbellishments are mine. The *Accessory* (you know) in Law follows the *Principal*, and love makes all common. If then by this inviolable tie we are one, your endowments entitle me joint owner; a riches, I prepone to Monarchies. *Sir*, I were happy did I rightly own the least degree in the literary attributes you please to give me; those of endeared passion I do; those of reality I cannot refuse. It is indispensably your claim: what ere I am or shall be (that's commendable) is dedicated to your loyal friend

friendship; honour'd with belief, like I fail. My breast (as long as the harbour of a heart) shall be a safe repository; I was never by ingenerate disposition sutile or porous, and with so prudent and emboſom'd a friend, I shall not sure begin. Upon secrets I do not wittingly encroach, yet it (by freedom of a friend) committed, the ghastly terrors of Death unlock them not; He that wants this *gift* has no challenge to Amities sacred interest. But I am now interturn'd, and my Pen (dear friend) is snatch'd off, yet first take these votary wishes; Propitious be your guiding Stars, inspiring the *Muses*: a safe journey; fortunate your expeditions, and a speedy circuit to your City entertainments, and suspir'd retires; it is almost your peculiar felicity; that, where others are chiefly scattered, you can find or make an improving recess; An evidence as you are studious; so you can be, in all places, the commander of your self and hours. Well! my Lives, longings and Prayers shall accompany this fore'd vagary, and with as much joy welcome you home. Interstices local may divide bodies and abodes, united minds know no separation. Hence wherever I, in my better part, am with you concomitant, and lastingly

*Oxford* 29 *Sept.* Sir, *Yours*, D. W.

## L.

## *ANSWER.*

*SIR*,

HItherto I have been in a superlative degree, both felicitated by the riches of your presence, and enriched by the wealth of your friend-

But I have learnt there's nothing permanent in this world, otherwise three weeks absence from the one, and deprivement of the other, would be more afflictive, than words can expreſs; for in earneſt you are to me that fire of *Prometheus*, without which all my actions ſeem inanimate; detain but the food of your favors from me, and I am a-meer nothing. Though I am now bound (as you know) for the North, yet believe it my beſt thoughts ſhall ſteer Weſtward, where (how far ſoever diſtant in perſon) I leave the hearty affections of

Sir,

*Your faithful Servant,*

T. B.

## LI.

### *Anſwer to a quaint Letter.*

*SIR,*

When will your Treaſury of Choice Words be exhauſted, when will your Fountain of Eloquence be drawn dry, when will your Magazin of rich Matter be emptied? Never? I now plainly ſee the more you write, the more you have to write, and may (with reverence) not ineptly compare your *Cranium* to the holy *Chriſmatory* of *France*; you ſtill take out, yet leave it without the leaſt diminution; Prodigy of Nature! It fares much otherwiſe with me; I (if at any time big with words) fall into a painful labour, and after many throes, am always by abortion deliver'd of a thing like a Bears whelp, which I can lick into no form. Every Bucket drawn from

from mine own Well, goes nearer to the bottom; the reason is, there's no Springs for repletion of that shore: yet in earnest the influence of your teeming Muse has (me thinks) in some measure fertiliz'd my barren Soil. But whither rove I? Now for News (which is the *primum quærite* of these days.) I must tell you thus ——— Sir, the length of my Letter and the shortest of days, do not well quadre; This is the Winter Solstice. So is it also the Station both of my Invention and Paper; the first is at a *Non plus ultra* of Matter, the last only affords me room to subscribe my self

13 *Decemb.* Sir;

*Your vowed Servant,*
T. B.

## LII.

### *To a Brother.*

*Dear Brother,*

YOurs equally full of love and good Counsel came to my hands with no small contentment, since I perceive you interesse your self (as a very kind Friend) in all things that concern my good, which as I can never forget, so do I ever account my self most happy, when I hear of your progress in all Perfections and good qualities, wherewith to see you accomplished is the passionate desire of

*Your most affectionate*
*Brother,* T. B.

## LIII.

### *To Mr. G. G.*

*SIR,*

THis is only to give you many humble thanks for the favour you did me to the Duke. If I live not to be able to ſtrike Taleys with you, yet I ſhall always record your kindneſs with a thankful reminiſcence; And although I am *blunt* in my expreſſion, yet believe it, I ſhall moſt willingly in-*Gage* in any ſervice that may approve me

Sir,

*Your faithful Servant*, T. B.

## LIV.

### *Another to him in Fuſtian.*

*SIR,*

MY laſt was from *Dunſtable*, and (though I am in Perſon remov'd thence, yet) I fear the matter of this may come from thence too, being not as yet ſufficiently *rudimented*, in your Academy for ſuch ſuſceptions, I muſt tell you (with ſome regret) that I find not an Academick (except the noble Britain) in all our voiſinage; ſo that if we converſe at all, it muſt be with *Labradors*, and ſuch out of whoſe hebetudinous cerebroſity, we may as ſoon extract *Aurum potabile*, as the *Elixir* of any knowledg; Their querulous outcry is, that the continual ſiccity of this ſeaſon, has inuſted all their herbiferous grounds, which may happily breed a dearth of Aliment, as there is already of literature in theſe parts. Thus much *ex obliquo*, now to the purpoſe; I hope your late obſtreperous Alarms, have not interturb'd the proceedure of your noble Authors *Miſcellany*, which is a

principal

principal point in my *Card*. Sir, believe it, without some *Missive* of *Consolation* from you, the Countrey will soon put me into a *Chagrin*, therefore be no longer costive, as you love,

10 *Aug*. *Your Servant*, T. B.

## LV.

## *ANSWER.*

*SIR*,

HAving by the inclosed given you some few serious lines, let me now answer your facetious Letter (of 10 *August*) with a joculatory line or two; and first by way of alluding your acuminous *Exordium*; but withal of shewing, you immediately mistake the word *susception*, if you think it can stand in a sober sense for *undertaking*, however in a way of *Raillery* it may pass. Again, *rudimented* for *taught* is harsh; so is *hebetudinous cerebrosity*. *Documented* for *taught* may pass in a serious Line; and *plumbious*, better than *hebetudinous*; for, *inusted*, you should say *exusted*; so for *herbiferous frugiferous*, because Herbs and Plants are the less principal children of the Earth; whereas Corn and all sorts of Grain are the most principal for mans use, for so you must mean by the word (*aliment*) that follows in the text of your Letter.

And by this you see there is a kind of Elegance to be observed in a Fustian phrase, nay I say more, the lepid lines of fustian are lost, when 'tis not genuine, but strained; And trust me (Sir) I hold it a piece of greater Art to line a Letter with proper fustian, than with silken language, especially when friends resolve to be merry by distantial salutes; your *French Chagrin* and *Spanish Labrador* may pass as apposite, because

cause proper to the sense, and nothing strained; So the *Missive of Consolation* you desire, by way of an amicable Observation upon the Text of yours; And this is what I can sport away, who must rest

17 *Aug.* Sir,

*Your sustaining Friend,* G. G.

## LVI.

## *REPLY.*

*SIR,*

THis brings you humble thanks both for your News and your Criticisms; And though mine of the 10 of *August* were but *panis spustieus*, a dough-bak'd piece of Fustian, wherein I intended nothing *ad amussim*, yet you must give me leave to make some defence. For *Susception* I have *Rider* for my warrant in that sense: *Rudimented* I hold to be good, and (according to the new Mode of converting Nouns into Verbs) I purposely avoided *plumbeous cerebrosity* (not plumbious as you write it) as trite and thred-bare; But for your exception to *herbiferous*, in that you mistake the sense, for the season hath been of late very good for Corn and Grain, which *frugiferous* includes, and as bad for Grass, the Sun having in some places not only burnt the very roots of it, but has also made strange clefts and impressions in the Earth, therefore I used *inusted*, a word, which though not so usual, as *exusted*, or *adusted*; yet in this sense I think no less proper, if not in a genuine, at least in a metaphorical way, and Cattel, that are fed by Grass and Hay, are a considerable part of our *Aliment*, &c. *Sed*

*Sed me reprimo*, not at all presuming to enter the *Cirque* with you in *Logomachy*, or the pugnacity of such disputes, but with submission in all things to your greater judgment, whence I must confess to have received in these my junior years, a great increment to my smaller portion of knowledg both by these and other documental Redargutions, which I always receive with a reverential respect, answerable to your merit, and the Obligation of

Sir,

24 *Aug.* *Your very humble servant,*
T. B.

## LVII.

### *Rejoynder.*

*SIR,*

I Do hugely allaud your endeavour to *abonar* what I had vitiated in my last; For 'tis a sign you are Master of what you do, when you can avow it *ab ipsis primis principiis*; and thereby shew you are as far from being conscious of errour, as you are from being inscious how far you may use the latitude of sustiniatizing, without exceeding the limits of modest avowment, *per modum inculpatæ tutelæ Macte animo mi Thoma, & perge eo quo cœpisti pede*, &c. Trust me, Sir, I shall (without a blush) easily yield you the advantage of me in *Logomachy*, as oftentimes deep *Divines* do to *Logicians* in point of reducing *Syllogisms* to all their possible variations into several *Moods* and *Figures*, because the one is actually conversant in that particular, whereas the other depends only upon the habitual use of such Figures, without retaining the Rule that leads to the rectitude thereof. So men speak true

Latin

Latine, without being able to give rule for it, and by this means sometimes are peccant against the Rule, which every School-boy can correct them in. And truly in this particular of *Logomachy* you may and will be able to read Lectures to the deepest of men, because you laudably make it your profes'd study, and consequently will make a world of men obliged to you, as well as

2 *Sept.* Sir,

*Your Servant,* G. G.

## LVIII.

### *An Answer from one sick.*

*SIR,*

SUch my present condition, that I receive your Letters as sick men do visits, am grateful, yet cannot return the courtesie, but by feeble thanks; In this nature I have now been 3 weeks a decumbent; This the cause I have already fail'd in my wonted intercourse, and the same continuated disability must render these, of my own complection, infirm and faint, yet I beg you will not interrupt your turns; For though I am not responsible, yet your lines are much solace, and no small divertisement from the sense of my weakness: What was before but a friendly correspondence, will (till it please God I mend) be an office of endearing Charity, extended towards him, who is

Sir,

*Entirely yours.*

D. W.

LIX.

## LIX.

### *To his Wife, after a long Journey.*

*My Dearest,*

I Have been a long sad Journey, which seemed so much the longer and so much the sadder, by how much I was farther distanced from your sweet abode, nor had the sadness of this forced vagary any solace at all, saving that of near 300. miles, I passed no one, without making a Relique of your memory, which hath still the vertue to renew all joys in me, and expel the mists of melancholy, almost with equal force (so strong was my imagination) as if I had been really in your presence; If you have but bestowed one thought on me for every hundred I have dedicated to you, I am satisfied, believing that no love can come within so many degrees of mine, nor that there's any state so happy, as that of being

*Your devoted Servant,*
T. B.

## LX.

### *Another to the same.*

*My only dear,*

THat you may see I forget you not at any time nor in any place, I present you these, and if I seem importune by my frequent addresses, you must pardon me, since I profess to receive no solace in this absence, but what the comfortable entertainment of thoughts on you affords me, and should I but as often put such thoughts in writing, as my heart presents them to my memory, I should be no day, even no hour without a Pen in

my

my hand; And I may well hope from the excellency of your nature, that you will not leave such faith, such affection, without a just retribution, nor can I despair of your remembrance of me in some proportion answerable to mine of you; so may happiness in the end crown both, and I live eternally

*Yours as at first unalterable,*
T. B.

## XLI.

### *In answer to a friend, ill of a Cold.*

*SIR,*

THE next degree to the happiness of not having evils, is to have had them: Which imports, though not our immunity, yet riddance: And to have overcome anoiance may be better, than not to have suffered it. This since you say, you have been almost dead of a Cold, congratulates your almost Resurrection: And hopes to find your short-windiness turn'd into free respiration. 'Tis a vulgar Probleme, whether this malady may be called a Disease, or Physick. You, I believe, found it troublesom; but will not repent, if it prove medicinal, I imagine (assur'd by *Aprils* forward Sun) you slipt too early into your Summer Apparel; which, though it prov'd too thin to defend you, yet not unable, to make you take a warier choice of your wardrobe next Spring. *Gondamor* was of Opinion, that as there were in *England* many seasons of the year in one day; so a man had need of several Suits: My fancy is, if you will not always be shifting, 'tis not best to shift till you see Nature in her best green Gown: Whose fashion

you

you may harmlesly follow. *Sir*, you see by my spinning out this one Clause of your Letter, I want matter; Yet you may see too, there's nothing drops so raw from you, but affords subject. Nor must you blame me; if your indisposition busie my Pen, since your *ingenia* is the Copy of it, and my own best constitution. Hence you have a double care lies upon your preservation; your love to your self, and indulgence to Sir,

*Your servant*, D. W.

## LXIII.

*In answer to a Letter of Commends, &c.*

*SIR*,

I Never look'd awry (pardon the phrase) upon any of yours till now, and now (were not our mutual loves united with many a dear link) jealousie (that Canker of affection) would corrode my heart. I should, (and can yet hardly forbear to) judg, that you had some more deserving Object in your mind, when you fancied me with such high Commends, as hold no proportion with my merit. I know you never wrote, but your heart and Pen were coitinerants, yet (pardon me, if) I assure you that in this (and perhaps in this alone) love has purblinded your (otherwise much discerning) judgment; should I believe all you write of me, I might quickly be wafted into a Fools Paradise, and so become a *Ludibry*; I'll rather characterise my self, than own the least of your attributes; take it thus bluntly, yet with truth and candor: For I have studied the sentence that was engrav'n upon the gate of *Apollo's* Temple

Temple at *Delphos*, (viz.) γνῶθι σεαυτὸν *I was born under the dull Planet* Saturn, *so that* Mercury *had no influence on my production, hence I am so far from being a thynocus of nature, a* Pelops *of wisdom, or* Cicero *of Eloquence, that I never pretended to any of those severer, which beget admiration; nor to have my mind embroidered with any studied Ornaments of Learning. I only claim some small title to those qualities which stir affection, as truth of Word, sincerity of heart,* &c. Having thus ingenuously premised, I now send you an inhibition from the Court of Love, not to ~~treat any more of that subject~~, but to redargue my Errours, and shew me the flats both of my Pen and Judgment, that what I write hereafter, may merit this only *Elogium*; As *here's no Eloquence, so likewise no incongruity or affectation*, I aim no higher, for in earnest, if it were possible, any thing of yours could nauseate me, the way were to send me a Laudatory Epistle, in stead of a Redargutory Letter; But I have another task, therefore it is high time to put *Omega* to work, by subscribing my self,

Sir,

*Your humble Servant,*

T. B.

## LXIII.

## *THE REPLY.*

*SIR,*

MY fancied Excess in your praise, now recoils upon my self; you are, I see, your Arts Master: and what you could not divert by a just disclaim, you can stop by an exaggerated *Retorsion*. You may expect, I should imitate your shame-fac'd modesty, right this perhaps, with renouncing the abi-

abilities you heap upon me. But, I will not, should I, we should still dwell in one Theme, and by the nauseous Tautology, both impair, what e're we both merit. I dare not vindicate my self, a perfect *self-knowledg*: nay, I avoid the reflex glance, that should tell me what I am, might cast me into a dejection; and so, hinder amendment. Pusillanimity never yet attained any eminence. Do you cease your own undervalu'ings, and I shall my more adjusted expression. I can let your *Worths* be their own blazons, would you let them; but if you will wrong your self, justice calls me, to your vindication. Nor, must the *Legists* Maxime here sway; *volenti non fit injuria*. Neither of us (pardon the Parallel) are so accomplisht, but we ought to thrive in imbellishments. Whether our souls came *Aristotles Tabula rasa*, or written with *Plato's Idea's* into our earth; in our earth, they have either forgot much, or learnt little. The fault, doubtless, ours. For, by what we know, we know we might, and may, know more. Nature has made us capable; that we become not better Proficients, our own truant inerty, the obstacle. I am not so much a *Scotist*, as to confess a substantial difference in souls; nor yet, such an Abcedary Philosopher, as to deny the Organs must be fitted, where the Operation is to be excellent. You and I should be ingrate, did we not assert, God has been liberal enough. To asperse his bounty with our wants, were a petty blasphemy in Philosophy it self. Let us both confess our respective ignorance, and our ignorance to be only *ours*. This done, we are not to center in old dulness, but from the remorse of lost time, vigorously imploy the future. It imports the vulgar rout, more to be good than sagacious: We, are moulded for higher action, yet must join Vertue to Knowledg, Reason's brutish, where the Will's insult.

The

The Pattern we were effigiated to, was infinitely knowing, infinitely good; in both we are bound to imitate: bound to be the *Representatives* of both, or we forfeit our Originals and our similitude, too. Man's a little world; his mind the heaven; the two Great Lights those splendid faculties, his Intellect, and Will: The lesser Stars, are the other powers: the intellect the Sun of all; All borrow his brightness, all must co-operate with his rays, by adding their proper Vertues. Thus shall our Microcosm be resplendent and fruitful, and gloriously rich; thus, we wise, and good, and thus nor good nor wise, I am

Sir,

*Yours*, D. W.

## LXIV.

### *The Rejoynder.*

*SIR*,

I Quarrel'd your last, in hope you would have retracted your transcendent Elogical Commends, which whilst you seem to intend in this, you have by a Rhetorical Artifice, added more fewel to that fire; So that I derceive whether I write or be silent, complain or acquiesce, I am every way dilemma'd; I must confess to have not wit nor language enough, to fathom the depth of your abilities, by consequence am rendred impossibilited to pay you in your own coin, which is of such allay, that I may well say, you have truly found out the *Philosophers stone*, since you are able to convert any gross matter into the gold of fine language; your prosaick lines are (for excellency) like those metrical ones of *Homer*, which as they excel in other points, so they seem to have an

an easie native slide in them, and to be conducted by a happy *Genius*. If I had abilities to expatiate upon this subject, I could not be held a *Patelin*, but rather a Suffragan to truth; what I want words to express, silent admiration shall speak in the thoughts of

Sir,

*Your obliged Servant,*
T. B.

## XLV.

## *AN ANSWER.*

*SIR,*

TIS well you are, as you are, the Rendezvouz where all Perfections meet, otherwise I should in this intercourse have one (and one only) advantage of you; For whilst you, at every return of the Tabellary, have your Theme to seek, and yet no sooner sought but found (such is the magazin of your invention) I have a plentiful subject always ready at hand, if I had answerable abilities to make my election, and words fitted accordingly, and that is *news*, news which whilst there are men will never cease to be in vogue; And since this week affords that which is somewhat palatical, I shall no longer tantalize you with a proletarious *Exordium*. Then know, *&c.*

——I shall on all occasions endeavour to serve you, having been cordially, ever since I told you so,

Sir,

*Your faithful Servant,*
T. B.

LXVI.

## XLVI.

## *REPLY.*

*SIR,*

I Am assaulted by your Martial Metaphors, yet with this favour, that where others erect their Engines, to ruin, your Level aimes to strengthen the weak Fort you direct against; your continued Elogies at least mean to perswade me (I see) into some Ability, and could you infuse what you commend (instead of blush) your Rhetorique would make me doubtless eloquent. I will not say with that keen Satyrist *Recuso, Euge tuum & Belle.* No, I will with a modest guilt of non-desert embrace them, to profit, and that *nec te quæsiveris extra* (of the same Poet) was a good Monition, but our Muse is not so stoical.

*Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,*
*Præmia si tollas?* — Sir, Honour is the reward of Arts, and Fame the tongue of Honour, nor are either Honour or Fame more the Guerdons, than the Incentives to Proficience. Do you see (my friend) how I hug your Attributions? My vanity yet (in it) may be your lesson; not to be vain, but ingenuous. Be not so squeamish, henceforward; Accept your Bays offered, or merit it confer'd. What praise finds not answerable, let it entice to answer; I know my insufficiencies, but utterly despair not amendment; If by your encouragement I amend not, I shall confess my brutish Nature, to be past cure. If I grant you an advantage over me, 'tis but what you have asserted; I answer the same Post, and to many besides yours; But what is this? my both matter, and the couching shews it, to be suddenly slight and rude, an odd Perfection, and but suitable to both my leisure

and

and me; you have a ready subject for your Pen, and how gratefully and ably you paint it forth, give me leave to be the Judge, that receive the delight: and I must keep it to my self, for you are as coy to receive the titles of your worth; as I am conscious they are due. Be then still higher than words can express you; so I may still be as low as

Sir,

*Your humble Servant,*

D. W.

## LXVII.

### *The first Address to his Mistris.*

*Most Honored Lady,*

IN a cause whereon the felicity of my whole life depends, and wherein I have most will, I find least power to unbosom the secrets of my heart, such force has Love to captivate my faculties. Hence 'tis I rather chose this, than that other way of verbal delivery; For though in either I should discover my own imperfections, yet in these lines my guiltless blushes will pass un-seen. Hitherto I have only appear'd a servant to your Affairs, and in that quality had continued, if the excellency of your personal Endowments had not (by some kind of Heavenly Impulse) driven me on to more aspiring thoughts; Thoughts, which (with truth I speak it) were ingendred by the only Object of your Goedness, without any adulterate commixture of estate, which (however valued by others) is not of weight sufficient to turn the ballance of my scale, if not other-

wise well laden with pure and unbiass'd affection; which I profess to owe to none but you; and to you all things, even the being of

*Your most faithful and devoted Servant,*
T. B.

## LXVIII.

### *Another to the same.*

*My inestimable Jewel,*

IF the fumes of those Corrosives you gave me last night from other hands, had not been qualified with the sweet Odours of your own Cordials, I had (unfeignedly speaking) wholly sacrific'd the ensuing night to the vigils of a disquiet mind: But as your goodness had not the will only, but the power to raise me from a hell of tormenting thoughts, to a Paradise of expected Comfort, so does it multiply my endeared affections, which no misfortune shall have power to alienate, nor shall any thing but death determine. I am with much sollicitude setting all my imaginations upon the tenter, in order to the removal of those Rocks, which seem, and but seem, to threaten Shipwrack to our approaching happiness, whereto your utmost contribution is, by all the ties of true love, most earnestly implored, with the continuance of him in your best thoughts, who is

*Your own, beyond expresses,*
T. B.

LXIX.

## LXIX.

### *Another.*

*Dear Madam,*

AMong all the Obliquies, which the unrelenting malice of mine, and by consequence your, enemies hath cast upon me, none appears so ghastly in my thoughts, as that pretended want of love towards you, which (the Heavens will witness) was never imbreasted in any mortal with more purity and plenitude; For 'tis the foundation, whereon I intend (by Divine assistance) to build a Frame of mutual and interminable Happiness; a Happiness that will be admired by some, but envied by others. Please to remember that you are now *filia emancipata* (as Divines term you) at your own dispose, and that you have of me a servant, who only breaths by your favour, and lives through your love, who will ever owe you fealty for the one, and still do you homage for the other; a servant, who with unwearied expectation only waits for the happy hour, wherein that (*fiat*) shall be by you pronounc'd, which will in an instant (*Elixar*-like) turn all my drossy cares and anxieties into true Contentments, and make me live eternally

*Yours without change,*

T. B.

## LXX.

### *Another.*

*My happy Choice,*

IF a more preſſing occaſion had not detain'd me, I ſhould have thought the foulneſs of the Weather but an eaſie Penance, in reſpect of the Solace, which the Sweets of your Preſence would have afforded me, for the enjoyment whereof I muſt (with much regret) adjourn my expectation till to morrow; Mean time I ſend you the promiſed Pictures, if the ſight of which do at any time erect your thoughts to Heaven-ward; even then remember him, who on earth deſires no greater happineſs, than to live and die loving (and beloved by) you, in quality of

*Your ſecond ſelf,*

T. B.

## LXXI.

### *To excuſe the not taking leave of a Lady of quality.*

*Madam,*

THough it be held a readier way to gain pardon, by acknowledging than excuſing a fault, yet the Eminency of your Ladiſhips perſon doth ſo aggravate it in me, that I muſt beg leave to leſſen, though, I cannot hope to have it wholly remitted, in ſaying the juſtneſs of your Ladiſhips cauſe of ſtay, made me preſume none had ſo little compaſſion as to deny it; and that I may expect the being freed from my Ague, without danger of loſing the opportunity of preſenting my humble

thanks

thanks for ſo many ſignal favours, undeſervedly conferred on me, but ſince that happineſs with many others is loſt by your Ladiſhips abſence, honour this Paper ſo far I beſeech you, as to ſuffer it to ſupply my defects herein, and teſtifie how ambitious I ſhall be, by my future obſervance, to merit the Title of

*Madam,* *Your moſt humble Servant,*
A. B.

## LXXII.

### *Upon the death of a fair Lady.*

*SIR,*

AMong other impartments, your laſt tells me, *you were to uſher a fair Lady to her grave:* A Corporal work of Mercy, it is to bury the Dead, I grant, but to interr ſo great a Beauty ſeems to entrench on Pity and blaſt the Spring. Had ſhe lived till Autumn or even Midſummer, the funerals of many Flowers had lamented her Urn: Yea if but till they had been blown, they would have loſt their lives to adorn her Hearſe: and have been ambitious (like thoſe Savages) to have been buried quick with their Lady Paragon, for her attendance in the other World. But ſhe has inverted Nature, and the Seaſon too; the flower of Beauty died, when the beauty of Flowers ſhould ſpring: and ſo has not only left a withered World, but diſmaied the Growth of what ſhould garniſh it. Flowers are diſheartened to open their fragrant Colours, ſince their Pattern is ſo early Crop't: And ſeem to intend (ſince ſhe's intomb'd under the Earth's ſurface) to keep themſelves under Earth to accompany her duſt: yet I will free you of cruelty

in this face, you had no hand (I am ſure) in her death, though you helpt her to her Grave. And who ſhould be a fitter Mourner at the Exequies of a fair Lady, than ſo compleat a ſervant of Ladies? *Sir*, I ſee what grace you are entertained with by them: They not only love you living, but are loath to part with you, dead: Will carry you as far as they can towards the other life, when they go. That, if they may not have your company quite through (which were a wrong to Survivors) they may your funeral tears, ſighs, or Prayers for their *Ultime Vale*: you preface a happy *imprimis*, to this ſad diſcourſe, and ſay *having* (*firſt*) *done all that might tend to her future happineſs*, Happy News: and it owns you, I believe, an inſtrument of good effects and Offices. Had all fair Ladies ſuch faithful ſervants, More Idols of Beauty would receive impreſſion of the divine Image, and become the ſervants of God. And ſhe had much reaſon to deſire your care of her bodies interment, that had firſt aided her Soul, with a ſaving *Viaticum* for heaven. Long may you live the Author or helper of ſuch good deeds. In the interim, as here was a double work of mercy (Corporal and Spiritual) exploited, ſo you, I am confident, have made your uſeful application of the Accident; beheld in the blaſting of this Flower, the fate of Fairneſs, the frailties of the faireſt Clay, that feature, and white and red could imbelliſh, if ſhe were not Superlative in Beauty, in Beauty ſhe had many inferiours: if in Fortunes, not the favourite of Fortune, yet, ſhe had her ſmiles. Many beauties have ſain ſooner, many may ſooner fade; yet in her all Beauties, all Fortunes have expreſt, what Fortunes and Beauties are, what is the *Exit* of the Fable of this temporary life; to wit, ugly death eternal depri-

deprivation, the cold Tomb, and deformed duſt. Fortunate life! that ſo contemplates mortal condition, as to be indifferent and ready to change; that frail incertainties and vain glitter may be motives to aſſure and fix on laſting good, that by others death learns to live, and lives the life that fears not death; That ſo accompanies other Funerals, as in that ſable equipage, to behold the mournful Pomp of the Worlds farewel, and their own deſtinies: That reads in that earthly bed of death (the Grave of others) their own Motto, *We are duſt, and all mortal things Momentany.* *Sir*, pardon the long ſlip of my Pen, you ſee how a fair Ladies death and your living Piety, entrances me, to the forgetfulneſs of other ſubjects. Thanks for your news, on which the only preſent Comment ſhall be, that I am for ever

Sir, *Your grateful Servant,*
D. W.

## LXXIII.

### *The Reply, relating to the particulars of that Ladies death.*

*SIR,*

SInce you have been pleas'd to ſing ſo ſweet a *dirge*, and to make ſo excellent a Comment upon our late funerous Text, I cannot think the particulars of that ſad ſubject (how confuſedly ſoever I deliver them) will be acceptable to you; This Lady was three months continually dying, without any hope of recovery, and this occaſioned by an Ulcer in her throat, it was my good fortune (though others had aſſi'd it) to gain her firſt aſſent to bring a ſpiritual Phyſitian to her. *Dr. G.* was next at hand, and did act his part exceeding well; after two or three

eff.ctive viſits, the Patient (through the comfort and eaſe of the ſpiritual Cataplaſmes and Emplaiſters which the *Doctor* applied) was ſo wrapt and pioufly enamor'd of him, as ſhe even embrac'd him at every appearance: When ſhe drew near the confines of deaths kingdom, ſhe did uſually ejaculate not only moſt pious, but even eloquent or rather diviniloquent expreſſions, as this (among many others) which heaven grant I may never forget. *I have* (ſaid ſhe) *lived long in the vanity of this world, for which God hath placed me in this bed of ſorrow; Were it his holy pleaſure, I ſhould act over one of them again, & the choice left to me, I would* (*by the grace of* Jeſus) *rather chooſe the torments of this bed, and malady than have any thing to do with the worlds vanities*, &c. Beſides, nothing did ſo much trouble her as that *ſhe had lived* (as ſhe did) *for fear of worldly endamagement*) *ſome years in an outward profeſſion that contradicted her inward perſwaſion.* The *Doctor* was no leſs taken with his Patient, than ſhe with him, for I heard him ſay, he was never more ſatisfied with the manner of any perſons death; and I confeſs her *exit* did more triſtitiate me, than that of my own Siſter, the manner of it, not a little both mortifying and edifying me; For to ſee her Picture in the Anti-chamber, and then go in and look upon the Original, was ſubject enough for mortification, the one being ſo incomparably beautiful, the other ſo ghaſtly; In a word, the laſt breath ſhe drew was ℈ E—and in pronouncing *S U S* ſhe expir'd. So that we may conclude, as ſhe was a great beauty living, ſhe was a greater dead; For whereas corporal beauty in others dies with the body, hers did not ſo, but by a ſecret tranſition paſs'd into the ſoul. Thus have you heard the brief (but ſad) ſtory of this good Ladies end, and that from Sir,

*Your humble Servant*, T. B.

LXXIV

## LXXIV.
## *LETTER.*

*SIR,*

THE punishment that *Apollo* inflicts upon reading *Guicciardine* is a light one, compar'd to this you impose on your self, and yet you will only here play the Stoick, in not acknowledging you are in pain. Nothing can justifie me, but obedience, for presuming to offer this tedious *Romance* to those eyes that should only look upon *Iliads*. I give verses as *Galenists* do Physick, which clogs the stomach more than the disease. I must confess we may view Cities taken, Kingdoms ruin'd, and new Worlds discovered in less room. It is a Poem that hath neither height nor profundity, yet it has length; it overflows but swells not, it wearies without ascents, as *Promenades* do upon a flat; In a word I shall think, if you do not find fault with it and reprehend me, it is because you are angry and will do nothing in passion; however 'tis a trust I recommend to your secresie, for follies are not things of the least consequence to trust a friend with. And having now performed my promise with you, I expect you should do the like with

Sir,

*Your affectionate Servant,*
J. C.

## LXXV.

### *Upon a New-year.*

*SIR;*

AS all things sublunary owe their being to the revolution of the upper *Spheres*, so their change; And 'tis just, they should submit to their

essential Guides. Among other Novelties, the first mover has brought about the point of *Circular motion*, that has begun us a new Year, and promises many unwonted effects. Whilst these appear, let us be the same we were, constant old friends to God, heaven and our selves. Change, though to the better argues imperfection; yet not to change to the better, were the worst of imperfections. As restless Rivers haste to their Ocean, so ought we to ours, which is God, the Ocean of bliss, repose, and Center of Eternity; Till here arriv'd; we are in flux and variety: Let us be so, but hold the right way. As *Grace* is elder than *Nature*, so she first begins her Year; *Astronomers* commence theirs with the Springs vigour, when the Sun's in *Aries*, the Church is content with *Capricorn*; when her Sun's in the Cradle, that Orient of Justice and Mercy, the Son of God. The signs melancholy; yet the fore-runner of what's more propitious. So let our sorrows shorten with the nights, our joys with the days, lengthen. This solstice (if we follow the conduct of the right Star) will fairly move in a brighter height, a nearer approach; dispel our mists, warm our hearts, ravish our eyes.

This rumbling Prologue, is but to bring in the Prayer that wishes you a happy New-year, and that regard of times winged Carriers, which in running moments may take hold of the stedfast point of Eternity. This is the Center of circumference; in which, who truly fix, may be moved, but not from it. Then, as time whirls away the measure of our mortal being, it will hasten that, which shall know no alteration, but to be invariable. *Sir*, my complexion suits the dead season at present, and yields me but a languishing health: Hence my Pen's as dull. You know when the bodie's out of order, the spirits cannot but flag. I must suffer the one, you will pardon

pardon the other. And ſo to affairs that require no politure, but what your patience ſhall give them, &c.

2 *January.* W. D.

## LXXVI.

## *ANSWER.*

*SIR,*

YOurs I have received, read, and read again, and the more I read it, the more I have a mind to read it, ſuch are the incentives of your heaven-inſpired lines, which as they clearly demonſtrate the truth of that *Maxime* of a modern Author, that *Eternity is the Port and Sabbath of all humane Contemplations:* So, ſince my more earthly Soul and leſs heavenly cogitations are not able in due manner to comprehend them; I wrap my ſelf in this your learned *ſheet*, and ſay to it (with equal wonder) As *Ariſtotle* once did to *Euripus*, *Quia ego non capio te, tu capias me* T. B.

## LXXVII.

### *To a Friend upon his Marriage.*

*SIR,*

I Have of late with-held from you the Char cters of my hand, though not the well-wiſhes of my heart, conceiving you as cloſe in the purſuit of your fair *Daphne*, as *Phœbus* was of his, when the breath of his mouth diſorder'd her diſheveled hair: For I perceive you have now ran ſo, as happily to take the

the Virgin prize; may you be ever mutually happy. There now only remains the *metamorphosis* (not into the Beast with two backs, which the knavish *Shakespear* speaks of) but of that more ingenious, two into one, *uruus, una* into *unum*, which you have hinted so modestly in yours. Your *Daphne* I hope (before the arrival of this Paper) will be converted not only into *Bays*, but *Rosemary*, which is one fragrancy, due to her perfections (if you have as I doubt not) given her a true character) more than the Pen gave *Apollo*'s Mistress. Let this therefore suffice to give you both the *Parabien* or *Hymen*'s honours and felicities, and to let you know I shall both expect and be ambitious to wear a sprig in honour of her, nor will I fail heartily to commend you both to the great *President* of the wedding of *Cana* in *Galilee*, that he may turn the bitter *Waters* of your long expectation into the *Wine* of a happy and contented life, made up with the blessing of a good and pious posterity; In which devotion I affectionately rest

Sir, *Your humble Servant*,
H. T.

## LXXVIII.

### *In excuse of silence.*

*Madam*,

I So much value your noble favors that I rank them among my greatest interests; what I may be guilty of by my silence, I know not, but am sure the poor man that asks not the price of a rich Jewel, commits no error. The high estimate I set on your goodness shall be my retreat, in which I shall be safe, if you be what I deem you, good. More I cannot deliver, but that I had rather in an humble silence wait upon some

ſome occaſion of ſervice, than word out my dull expreſſions, among which there's none more real, than that I am

(Madam,)

*Your moſt reſpectful humble Servant,*

T. B.

## LXXIX.

### *Of Comfort to a ſick Friend*

*SIR,*

WHen I firſt received the unwelcom news of your infirmity, I was much contriſtated; but afterwards conſidering, that as well Sickneſs, as all other afflictions come from God, and aſſuring my ſelf he has ſent you this for your great good, I took comfort, and wiſh you may do the like, ſince 'tis a ſign of his great love towards you; for he ſays, *Quos ego amo, arguo & caſtigo.* God deals with men, as Phyſitians do with Patients, who eaſily grant to the ſick perſon, of whoſe health they deſpair, all he deſires, but whom they hope to recover, they charge to obſerve a Diet, and abſtain from thoſe things that are noxious to health. So think God deals now with you, hereby to purge you from ſin, and reſtore your Soul to perfect health. Hence 'twas the Angel *Raphael* ſaid to *Tobias, Quia acceptus erat Deo, neceſſe fuit ut tentatio probaret te.* And as God will have all his true Servants to be tryed in the Furnace of Tribulation, like pure Gold in that of fire; ſo is he never more near to them, than in their Affliction; Himſelf having ſaid, *Cum ipſo ſum in tribulatione*; From which you may raiſe a great comfort to your ſelf, ſuffering (as I hope you do) with patience and reſignation; for tribulation is ſo notable a ſign of Gods mercy and preſence, That Saint *Bernard* deſired of God he might never be with-

without it, saying, *Da mihi, Domine Tribulationem, ut semper mecum sis.* And S. *Austin* likewise, *Hic ure me hic seca me, ut parcas in æternum.* Therefore be of good courage, and believe, That God by his Visitation knocks at the door of your Soul, and wills you to prepare your self for him.

Be truly constant in your holy Faith, what tentation soever you meet with to the contrary; Repose your only hope and trust in Christs Death and Passion; let your Charity be such as to forgive all persons that have injur'd you, even from the bottom of your heart, as you desire the forgiveness of Almighty God, to whose holy will and pleasure resign your self wholly, offering him freely life, pains and death, and whatever appertains to you, to dispose according to his blessed will. I perswade my self you have ere this orderly disposed your worldly affairs: Then make it now your only care to provide for the good of your soul (as a business of greatest import, humbly beseeching the mercy of God, and frequenting the holy Sacrament. And then, by his Grace, whensoever it shall please him to call you hence, you may joyfully say with holy *Simeon, Nunc dimittis servum tuum Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace.* The best service I can now do you is to offer my poor Prayers to our blessed Saviour for you, which shall be daily performed by

(Sir)

*Your most affectionate Servant,*

B. G.

## LXXX.

### *A facetious Letter.*

*SIR,*

MY Muſe this miſty weather has taken cold, my *Hippocrene* is frozen, yet 'tis in your power to ſhare it, and then it ſhall run at waſte with divine Nectar, faſter than the Conduits of *London* do with water. *Sir*, here we miſtake the time of the Year, for I have heard your Lady complain, that theſe are the longeſt days, and the cold nights longer than they, and every day and every night is a Year, and all of them Platonical. Loves Mathematicks are ſtrange, yet true. So have I ſeen the glorious Sun-bright bed-fellow (through her diaphanous veile) bepearl her fairer cheeks, becauſe her love had widowed her a whole day. I have heard my Lady wiſh ſhe could have ſent you myriads of Paper-kiſſes; but they are too rich a Prize to be adventur'd without a Convoy.

*Haſte then, O haſte away,*
*Here will appear no Day,*
*Without your golden Ray,*
*Good Sir, then poſt away.*

Your propitious return will animate us all with new life and vigor, my Muſe will carrol forth your welcom, the Bells will ring without ceaſing, and I never ceaſe to be

10 *December.* Sir,

*The moſt obliged, though unworthieſt of your Servants,*

J F.

## LXXXI.

### *To Mris* M. K.

*Madam,*

YOu'l ſee by the encloſed how much *Mr B.* is become yours; there is a ſtrange Magick in your Converſation, thus to captivate every one that enters but the liſt of your acquaintance; For ſome are Priſoners to your beauty, others do homage to your Vertue; You know I was long ſince your vaſſal on the ſame account of the laſt, and am ſtill ſo far from repining at the weight of my Fetters, that I am never more pleas'd, than when I am contemplating my own ſervitude, writing my ſelf

Madam,

*Your moſt humble Servant,*

T. B.

## LXXXII.

*Dear Widow,*

THough I ſtaid near an hour at the *Goat*, with deſire of ſeeing you imbark in your (*a*) *Coach*, (*a*) Land-ſhip, yet I dare ſay you will not believe I was, in ſome reſpect, glad you came not in that time, for I was not willing to diſcover my good nature to ſo much company as attended you, and I'm ſure the parting with you would have had the ſame effects, which the ſight of a direful Tragedy is wont to work upon me. You know I cannot complement, and I know you do not expect it, yet muſt aſſure you, that under this grum outſide, there lies a kind and affectionate heart for you within. I can tell you no news, but

but that *The Adventure of five hours*, or, *The ſhifting of the vail*, has been acted nine days together with general applauſe, yet ſome malicious Poetaſter has made a Libel on't, with this ſlovenly mock-title, *The Adventures of five Whores*, or, *The ſhitting in the valley*— Oblige me by preſenting my ſervice to your Couſin K. and all your Relations, who are dear to me, becauſe *you* are ſo, in whoſe memory I deſire to live

Madam,

22 *June*. 1663. *Your moſt faithful ſervant*, T. B.

## LXXXIII.

### *To a ſick Father.*

*Dear Sir*,

WE came well to *London*, and I dare ſay we all parted from you with wet eyes, which nature exacted of us, as children to ſo good a Father. But when we raiſed our thoughts, and conſidered firſt your great Age, and that 'tis appointed for every man once to die. Secondly, your long declining ſickneſs, and your patience and reſignation in it, which muſt needs excellently diſpoſe you for Heaven, we were much comforted, and daily pray, that what ever Almighty God ſhall determine, you may readily ſubmit to his holy will, and whether you live or die, be always his. To which end, I earneſtly recommend the excellent Letany for the ſick which I left with you, to be ſaid every night or oftner at your Bed-ſide, which will put you in mind of what is chiefly requiſite for your ſouls health; and at other times I beſeech you often to preſent theſe and ſuch like ſhort Ejaculatory Prayers to our dear Saviour and Redeemer.

*Deus*

*Deus propitius eſto mihi peccatori.*
*Miſerere mei Deus, ſecundum magnam miſericordiam tuam* ———
*Deus in adjutorium meum intende.*
*Domine ad adjuvandum me feſtina.*
*In manus tuas Domine commendo ſpiritum meum.*
*O Jeſu, fili* David *miſerere mei.*
*A mala morte, a poteſtate Diaboli, à pœnis inferni, libera me Domine.*

Aſſure your ſelf, that neither my dear Mother, nor any of your children will longer live than they will offer up their continual Prayers to the Throne of Grace for you, and though we muſt part here, yet I hope we ſhall all meet in a joyful Eternity. So prays

St. *Michaels* day, 1663. *Your moſt dutiful and Obedient Son,* T. B.

## LXXXIV.

*Madam,*

Among the numerous of my noble Friends, to whom their goodneſs, not my deſert, has acquired me, I could pick out none by whom I ſtand obliged by greater ties, of duty and obſervance than your Ladiſhip, who may juſtly in that reſpect challenge the firſt fruits of my teeming Pen, which I here preſent you, in lieu of a gift of greater value, which I muſt confeſs to owe, whilſt I have being, and to be whilſt I breath

Madam,

*Your humble Servant,*
T. B.

*Super-*

# *Superſcriptions*
## FOR
# LETTERS
## TO BE
## Addreſſed to all ſorts of perſons, according to the uſage of the preſent Times.

If to a Duke;

TO the moſt *Noble* (and ſometimes *Excellent*, or *Illuſtrious Prince*.

And in diſcourſe we ſtile him *Grace*.

If to a Marqueſs,

To the *Right Noble*, or *Right Honourable*.

And in diſcourſe his Attribute is,

*Lordſhip*, or *Honor*.

If to an Earl; Viſcount, or Baron,

*To the Right Honorable*.

And to begin a Letter, we, either ſay,

*May it pleaſe your Honor, or Ladiſhip!*

*Right Honorable!*

*My Lord!*

Which laſt is uſed only by Lords to Lords, or by Gentlemen of ſome quality, otherwiſe it is held too familiar.

If

If to a Baronet, or Knight of the Bath, we ſay
*To the Honorable,* Or *Much Honored.*
And his attribute (in the beginning of a Letter) may be *Much Honored Sir.*
The like may be given to a Colonel.
The uſual attribute of a Knight was of old
*Right Worſhipful.*
And of an Eſquire.
*Worſhipful.*
But theſe are much diſus'd, unleſs it be by perſons of inferior rank.
We ſay (writing to a Knight)
*To my noble,* Or *to my much honored Friend, Sir* A. B. *Knight, theſe*
To an Eſquire we ſay,
*To my much honored Friend,* Or *moſt worthy Friend,* T. G. *Eſquire.*
Obſerve that (when you write to an Eſquire) you be ſure not to ſay Maſter *T.G.* Eſq; for the (Maſter) is ridiculous, the *Eſq*; including it.
So if you write to a *Doctor* of Divinity, a *Doctor* of the Civil Law, or *Doctor* of Phyſick, you muſt not ſay Mr. *Doctor* T. G. nor *Doctor* T. G. Eſq; for *Doctor* both comprehends *Maſter* and *Eſquire*, and of theſe the Divine hath firſt place, the Civilian next, and the Phyſician laſt. Note that a *Serjeant at Law* is held to have preecedency of them all; for that he is called to that degree by the Kings Writ, with great Solemnity.

To an ordinary Gentleman thus,
*To my approved Friend.*
*To my moſt eſteemed Friend.*
*To my moſt valued beſt Friend.*

To

*To my very much reſpected Friend.*
*To my worthy good Friend*, or the like.

Note that all the younger Sons of *Dukes* and *Marqueſſes* are Lords for their lives only, and are called Lord *John*, or Lord *William*, &c. by their Chriſtian names.

The eldeſt Son of an Earl is a Lord by birth, ſo is not a Viſcounts Son, till his Father be dead.

The youngeſt Sons of Viſcounts and Barons are but Eſquires, yet are honourable, and take place of all Baronets and Knights.

The eldeſt Son of a Baron is but an Eſq; during his Fathers life.

Eſquire (comes from the French *Eſcuier*, in Latin *Armiger* or *Scutifer*, i. e. a bearer of Arms or a Shield) is that degree of Gentry, which is next to a Knight; It is conceived that originally *Eſquires* were bearers of Arms to Lords and Knights, and thence had their Title. Now, to be true *Eſquires*, according to the Law of Arms; they muſt either be Lords younger Sons, Baronets or Knights eldeſt Sons, Members of the Commons Houſe of Parliament, the Kings Servants, Sheriffs, Juſtices of Peace (whilſt they are in Commiſſion) Bariſters at Law, (yet the late *Earl Marſhal* would not allow *utter Bariſters* to be *Eſquires*, out of *Weſtminſter*-Hall and the *Inns of Court*; but in the late Acts for *Polemoney* they were ranked by the Parliament as *Eſquires*, and paid as ſuch;) And in *Walſingbams* Hiſtory of *Rich.* 2. we read of one *John Blake*, who is ſaid to be *Juris apprenticius*, and has the title *Scutifer* there given him. Yet of late times (I know not by what warrant) all Gentlemen that have but a conſiderable Eſtate in Lands, take this addition upon them, when as the Eſtate, though

though never ſo great, adds no Title. And that the title of *Eſquire* ſhould deſcend from Father to Son, as the Eſtate of Gentry doth, is meer fabulous, ſays *Herne*, in his *Glory of Generoſity*, *page* 100. Yet with this exception, that the Heir of a Knight in the right line ſhall be an *Eſquire* to the worlds end. And ſome ancient Families claim the Title of *Eſquire* by Preſcription.

Ladies have, (for the moſt part) the ſame Attributes as their Husbands.

Both in Letter and Diſcourſe, we give a *Dutcheſs* the Title *Grace*.

But to a Marchioneſs, Counteſs, Viſcounteſs or Baroneſs, *Right honorable*, and in diſcourſe, *Your Honor*, and amongſt their equals, or in more familiar diſcourſe, *Madam*.

If you write to any of theſe; the Title *Madam*, is very moding, both at the beginning and end of your Letter. But if the Perſon writing be of much lower Rank, than the Lady written unto, it will be decent to ſay,

*May it pleaſe your Honour*, or
*Right Honourable*.

All the Daughters of *Dukes*, Marqueſſes and Earls, are Ladies by birth, and are called Lady *Anne*, Lady *Mary*, &c.

But the Daughters of a Viſcount or Baron are but *Miſtris*, yet are honourable: and their Addition (being named in Inſtruments of Law or Conveyances) is no more than a Yeomans Daughter hath, and that is *Spinſter*, wherein there ſeems to be a defect.

For

For better understanding the point of Precedency, I have abstracted two decrees made by King *James* touching the same, in the 10th and 14th Years of his Reign, which you may read more at large in Mr. *Seldens* Titles of Honour, page 906.

*That the younger Sons of Viscounts and Barons shall take place and precedence before all Baronets.*

*That such* Bannerets *(as shall be made by the Kings Majesty, his Heirs and Successors, or by* Henry *now Prince of* Wales, *under his or their Standards displayed in an Army Royal in open War, and the King or Prince personally present) for their lives only, and no longer, shall for ever in all places take place and precedence, as well before all other Banners whatsoever, as likewise before the younger Sons of Viscounts and Barons, and before all Baronets.*

*The younger Sons of Viscounts and Barons, and all Baronets, shall take place before all Bannerets whatsoever, other than such as shall be made by the King aforesaid.*

*That the Knights of the Garter, Privy Counsellors to the King, the Master of the Court of Wards and Liveries, the Chancellor and Under-Treasurer of the Exchequer, Chancellor of the Dutchy, the Chief Justice of the Kings Bench, the Master of the Rolls, the Chief Justice of the Common-Pleas, the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and all the other Judges and Barons of the degree of the Coif of the said Courts, shall have place before the younger sons of Viscounts and Barons, and before all Baronets.*

*That Baronets and their Heirs Males, shall always have place next unto the younger sons of Viscounts and Barons, and their Wives shall have place accordingly.*

And

And in another Decree, 14 *Jacobi*.

*That the eldeſt Sons of Baronets and their Wives, as well during their Husbands lives, as after; And the Daughters of the ſame Baronets following next after the ſaid Wives of the eldeſt Sons of Baronets, ſhall have place and precedence before the eldeſt Son and the Wife of the eldeſt Son of any Knight of what Order ſoever; And likewiſe the younger Sons of ſuch Baronets, and their Wives ſhall take place accordingly before the youngeſt Sons of any Knights, &c.*

*FINIS.*